UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
PITTSBURGH 19, PA.

Collier's

NOVEMBER 22, 1952 • FIFTEEN CENTS

Inside America's WORST PRISON

•

How Two Bobby-Soxers Baffled the Russians

•

CHUCK DAVEY
Can a College Man Lift the Welter Crown?

MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 32 PA X0353
485797 2Y 8 25

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ONE OF SEVENTEEN BRILLIANT NEW GOLDEN AIRFLYTE MODELS. STYLED BY PININ FARINA, THIS NASH AMBASSADOR IS UPHOLSTERED IN BLACK NEEDLEPOINT AND SMART STRIPED HOMESPUN. HOOD ORNAMENT, WHITE SIDEWALLS OPTIONAL.

Start Living These Golden Moments

STEP INTO a new Nash Golden Airflyte—and begin a new life on wheels where your dreams of travel fun come true.

Here's the beauty you've known a car would some day have—the inimitable "Pinin Farina flair." Yes, the fabulous custom touch of the master stylist for whose designs the world's royalty gladly pay a "king's ransom."

Here's room and luxury like you've never experienced before—the widest seats, front and rear—the only seats that recline, if you wish—that even become Twin Beds for camping.

Here's the matchless performance of Super Jetfire, the same basic engine that powered the Nash-Healey to its second straight win over America's most powerful, costliest engines in the world's most punishing test of car speed and endurance—the 24-hour "Grand Prix d'Endurance" at Le Mans, France. And with it, economy no other fine car can approach.

Try it! Try it in traffic, on the highway, on the back-country roads. Take it up where the hills are afire with fall. See all the color and glory through the widest expanse of eye-level vision in any car. Breathe air that's conditioned fresh as all outdoors, heated automatically.

Make your own "road test" at your Nash dealer's this week . . . take what experts call "the finest shock-proof ride in the world today" . . . learn how easy it is to start *living* these golden moments in the new Nash Golden Airflyte of your choice.

THE AMBASSADOR · THE STATESMAN · THE RAMBLER

The Finest of Our Fifty Years

Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Detroit 32, Michigan

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOMETHING WONDERFUL HAPPENS

when you change to PHILIP MORRIS!

Here's why:

1 YOU'LL FEEL BETTER BECAUSE, in case after case, coughs due to smoking disappear... parched throat clears up . . . that stale "smoked-out" feeling vanishes.

2 YOU'LL FEEL BETTER BECAUSE, once again, you'll really *taste* your cigarette—the good, clean taste of fine, mild tobacco. Your *food* will taste better, too! And you'll *know* you've made a *wise* change . . . for your *own good.*

3 YOU'LL FEEL BETTER BECAUSE you'll be smoking the *one* cigarette with a *difference* in manufacture . . . *an important difference that avoids the main cause of cigarette irritation.*

4 YOU'LL FEEL BETTER BECAUSE, day after day, you'll be smoking *the* cigarette *recommended by eminent nose and throat specialists* to patients who smoke . . . the ONE cigarette *proved definitely milder than any other leading brand.**

* *For complete proof, published in leading medical journals, write to PHILIP MORRIS, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

"I LOVE LUCY"
Don't miss America's top TV show with Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz. Every week over CBS.

Yes! You'll feel better

when you change to PHILIP MORRIS!

The result is pleasure!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Men who care...

Suave their hair

In alligator-grained plastic squeeze flask $1

Travel size 60c

SUAVE the hairdressing created for the one man in four who'd rather pay a little more to get a lot more in grooming satisfaction. The kind of hairdressing you've always wanted, but never found before. The only hairdressing in the world with secret-formula Curtisol insures perfect hair grooming naturally.

To look suave, use Suave daily.

Suave
FOR MEN
The Luxury Hairdressing

ALBERT E. WINGER
Chairman of the Board

CLARENCE E. STOUCH
Presidents

Collier's

EDWARD ANTHONY, *Publisher*
ROGER DAKIN, *Editor*

RICHARD CHAPLIN, *Assistant Publisher* — GORDON MANNING, *Managing Editor*

DAVID MANESS, *Assistant Managing Editor* — WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN, *Art Director*
ALLEN CLEATON, *Senior Associate Editor* — GURNEY WILLIAMS, *Cartoon Editor*
JAMES THRASHER, *Editorials* — JAMES A. QUIGNEY, *Photo Editor*
MACLENNAN FARRELL, *Fiction Editor*

Associate Editors · JEROME BEATTY, JR. · WARREN BROWN · JEAN B. CAMPBELL
SEY CHASSLER · HOWARD COHN · WALTER DAVENPORT · BILL DAVIDSON
EVELYN HARVEY · DIANA HIRSH · JERRY KORN · ALFRED M. LANSING · JOHN LEAR
FRANKLIN C. LORANGER · TOM MEANY · JOHN C. PELLEW · ELEANOR PORTER
CORNELIUS RYAN · JANET SHEPS · RED SMITH · FRANCIS WALLACE
WILLIAM WEAVER · MARTHA WEINMAN · JAMES N. YOUNG

Editorial Research · ROSANNE McVAY, *Chief* · MADELIN ALK · DOROTHY D. BENNETT
DIANE DOWNS · ALAN M. LEVENSOHN · JANICE MOSES · JOHN NEWHOUSE

Bureaus

WASHINGTON: JAMES C. DERIEUX, *Chief*; TODD WRIGHT
WEST COAST (*Los Angeles*): THEODORE STRAUSS, *Chief*; ROBERT CAHN, JOHN FLOREA
MIDWEST (*Chicago*): BILL FAY
SOUTH (*Atlanta*): WILLIAM A. EMERSON, JR.
EUROPE (*Paris*): SEYMOUR FREIDIN, WILLIAM RICHARDSON
FAR EAST (*Tokyo*): CHARLOTTE KNIGHT, PETER KALISCHER

November 22, 1952

ARTICLES

America's Worst Prison.....EDWARD W. STAGG WITH JOHN LEAR 13
Hollywood Cutups.....CAMERON SHIPP 17
They Deliver Your Baby at Home—Safely.....OTIS CARNEY 22
Gentleman Chuck Davey.....TOMMY DEVINE 30
"We Are Hit and Sinking!".....COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA 44
Starting a Steak from Scratch..... 62
The Soviets and the Bobby-Soxers.....JOSEPH WECHSBERG 70
Church Art in Haiti.....DOROTHY ADLOW 74
I've Been Here for an Hour!.....GURNEY WILLIAMS 76

FICTION

Mr. Cornelius, I Love You.....JESSAMYN WEST 20
Home Economics.....BENJAMIN SIEGEL 28
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)
Duty.....PAUL HORGAN 36
Riordan's Roistering Setter.....NORD RILEY 46
How Towson Passed Algebra.....AL HINE 64

●

Week's Mail..... 6
48 States of Mind.....WALTER DAVENPORT 8
First Party.....STAN FINE 10
Editorials..... 78
Cover.....LEE BURKE

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

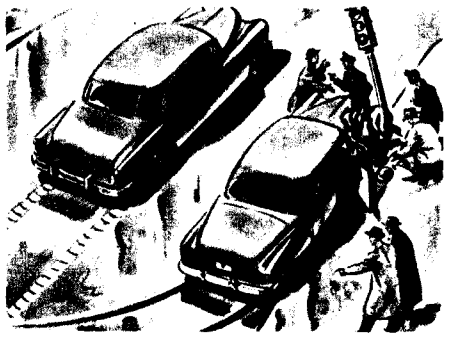
COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY. Vol. 130, No. 21. **PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y. Albert E. Winger, Chairman of the Board; Clarence E. Stouch, President; E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, Edward Anthony, Robert T. Messler, E. P. Seymour, Ralph G. Smith, John W. McPherrin, Wm. A. Sittig, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. **SUBSCRIPTION PRICES**: United States and Possessions, Canada and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00; 4 years $12.00. Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $6.00. All other countries, 1 year $9.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

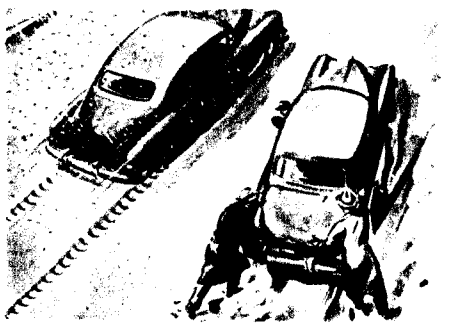
MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

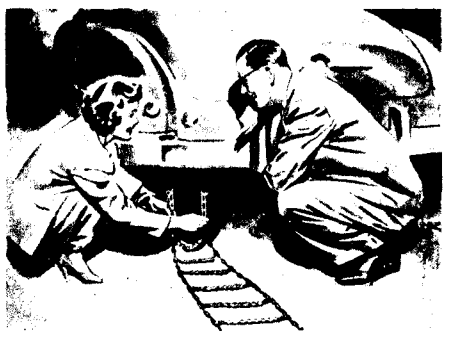
COPYRIGHT, 1952, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion



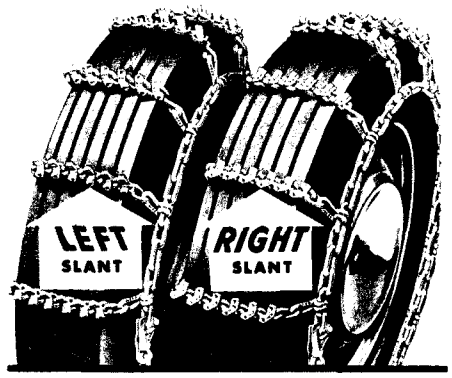
Momentary loss of control can mean a bad accident. Drive carefully—and don't forget to use WEED CHAINS.



Too late for WEED CHAINS after you're stuck in the snow. Put them on before you start.



It's easier to put on chains with ZIP-ON TIRE CHAIN APPLIERS. Keep a pair handy.



Best Tire Chains Ever Made Because

THEY STOP YOU SHORTER
HELP YOU START ON ICE OR SNOW
GIVE DOUBLE WEAR
thanks to Flaring Reinforcements with 288 Gripping Points

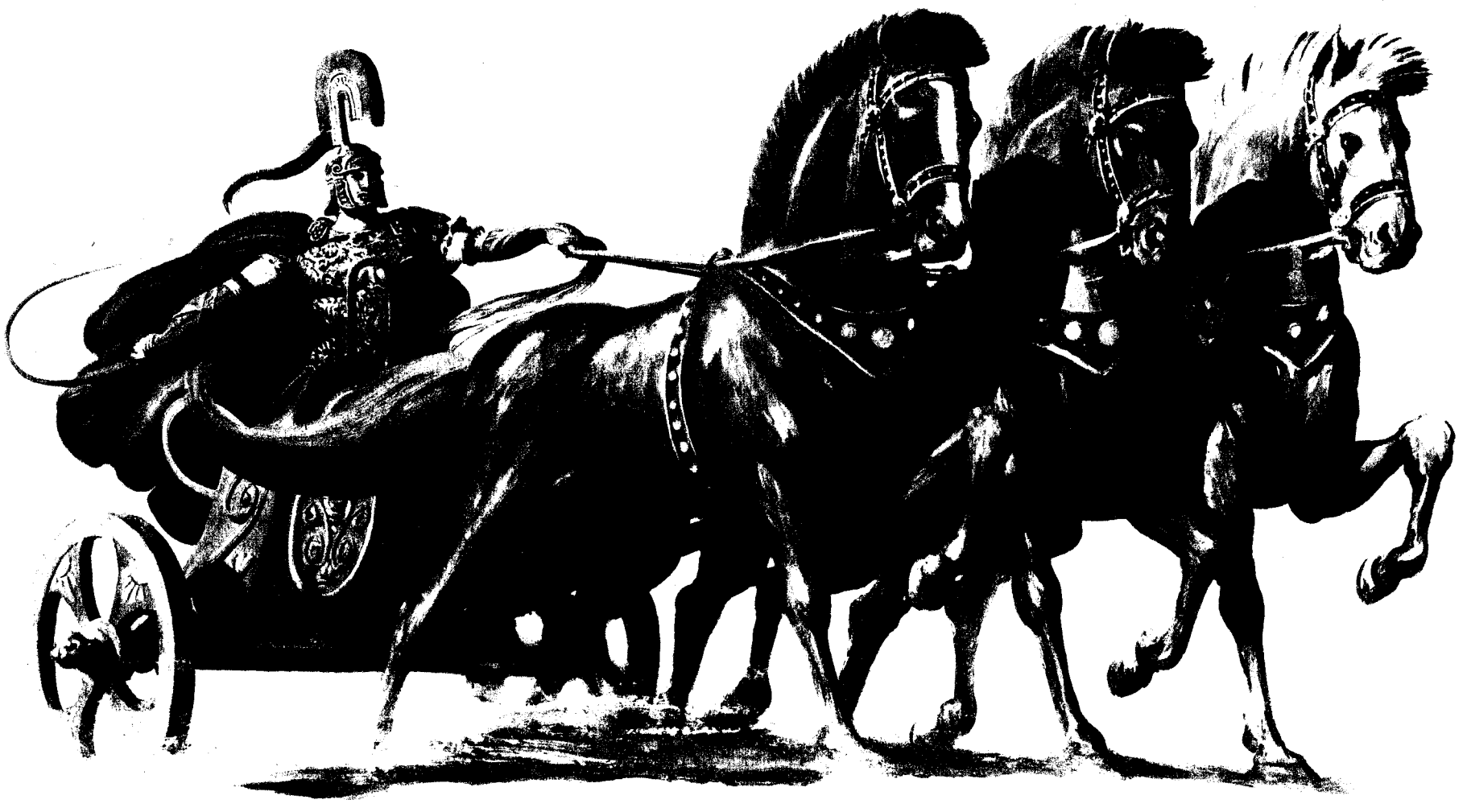
●

Designed for Today's Traffic
GET YOURS TODAY

WEED AMERICAN V-BARS

ACCO *In Business for Your Safety*
AMERICAN CHAIN & CABLE COMPANY, INC.
York, Pa. • Bridgeport, Conn.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Ever think of **DIABETES** this way?

A NOTED medical authority compares the diabetic person to a charioteer, whose chariot is drawn by three steeds named Diet, Insulin, and Exercise. This authority points out that it takes skill to drive one horse, intelligence to manage a team, and unusual ability to get three to pull together.

Yet, the diabetic person . . . if he is to maintain good health and avoid complications...must learn to harness diet, insulin, and exercise and make them pull together in complete harmony. Only in this way can well-established diabetes be kept under good control.

What is insulin . . . why is it used?

Insulin is a secretion of the pancreas gland which enables the body to store and burn sugars and starches (carbohydrates).

When the pancreas fails to produce enough insulin, sugar is not fully utilized and diabetes may result. It then becomes necessary to replace natural insulin with prepared insulin, or to reduce the need for it with a carefully adjusted diet.

Why are diet and exercise so important?

Diet is a vital part of every diabetic's treatment, for it determines the amount of sugar and starch taken into the body.

In all cases, the doctor's advice is needed about the kinds and amounts of foods that will best meet the needs of each patient. Active work or exercise is necessary, too, as it helps the body burn up sugar and starches.

If you are a diabetic, your faithful, intelligent cooperation with your doctor may help you to control the disease through diet, insulin, and exercise. In most cases, you can look forward to living a long life with almost undiminished activity.

Guarding against diabetes.

Medical science has not yet discovered why certain people develop diabetes. Research, however, has revealed who are its most likely victims. They are:

1. Middle-aged, overweight people. Anyone can help guard against diabetes by keeping his weight down. The only effective way to do this is by controlling the amount of food you eat—especially sugars, starches, and fats.

2. People who have diabetes "in the family." A tendency to diabetes may be inherited. So, if you have diabetic relatives, you should pay particular attention to diet, and be alert to the usual signs of diabetes. These include *excessive thirst and hunger, frequent urination, and loss of weight and strength.*

Authorities estimate that there are at least one million people in our country who have diabetes and *know* it, while another million have the disease *but do not know it.* Moreover, about 60,000 new cases are discovered every year.

Since the signs of diabetes may not appear at the onset of the disease, it is always wise to have periodic medical check-ups, including *urinalysis.* This is important because when detected early, the chances for successful control of diabetes are best, often by diet alone.

Fortunately, constant research on new and more effective combinations of insulin, as well as new discoveries about the disease itself, hold great hope for further advances against diabetes.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

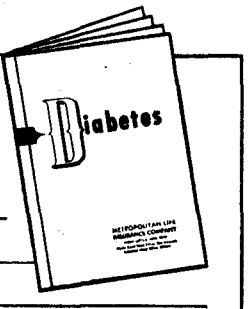
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.
Please mail me a free copy of your booklet, 1152C, "Diabetes."

Name_____

Street_____

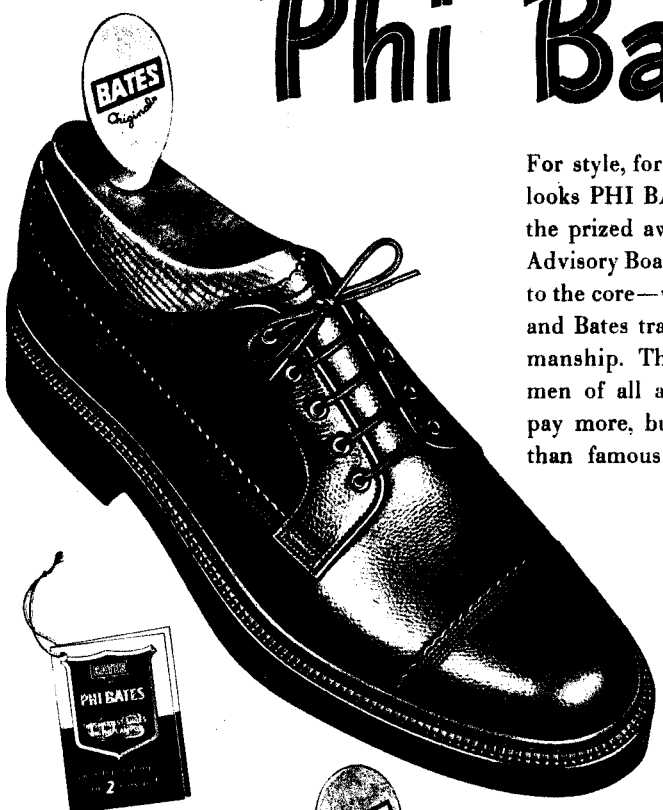
City_____ **State**_____



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America's only shoes style-endorsed by the College Advisory Board

Phi Bates



For style, for smartness, for rich looks PHI BATES have earned the prized award of the College Advisory Board. They are quality to the core—with luxury leathers and Bates traditional fine workmanship. That's why youthful men of all ages know you can pay more, but wear none finer than famous — PHI BATES.

CAMPUS BATES ENDORSED

MARLOW
No. 3266—
Fine Grain
Continental

Look for this tag on the shoes you buy

The black, white and gold tag attached to PHI BATES shoes is your assurance of full style approval.

DEVON
No. 3289—
Popular U Wing
Tip Brogue

PUTNAM
No. 3257—
Handsome Scotch
Grain, Amber Tan

Exclusive comfort feature —

"SLIPPER-FREE WHERE YOUR FOOT BENDS"

BATES Originals

BATES SHOE COMPANY, WEBSTER, MASSACHUSETTS

The Cover

When artist Lee Burke found a "Do Not Disturb" sign in his luggage after a recent hotel stop, he hung it up in his Chicago studio and tried to forget about it. But the sign bothered him. He wanted to use it. Then he saw a blissful young couple at a college dance, and a Collier's cover was born.

Week's Mail

Bird Eaters

EDITOR: Allow me to say I have seldom enjoyed anything so much as I Eat Like a Bird, by Gurney Williams (Oct. 4th). Everything that has happened to him has happened to me, and goes on doing so. One prominent old woman in pants, at a meeting of a certain lunch club some years ago, even twittered at me: "Think of all the refugees who would have loved to eat what you've left on your plate."

I didn't let him have the plate in the mug, but only because I didn't think of that retort till the next day. I am carrying a clipping of this piece in my wallet from here on, hoping to convince many a hostess that I am not insulting her food.

REUBEN MAURY, New York, N.Y.

. . . The story is one all nonfats have been waiting for. I wonder if he has ever asked a group of gourmets if they know it is as hard for us to stuff as it is for them to starve. And ask him, please, to identify himself in VIP's drawing. I rather suspect he is the stinker-looking guy on the other side of the table.

BAXTER SPARKS, St. Louis, Mo.

Williams is the stinker at the extreme left, yapping at the Big Eater.

. . . I make a field day of eating like a bird, and the fat guys withdraw to a nice corner where they can compare their heartburns, bay windows, crummy golf scores and the diet they're going to start tomorrow.

TONY BASSO, Chicago, Ill.

. . . If a scrawny, bird-cage specimen can do it, I can, so I am once more attempting to develop a phobia against food. My weight has taken a nose dive from 284 to 283½, but only because I read the article five days ago and haven't eaten since. But tell Williams not to pat himself on the back. He has the gift of a glandular high thermal coefficient. His thyroid and pituitary are pumping great gobs of metabolic gasoline daily, burning up the pittance he doles his gastric furnace.

ROLLO DETERIO, Pasadena, Cal.

Grow Up, Says Army Wife

EDITOR: You have shown, very vividly, one side of the picture. First by your article Army Wives in Europe, later by quite a few blasting editorials, and now by Howard Whitman's article Why the Draft Makes Our Young Men Angry (Sept. 13th). Don't you think it's about time you took a look at the other side? After all, the government and the Army can't all be wrong.

I could write pages contradicting statements in that "Wives" article but at present that is not important. The weeping, wailing draftees are.

The most childish, and also infuriating, statement that Mr. Whitman quoted was, "Why didn't they take me when I wanted to go? The draft is fouling up my whole life." Has it ever occurred to these people that the Regular Army men in Korea are not being asked when they would like to receive a bayonet in the belly, or a bullet in the head? Are they being asked if they would like to be taken prisoner by the Reds and tortured? Is it not fouling up their lives if they lose an arm or a leg or an eye?

My husband has been in the Regular Army for the past 10 years. Seven of these years have been served overseas. I was permitted to accompany him for the first time in May of 1950. All the years before that I had to live by myself, and work to support myself, and maybe, if I was lucky, see him about 25 days out of a year. We didn't weep and moan about it, though. Most Army people do not. In these critical times it is just another unpleasant duty.

Nobody has everything to his liking in this day and age. It's about time these guys grew up. They should thank their lucky stars that the hot war is still confined to Korea and that they are fairly certain of a discharge at the end of their two years' service.

VIRGINIA F. HURLEY, Vienna, Austria

Angelic Annie

EDITOR: The recent article on Ann Blyth (Angelic Annie, Sept. 27th) reassured me that there is still news interest in goodness and virtue. I commend you on this choice of article.

PATRICIA KEOGH, Indianapolis, Ind.

. . . Could Richard Hubler dig up some more people like Ann Blyth to write about? It should help to build up the morale of Hollywood, which is sorely in need of it. I think she is lovely, too.

FLORENCE WOLF, San Francisco, Cal.

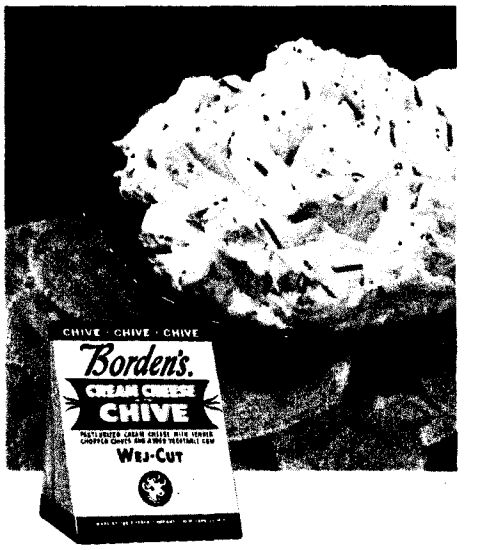
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From a happy start to a hearty finish plan holiday menus with Borden's Cheese!

Holly Canapés—a holiday idea for *you* from Borden's. So easy to make with the new, smoother-spreading Borden's Cream Cheese! And so much fresher-tasting, too!

Here's all you do: Spread some smooth Borden's Cream Cheese on crackers. Cut green or red peppers into holly shapes and dot with bits of red pimento to make the berries!

Borden's Cream Cheese comes in two sizes —the convenient 3-oz., but you may want the economical 8-oz. for the holidays!



A "must" for holiday entertaining — *the cheese dip!*

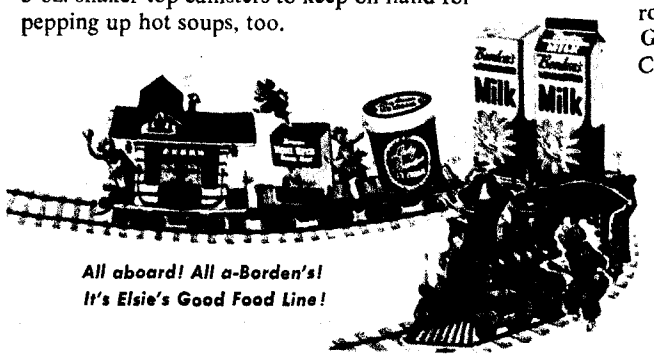
Yours will be delightfully different if you combine one 6-oz. Borden's Chive Wej-Cut with 1 cup finely chopped cooked or canned clams. Season with salt and pepper and soften with clam juice or light cream.

Sounds good? Tastes even better, because Borden's Cream Cheese with Chive is a *livelier, chive-ier* cheese! In the Wej-Cut or 3-oz. size!

Main-dish "magic" with Borden's Grated Italian Style Cheese!

It's your good old friend spaghetti and meat balls, a quick family dish for the hurried holidays, and a hearty one, too! And wait till you taste the zip and pep this grated blend of Parmesan and Romano Cheese gives this dish!

You'll need a couple of these handy 1½- or 3-oz. shaker-top canisters to keep on hand for pepping up hot soups, too.



All aboard! All a-Borden's!
It's Elsie's Good Food Line!

Elmer's holiday suggestions for MEN! Picture any man's pleasure when you set this handsome cheese assortment before him. There's . . .

Pippin Roll—aged and sharp natural Cheddar Cheese.

Camembert—the soft-centered, creamy cheese that's so perfect for dessert.

Liederkranz Brand—golden yellow with a he-man, robust flavor.

Gruyere—sweet as a holiday nut with a Swiss Cheese flavor everybody loves.

©The Borden Company

Borden's Fine Cheeses

Folks who know cheese say "Borden's, Please!"

Borden's foods must be good—folks buy more food packages carrying the Borden brand name than any other in the world.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HE'S RUINING US!
I WISH HE'D AUCTION OFF THAT CIGARETTE COUGH!
AUCTION TODAY
DON'T LET THAT COUGH CHOKE OFF SALES - TRY A YELLO-BOLE PIPE! EASY ON YOUR THROAT!
A HONEY-LINED YELLO-BOLE PUTS YOUR THROAT AT EASE! SMOKES SWEET FROM THE FIRST PUFF!
MY CIGARETTE COUGH'S GOING, GOING, GONE!
IT'S THE PIPE THAT STARTS SWEET... SMOKES SWEET... STAYS SWEET
MR. BUSY BEE SAYS:
WHETHER YOU SMOKE CIGARETTES, CIGARS, OR A PIPE, YOU'LL ENJOY A HONEY-LINED YELLO-BOLE AND HOW! AND IT'S THE IDEAL GIFT FOR EVERY MAN!
$1.50 IMPERIAL APPLE SHAPE
$2.00 CENTURY BULLDOG SHAPE
$2.50 PREMIER BILLIARD FULL BENT
$2.50 PREMIER LARGE BILLIARD
YELLO-BOLE pipes
WIDE VARIETY OF SHAPES...$1.00 to $2.50...IMPORTED BRIAR

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

One nice thing about having a good college education, thinks Colonel Dudley (Silent) Haddock, of Sarasota, Florida, is that it enables a guy to worry about the general conditions in every country in the world.

★ ★ ★

We feel you'll be pleased to know there is an excellent librarian course to be had at Pennsylvania State College. Very thorough, with particular attention

paid to details. For example, students planning to become librarians are taught how to say "Sh-h-h" without offending the customers.

★ ★ ★

An item of importance we overlooked was the campaign of the Honorable Adolph Johnson (Rep., Brockton) for his eleventh consecutive term in the Massachusetts legislature. His appeal was brief: "I am a candidate . . . once more. I have no organization . . . I will have no cars to bring out the voters. You will have to walk to the polls the same as I do myself and there will be no favors to pay at your expense after election." Guess who won the election.

★ ★ ★

Crime waves don't have a chance to get off the ground in Norwalk, Ohio. To prove it, local authorities cast the mother of nine children—their sole support—into jail because the family puppy, four months old, was capering around the back yard without a leash.

★ ★ ★

We're asked by a lady in Woodland, California, to imagine the joy of a man returning with his wife from a vacation in Hawaii and told that in his absence he had won first prize in a sales-promotion contest. This gentleman had been saving for years for his just-completed holiday. Busted but happy, he went to collect his prize—an all-expenses-paid trip to Hawaii.

★ ★ ★

Sign in window of Los Angeles launderette: "Ladies who care to drive by and drop off their clothes will receive prompt and courteous attention."

★ ★ ★

It was in Denver, we hear, that the indignant manager of a hotel stopped an employee as the latter was coming to work two hours late. Manager was pretty wrought up about it. "See here," said he sternly, "you should have been here at nine o'clock." The latecomer looked bored. "Why?" drawled he brightly. "What happened?"

★ ★ ★

Just received a manuscript from a skeptical author in Idaho. Note attached read: "If the editor is too busy, please throw this in the wastebasket and save him the trouble. Thank you."

★ ★ ★

We've written a letter of thanks to Mr. Bud (the Claw) Josephson for warning us that the Colorado Athletic Commission will not permit us to fight in that state unless we have successfully undergone an electroencephalographic examination. Information came just in the nick of time, too.

★ ★ ★

Anyway, there was a very courteous prize fight in Seattle, Washington. It was in the third round and both boys were going to extremes not to injure each other. A bored customer in the gallery decided to issue a bit of advice. And he did so. "Hit him, ya big tramp!" he cried. "Ya got the wind with ya."

★ ★ ★

Judging by all we hear from far and near, the toughest job our politicians face now is keeping the country from seething with rest.

★ ★ ★

One by one, the beliefs we've cherished for years and years are being destroyed, leaving us pretty resentful. First came word from a gentleman in Oregon, a bloodhound expert. He says all this talk about bloodhounds being reliable locators of lost persons is dog pants. Knows of a dozen examples of

IRWIN CAPLAN

the dogs not only failing to find the searched-for person but getting lost themselves. Some haven't been seen since. And now comes Associate Professor James R. Westman of Rutgers University with the news that mice don't care particularly for cheese.

★ ★ ★

No charge is made to you customers for helpful hints. A cure for hiccups, for example. Warranted by Mrs. Juliet T. Thread, of Los Angeles, not to fail. As the patient is about to hic, thrust a large tablespoon of jam or jelly into his mouth. But be sure to back away with all possible speed. ▲▲▲

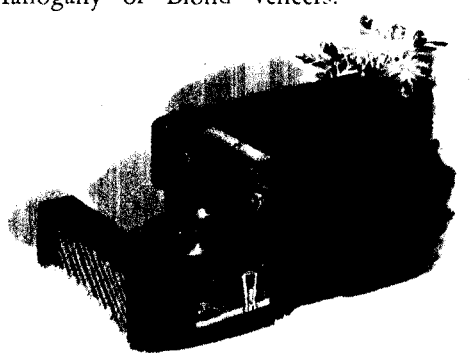
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New PHILCO Radio-Phonograph with Television in Mind!

Another First

from the Laboratories of Philco, the Leader

A radio-phonograph with a future! With this newest triumph of Philco design you can enjoy now the finest reproduction of recorded music . . . *and add television now or when you're ready later.* It's a 3-speed automatic phonograph that plays all records, all sizes. It's a powerful Multiwave radio with the exciting short-wave Special Service Band. In an exquisite Hepplewhite cabinet of Mahogany or Blond veneers.



New! Philco TRUE-HARMONIC Reproducer

Now, for the first time, a phonograph reproducer that brings you the *full range of harmonics.* Surpasses even the most costly custom "pickups". Old and new records sound more "alive" than ever before. It's a new triumph of tonal research from the Philco laboratories. *Only Philco has it!*

Add Television when you're ready

Whenever you're ready, this ingenious new kind of radio-phonograph quickly converts into a complete television combination. The drop-leaf table top opens up to accommodate a full size television table model and you have a compact, full home entertainment center for television, radio and phonograph. See the Philco 1750 at your Philco dealer's now. Other 1953 Philco radios and radio-phonographs, from $21.95 to $230.00.

PHILCO *Famous for Quality the World Over*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"they went that-a-way"

THOUGH THE DAY of the stage coach robber is past, the crimes committed today make the depredations of the western bad man sink into insignificance.

Robberies, holdups, thefts and embezzlements are so numerous that most of them never receive mention in the newspapers.

The only sure way to safeguard yourself from loss is to be properly covered by insurance. There are policies of many kinds. An America Fore insurance man can show you which one will specifically meet your requirements. Call him today!

For the name of a nearby America Fore insurance man or claims office, call Western Union by number, ask for Operator 25.

The America Fore Insurance Group comprises the

CONTINENTAL · FIDELITY-PHENIX · NIAGARA
AMERICAN EAGLE · FIDELITY and CASUALTY
INSURANCE COMPANIES OF NEW YORK

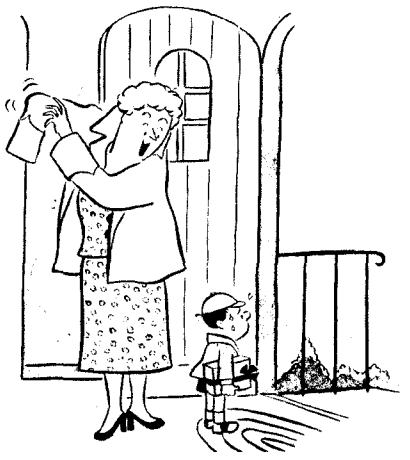
LOOK FOR THIS SEAL ON YOUR POLICIES

America Fore
★ INSURANCE GROUP ★

First Party

By STAN FINE

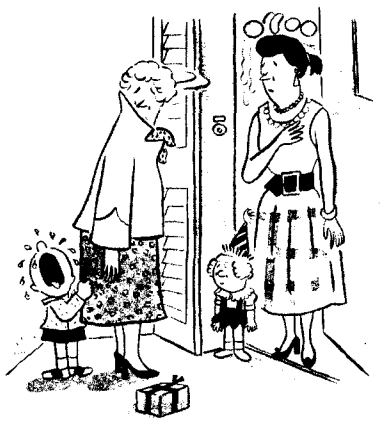
"Oh, you'll have a wonderful time. All the children of the neighborhood will be there"

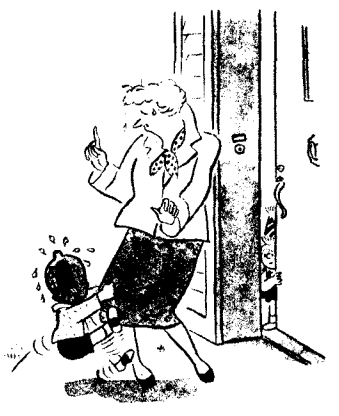


"They'll serve candy, cake, and ice cream. You *love* candy, cake, and ice cream"

"They'll give you a funny hat to wear and a horn to blow"

". . . pin the tail on the donkey, musical chairs and lovely prizes for the winners"





PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Never before in the history of shaving has there been an instrument to compare with the new Remington 60 DeLuxe – the shaver designed for the man who demands perfection. Remington Rand has set the world's standard for electric shavers. And this new masterpiece breaks all previous records for performance, quality, and styling.

Three extra-long twin shaving heads, built on the Remington Contour principle to fit every type of face. Never before has it been possible to remove whiskers so quickly, so smoothly, so easily. See and try the new Remington 60 DeLuxe today, at your dealer's or at any of our 112 nationwide shaving headquarters.

ELECTRIC SHAVER DIVISION, Remington Rand BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GIVE AN Esterbrook® FOUNTAIN PEN...

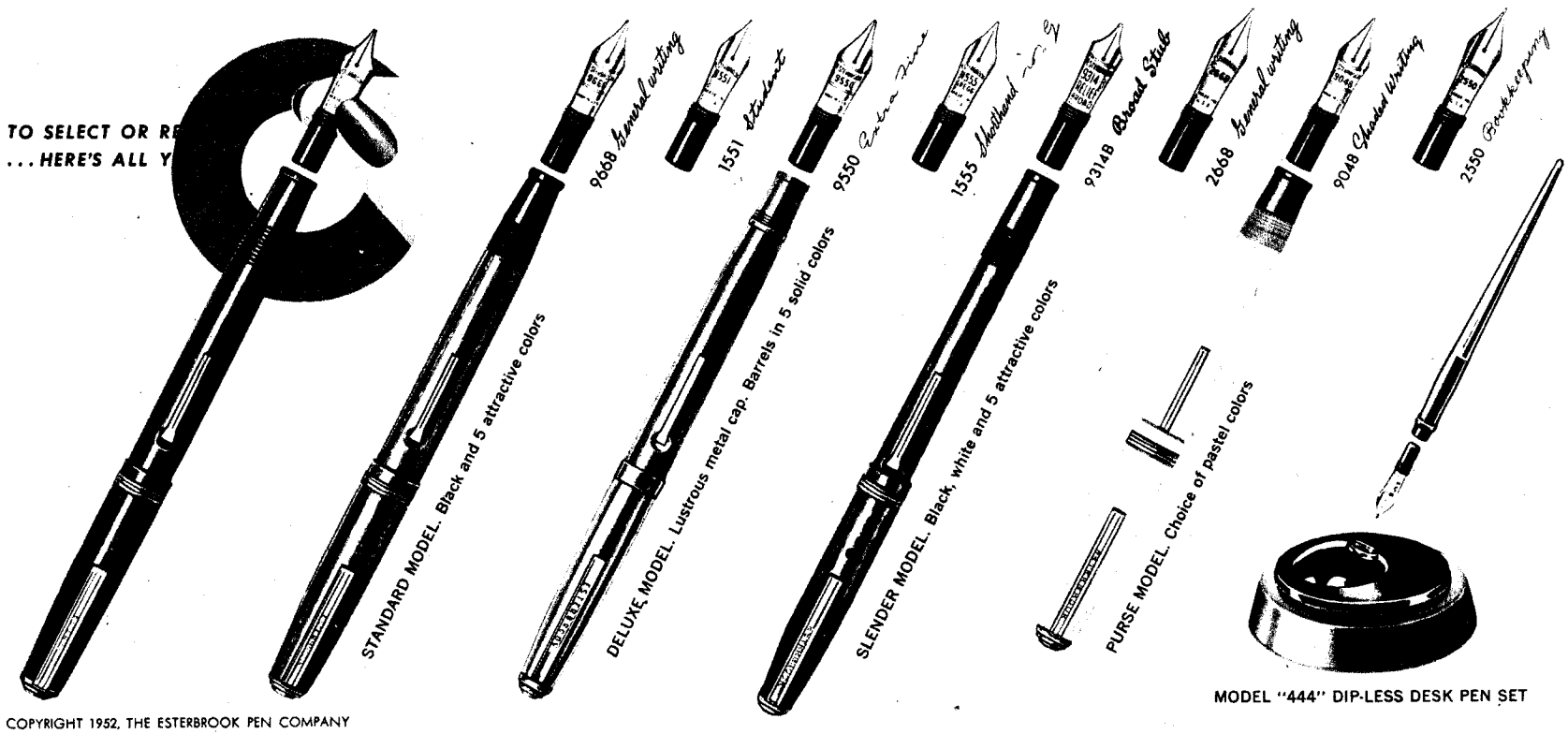
the pen with the right point for every writer

This Christmas, give the gift of easier, smoother writing. Select your gift pens from the wide range of sizes, styles and colors. And remember, every Esterbrook Pen always may be personalized by the user—with the precise point for his writing style or particular writing job. Esterbrook users have the world's largest variety of points to choose from. All points instantly replaceable by the user in case of damage.

Pocket Set (top)—*Pen and matching Push-Pencil. Pencil writes for months without reloading. "Push the top to feed the lead." Regular or thin-lead models.*

Model "444" Dip-Less Desk Pen Set—*Their favorite Renew-Point fits into this smart, virtually spill proof desk pen set. "Ink-locked" base holds 40 times more ink than ordinary fountain pens.*

A POINT FOR EVERY WRITING STYLE (ONLY A FEW OF THE MORE POPULAR POINT STYLES AND POCKET PENS SHOWN)


TO SELECT OR RE
...HERE'S ALL Y
9668 General writing
1551 Student
9550 Extra Fine
1555 Shorthand writing
9314B Broad Stub
2668 General writing
9048 Student writing
2550 Bookkeeping
STANDARD MODEL. Black and 5 attractive colors
DELUXE MODEL. Lustrous metal cap. Barrels in 5 solid colors
SLENDER MODEL. Black, white and 5 attractive colors
PURSE MODEL. Choice of pastel colors
MODEL "444" DIP-LESS DESK PEN SET

COPYRIGHT 1952, THE ESTERBROOK PEN COMPANY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Many Angola prison inmates slept in crowded, three-tiered dormitories, the normal men lying half awake to repel sexual deviates

America's Worst Prison

Horrified investigators of the Louisiana State Penitentiary found gambling, sexual perversion, rule by buckshot, leather strap and rubber hose, favors peddled for cash

By EDWARD W. STAGG with JOHN LEAR

ALL the prisoners were assigned to hard labor. Often the work was nothing more useful than cutting wild grass by hand. But it always began at "can see" and ended at "can't see," at times a twelve-hour stretch.

A man was expected to keep up strength for this grinding toil on 28 cents' worth of food a day.

His normal clothing ration was two suits of black-and-white-striped cloth a year. No underwear.

He was frequently permitted to leave the camp whenever the convenience of a politician outside demanded, undertake whatever job the politician had at hand and then return to his old work gang.

If he failed to follow orders, he often was flogged. Or fed a massive dose of salts or castor oil. Or thrown into a blank-walled dungeon on bread and water for weeks. Regulations forbidding such punishment were consistently ignored.

Did this happen on The Steppes of Soviet Russia? No. Right here in our own United States not long ago, in the prison called Angola.

Angola, the state penitentiary of Louisiana, is hidden in a big, looping bend of the Mississippi River just south of the line where the state of Mississippi ends. Shaped like an animal trap, with one side barricaded by a ten-mile arc of levees rimmed with quicksands, and the other cut off by the brush-tangled jaws of the Tunica Hills, it held within its gates in February, 1951, 2,640 humans —1,760 Negroes, 880 whites—and treated them as beasts.

"I have seen almost seven thousand men discharged from this institution," cried the first woman nurse who ever ventured into the place, "and I have never seen a man discharged . . . who was as qualified (for a place) in society as he was the day he was admitted . . ."

By day, each prisoner lived in constant dread of his guards, some of whom were fellow convicts serving time for murder and other crimes of aggression. Despite their guns and authority, these guards ignored the existence of "harems" for all-male prostitution.

At night, he slept little better than a dog, lying

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in a tight-bedded pack with hundreds of his fellows snapping and snarling, under the steady glare of unshaded, never-dark light bulbs, keeping one eye open the night long against surprise sex assault by another male animal.

This ugly fester on the face of democracy stood untouched right up to last spring, a standing indictment of neglect and forgetfulness on the part of Louisiana citizens over more than half a century. Although the system is not yet destroyed, Angola's inmates have been freed from their former state of peonage. The dungeons have been dismantled. What remains of its terror has been thoroughly exposed, and is now in the course of what I believe will be total reformation. (I rely here on the conviction that my fellow citizens of Louisiana are too dedicated to humanity to consent to less.)

The story of how the exposure of Angola was brought about has meaning for you, wherever you live. Angola is a telling example of man's habit of trying to get rid of problems by forgetting them. Angola was established in 1901. Originally it was a family plantation, with a mansion on a bluff overlooking a rich half circle of delta land.

River boats were its only connection with civilization. In 1928, Louisiana's political Kingfish, the late Huey P. Long, told the taxpayers Angola was costing them $1,000,000 a year when it should be self-supporting. As governor he ordered the prisoners dressed in wide-striped uniforms of black and white—a debasement that had been abandoned long before—and rigidly disciplined. But the penitentiary still was "losing money" when Huey's brother, Earl, was elected governor twenty years later. And Earl applied a remedy as unavailing as brother Huey's had been: he abolished the state Department of Institutions, under whose jurisdiction the prison had operated, and continued the Angola superintendent's post as a political plum to be dangled from his own fingers.

The first recipient of the plum was a distant relative of Long's, a kindly gentleman named Rollo C. Lawrence. Long was dissatisfied with Lawrence before two years passed, but was unwilling to fire him. Instead, in 1950 the governor sponsored a law. It allowed him to appoint Rudolph Easterly, vice-chairman of the penitentiary committee of the state Senate to run Angola as warden under Superintendent Lawrence. The only nonpolitical change of any consequence that either of the two Longs brought about at Angola was a road. It gave the prison access to the outer world by faster route than the Mississippi River.

It was a dead-end road, rough and rutted, meandering 22 miles from a paved highway. Its intersection with the pavement was 40 more miles from the nearest large city: Louisiana's capital, Baton Rouge. The route was long and dreary. But it could be traveled by news reporters.

I am capital correspondent for the New Orleans Item and United Press Associations. I drove up the dead-end road to Angola's gate on Monday, February 26, 1951, to learn, if I could, why 31 inmates of the prison had crippled themselves by severing their left heel tendons with razor blades.

The Shreveport Journal had broken the story on Saturday. Reporters for the New Orleans Times-Picayune and the Associated Press had visited the prison by invitation on Sunday. I went without an invitation and was stopped outside the gate by order of Warden Easterly.

Pressuring the Governor for a Pass

The Angola gatekeeper, in transmitting the warden's ban, said cryptically, "If you'd ask Superintendent Lawrence, I'm sure he'd let you in." Lawrence couldn't be reached, but the hint that he and Easterly were at odds gave me an opening. I telephoned the Item, the Item telephoned a protest to Long, and the governor phoned the warden to let me pass.

The delay was a lucky break for me. It put me in the prison hospital just in time to see the last of a limping procession of ten men who had, only a few minutes before, cut their right heel tendons now that their left heels were mending.

"Why did you do it?" I asked them. Most of them gave an identical reply: "I had to get out from under that stick." But a few said, "I was forced." I couldn't tell who was lying.

Since that day I have come to believe that if people really want to get to the bottom of a suspicious situation, and if they keep trying, something unexpected will happen to help them. Certainly one unexpected thing after another happened to help expose the truth about Angola.

The first surprise came from Governor Long. He always had made a policy of ridiculing press criticism. Now he abruptly chose to accept a Times-Picayune editorial writer's proposal for an inquiry into the reasons behind the heel slashings. Summoning reporters to his anteroom, he pulled a rumpled scrap of paper from a pocket and said, "I'm appointing this committee to investigate Angola." We looked at the names. The proposed list for the investigating committee included judges, peace officers, public-spirited women, Negro leaders. But predominantly the names were ours, and those of radio and newspaper executives in the state. As reporters, we sensed a political trap. We could not see how to escape it. We agreed to investigate.

"I thought the committee would have to vindicate me," Long admitted a long time afterward. "But it hanged me instead."

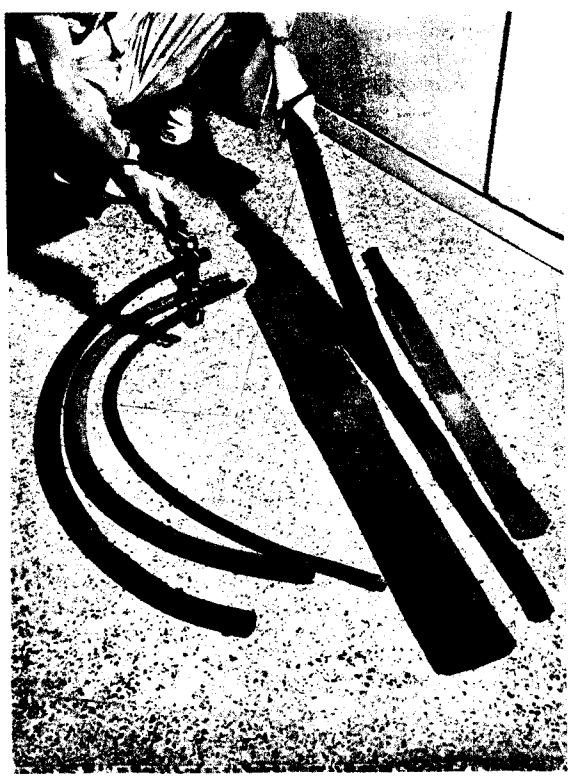
That last sentence simply isn't correct. Long hanged himself. If he had instructed his political coattail riders at Angola to mitigate the most obvious outrages at the prison and do everything they could to make us feel we were getting the real low-down on the place, I don't think we ever would have got anywhere. There were too many of us to start with—28 active members altogether, holding strong and often different opinions. We were well matched for a debating society, perhaps, but as investigators some of us had to learn—and learn fast.

We conducted "hearings" at Angola in March of 1951 in an almost dreamlike atmosphere of first come first served. For two days we listened to men who were sent before us we know not whence, nor how, nor why. We were in a state of complete confusion until, just before going home, we turned wearily to listen to one more employee —a dark-eyed, gentle-voiced woman who had been waiting patiently to be heard.

She was Mrs. Mary Margaret Daughtry, Angola's first woman nurse. She had served the prison for seven years. It was clear from what she said that she blamed Warden Easterly for wrecking small humanitarianisms she had attempted among the prisoners when Lawrence had been the institution's only boss.

KEN ARMSTRONG

Four toilets without seats are total provided for 250 men in one barracks. They have only four showers (not shown). The new building program will end such conditions



Straps and hoses formerly used to flog men. This punishment has been stopped

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ired. He rested while another man continued the beating, then went at it again

Her information consisted of a typewritten statement, which she presented without reading; two match-folder-size wax-paper decks of heroin she reported buying from a narcotics ring within the prison camp; the number of a five-dollar bill (H77490278A) she said she had paid for the dope through an intermediary, and a corner she had snipped from the bill before making the payment.

So quiet was her appearance that none of us realized she was making headlines until we got back to the Capitol pressroom in Baton Rouge that night and read her statement.

Days of the "Red Hats" Recalled

"No one has ever asked me if I have seen evidence of brutality," it declared. "But I have seen plenty." Referring explicitly to the heel slashings, she revealed that the first men to mutilate themselves included inmates then in solitary-confinement cells known as Red Hats in memory of the time when dangerous prisoners had to wear red hats to make their whereabouts constantly evident. Some of the heel slashers had been sentenced to sixty days in Red Hats but had been kept there for as long as eight months.

"Angola is still in the Dark Ages," the nurse's statement went on. "Degenerates of every type, . . . psychopaths and neurotics, are huddled in bedside companionship with the new arrivals, in huge dormitories that, as one inmate described to me, '. . . stink like the hold of a slave ship.'

"There is . . . no trade school, no handicrafts or arts—not even a library. A man sentenced here who cannot read or write leaves here the same way. . . . No effort . . . is made to help him stay out of the penitentiary once he obtains his release. . . . Their only choice is to steal or beg.

"Governor Long said the penitentiary has been a cancer on the state treasury—I say that the penitentiary is a cancer on the soul of every citizen in the state of Louisiana who knows of conditions at Angola and has made no effort to remedy them."

That hit front pages all over Louisiana on a Friday morning. By the following Monday, Mrs. Daughtry was being threatened with arrest "for illegal possession of narcotics." The dope, however, was in the hands of our vice-chairman, Mrs. Margaret (Maggie) Dixon, managing editor of the Baton Rouge Morning Advocate, who refused to surrender it. Her grounds were that the committee held the stuff as custodian for the governor.

Sheriff Teddy Martin of West Feliciana Parish, where Angola is located, had sat as our committee secretary by Long's appointment. He now resigned in a huff and went to court to demand the drug. "If it's really heroin," he announced, "I'm going to prosecute her (Mrs. Daughtry) and whoever sold it to her."

Our chairman, editor Dolph Frantz of the Shreveport Journal, stepped in at that point with a loud protest. The sheriff's action, he charged, "violates every sacred confidence. We promised immunity to all who appeared before the committee." He summoned our full membership to discuss the issue. But on March 14th, one day before the meeting, a local judge issued an order, and Maggie handed over the heroin.

This maneuver put Sheriff Martin in a position to complicate our efforts. On the insistence that "a murder plot" would be revealed, an attempt was made to turn the meeting into a secret session.

I objected, taking the position that the one unquestioned accomplishment of our inquiry had been to let the people see everything we did just as we did it, good or bad. A committee majority backed me up.

At the open meeting, a former prison captain (overseer) who was called admitted that he himself had flogged a prisoner until his arms were tired; and then given the whip to a younger relative, who had flogged until *he* was tired; and the younger man had returned the whip to the captain, who meanwhile had regained strength to finish the punishment. The victim of this outburst was a Negro. His offense, as stated by the captain: he "brushed against my daughter."

Political Hacks on Prison Payroll

A few of us slipped out of the hearing after that to pay a surprise visit to Angola. At the prison, we checked the records. They openly identified paid jobs as rewards for political hacks. They disclosed an accounting system so contrived that wholesale graft was possible without detection. There wasn't even an inventory. We couldn't determine what form of favoritism was used to choose the convict-guards, except that it clearly didn't reward good behavior. Punishment was medieval, one of the most pathetic victims being a sixty-one-year-old man who had been lashed with a leather strap 15 or 20 times until he lost consciousness.

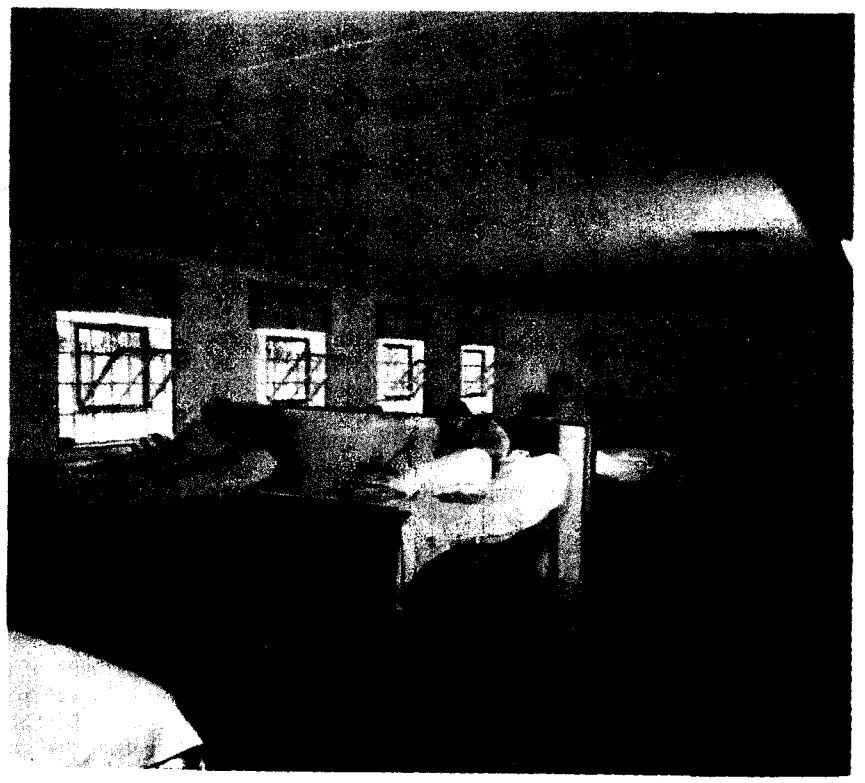
Prisoners who welcomed our prying didn't dare to betray it openly. But crude notes had a way of appearing in our hands as men brushed past us. The information set us stumbling blindly around

The conditions at Angola, the Louisiana State Penitentiary, have long been a scandal of national as well as of regional significance. But by launching a sweeping reform program under Reed Cozart, the career warden who made the federal institution at Seagoville, Texas, one of the three best prisons in the country, Louisiana has now joined the other Southern states that in the last decade have vigorously attacked abominable conditions in their prisons.

But it is not enough to stop treating prisoners as caged beasts. Our best federal and state institutions have demonstrated that a well-rounded program of rehabilitative training for free life pays dividends in ex-prisoners who do not return to crime. The prime essentials for the success of such a program are fully qualified personnel and complete freedom from political interference.

Austin MacCormick
Executive Director, the Osborne Association (for Penal Reform), and Professor of Criminology, University of California

Prisoners picking cotton on Angola prison farm. Now a committee classifies men according to skill and assigns them suitable work



A new hospital symbolizes improving conditions at Angola. This year, the legislature appropriated $4,000,000 for new buildings

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WILFRED D'AQUIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the seven camps that are scattered over the prison farm's 18,000 acres, hunting this and that.

One of the peculiarities we came upon appeared to be a solid block of concrete. Three iron pipes stuck up from the top of it like periscopes.

On closer examination, we discovered three steel doors on one side of the block. Each was of solid metal, except for a small louvered rectangle near the bottom, similar to the draft vent beneath the grate of a furnace.

We banged on one door with our fists. A man's voice answered from within! We saw that the door was locked, and that there was no one around who could open it. We asked the man inside if he was all right, and he said he was. We saw that the second door was locked, and we assumed there was a man behind it, too. When we came to the third door, we found it unlocked and swung it open.

The walls and ceiling were painted black. There were no windows. The only sources of light or air were seven inch-wide, down-tilted slits in the bottom of the door and a two-inch hole in the ceiling. The hole led into a pipe on the roof that was bent in the opposite direction from the prevailing wind.

A bed stood along the wall. In an opposite corner was a concrete box for a toilet. The entire cubicle was the size of a small clothes closet. Into this stifling space as many as seven men were jammed at a time. At least one man had been removed in a state just short of roasting.

Back at the committee hearing in Baton Rouge that afternoon, Warden Easterly still insisted there was no justification for the heel slashings. He continued to insist there was nothing amiss at Angola even after this succession of events:

¶ One of the heel slashers, William Richardson, twenty-two, summoned a lawyer to his hospital bed in New Orleans (he had been sent there from the prison to have his appendix removed; a simple operation Angola was powerless to cope with for lack of a surgeon). He sought a court injunction preventing his convict-guards and their "free people" bosses from carrying out threats to kill him. His application was denied on grounds that he had failed to establish a case. But—

¶ A prisoner named Clifford Lacoste, thirty-seven, hanged himself in a Red Hats cell. And—

¶ A West Feliciana Parish grand jury indicted Angola's machine-shop chief, J. D. Pearson, who had pleaded not guilty to a charge of soliciting $250 from a prisoner's family to "obtain a pardon" for the prisoner. The case is still pending at this writing.

Our committee didn't need those three events to be convinced that Angola really was, as Mrs. Daughtry had said, "a sewer of degradation."

Why a Capable Nurse Quit in Disgust

I personally shall always regret that we didn't get our backs up in time to prevent the resignation of Mrs. Daughtry. She quit her nurse's post in disgust early in April when it became apparent that Governor Long would transfer his kinsman, Superintendent Lawrence, who had been sympathetic to her efforts.

As we fitted together the terrible picture of Angola which Mrs. Daughtry had exposed, the thing that amazed us was not that there had been disturbances among the prisoners. What we couldn't understand was why the whole place hadn't either blown up or burned down.

Guns and ammunition were in the hands of trusties, some of whom were the very toughest inmates. Matches were strewn around the dilapidated old wooden shacks in which the men nested two and three tiers high—as many as 294 of them in a single room, locked behind steel doors to which a single guard had the keys. A half-dozen kitchen-size water faucets were the only means of fighting flame in barnlike shanties with wooden floors, crumbling plaster walls, and roofs whose corrugated iron shingles creaked loosely in the slightest breeze.

Motives for arson and murder were everywhere: favors peddled in return for cash . . . furloughs to work for pay outside the prison—for as much as six months to a year—granted in response to political pull . . . sexual perversion forced by assault . . . whisky making and dope peddling through connivance with the "free people" . . . open gambling, at crap tables patterned on those of fancy casinos . . . eight toilets for 300 men in the best dormitory, and often no toilet paper . . . government by buckshot, leather strap and rubber hose . . . many deaths by violence.

Our committee reported to Governor Long, recommending an end to corporal punishment, appointment of a trained prison man as warden, new and modern housing, and a positive program of rehabilitation of prisoners.

"You want us to teach those convicts . . . Ping-pong, baseball, elocution, and gee-tar playin'?" he chortled. "Those fellows aren't up there for ringin' church bells."

Long did name a member of our committee, Angola's former warden, D. D. Bazer, to be deputy warden under Senator Easterly. The advantage of this maneuver was that Bazer was politically opposed to Long and had never been in trouble with the press when he ran Angola before. The disadvantage, which Long ignored, was that some of our committee didn't approve of Bazer because he had admitted building the dungeons we saw.

Leaders in Angola reform: Gov. R. F. Kennon, left; adviser Reed Cozart and Sam Anderson, new warden

By the summer of 1951, Long thought he had the Angola scandal nicely under control. Just then, his attorney general, Bolivar Kemp, Jr., broke with him politically and undertook a second inquiry into the prison. It ended with recommendations that whoever was guilty of the floggings on the Angola farm should be prosecuted in the local courts on charges of assault. Although Easterly was not cited in this connection, directly or indirectly—in fact, the records showed many improvements under his administration—he resigned as warden shortly thereafter, leaving Governor Long in a curious dilemma.

Long now had to find a warden to fit the law. Bazer wouldn't do because he was over sixty years of age, the maximum provided by the law. So Long appointed L. H. Mulina, a competent former sheriff and parole officer, discovering too late that Mulina, too, was over sixty. One more shuffle made Bazer the superintendent and Mulina a deputy warden. There was no warden. But Mulina made the "mistake" of acting like a warden. Bazer fired him.

The endless acts of this tragedy of errors kept Angola on the front pages of all Louisiana newspapers from the heel slashings of February, 1951, to the gubernatorial primary elections of February, 1952. A vigorous campaign for reform of Angola was carried on by the press of Louisiana, with my paper, the Item, in the vanguard. Throughout that time, Long consistently refused to acknowledge that a modern prison must be run on a humanitarian philosophy. He would not consider the fact that 95 to 97 per cent of the men who go to Angola return to society one way or another, and that it is sound economy to return them as healthy, as happy and as useful as possible.

The people of Louisiana vigorously disagreed with Long's anachronistic thinking. They defeated his candidate for governor by electing Robert F. Kennon, who was first on the ballot to declare for penal reform. Recognizing publicly that "Angola was one of the big reasons why I was elected," Kennon stated his firm intent "to change Angola from one of the worst prisons in the country to one of the best."

Progressive Warden Sought for Angola

Even before his inauguration on May 13, 1952, Kennon was making overtures to borrow the United States Prisons Bureau's noted humanitarian—Reed Cozart, progressive warden of the model penitentiary at Seagoville, Texas, where the prisoners live in unlocked cottages—to move Angola from the world of beasts to the world of men.

Although he had only two years left before he would reach voluntary retirement age, and was under a doctor's orders to cut down on exertion in order to control his high blood pressure, Cozart saw a chance that extended far beyond Louisiana. Beginning last June 16th, he agreed to take a leave of absence from the easy life of Seagoville, to undertake the backbreaking reform of Angola because, he said:

"I am a Southerner (Texan) and I feel that if a Southern state could show the way in prison reform, it would be worth while. The states are always discounting the good example of federal prisons by saying, 'But you have lots of money.' I believe Louisiana has the money to provide the kind of prison we want."

To prove that Cozart was right, Governor Kennon went to the 1952 legislature and got $4,000,000 for new buildings. That's probably a third of what the whole job will cost. But, according to plans that are now being drawn, that third will build decent housing for about 2,000 prisoners whose abilities and attitudes make them good prospects for return to decent citizenship. The buildings will be put up largely by the prisoners themselves, thus providing training for jobs outside. Actual work should be well under way by 1953.

Already Cozart and Sam A. Anderson, a Mississippi-born associate in the federal service whom he has brought in as the new warden, have prohibited private deals for use of prison labor outside the Angola farm. It is definitely understood by all that prisoners are no longer slaves. Stern orders have been posted against corporal punishment of any kind. A disciplinary board has been set up to take legitimate punishment out of the hands of convict-guards and brutal overseers. An assignment committee has been organized to classify the men according to their skills and give them work suited to their abilities. Blue denim cloth for suits has been ordered to replace the black and white stripes, which will go instead into mattress covers. A former Navy steward has been placed in charge of planning the farm's food production to meet the dietary needs of the prisoners, and of seeing to it that all prisoners get the same healthy food instead of whatever the individual overseers happen to throw together on any given day. Segregation of prisoners according to their behavior has been started. A man trained in vocational education has been hired to start a program. And the first corps of paid guards has passed its strenuous physical examination preparatory to taking the guns out of the hands of the convicts. We can take it for granted that Angola never will be allowed to revert to its former state of bestiality. ▲▲▲

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hollywood Cutups

By CAMERON SHIPP

With scissors and splicer, film editors can do miracles transforming confusion into masterpieces

NOT long ago, a film editor named Harry Gerstad stared mournfully at a scene from a new Columbia picture, The Fourposter, reached for his scissors and sent word to his producer that he was about to whack a sequence out of the production.

The scene that disturbed Mr. Gerstad showed Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer as man and wife in their bedroom during a love quarrel. She is angry and he is trying to appease her. In a completely dark room, all the audience can hear is the sounds of heavy breathing and struggling. The rest is left to darkness and imagination.

Mr. Gerstad, no prude, but a man who thoroughly understands the basic taboos of American censorship and the modesty of the Motion Picture Production Code, or Johnston Office, decreed firmly and instantly that even though Miss Palmer and Mr. Harrison are indeed married in real life, the scene had gone too far. But since a film editor is a storyteller in his own right, not merely a mechanic who cuts and pastes, he made a suggestion.

Why not, he said, show the screen in total black-

JOHN FLOREA

Harry Gerstad (seated), who won an Academy Award for his editing of Champion, goes over the new movie scenes with his boss, Stanley Kramer

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Needing the roar of an earthquake, one clever editor got a stock waterfall soun

Film editor had two views of the Snows of Kilimanjaro scene. She picked close-up at the right

In picture Niagara, Marilyn Monroe sang alone and with a group. The film will show both

ness for an interesting instant, and then insert surprise flashes of light from lightning to reveal the couple in various parts of the room? The suggestion saved the scene and was applauded by producer Stanley Kramer.

Mr. Gerstad, who won an Academy Award for his editing of Champion, is one of some 300 film editors in Hollywood, commonly called "cutters." They accept the term sadly, like surgeons who are called "sawbones" or short men who are dubbed "Shorty." Cutting film is their chief job, all right, but they often transcend it, creating as they slash, frequently doing strange and exciting things to stars and to pictures. Learning how they do it makes seeing movies more fun.

Cutter's Job Only *Seems* Simple

On the face of it, a cutter's job seems simple enough. He takes the film that the director shoots and puts it together to make a motion picture. To begin with, he examines the day's work, called "rushes," comprising all the long shots, close-ups, medium shots or trick effects the director has photographed—a mass of film, deliberately made repetitious so as to get everything and every player in. He deletes the surplus with his scissors and puts the remainder together into a sequence of scenes that has as much dramatic impact and "pace" as he can manage.

The director looks at the rushes at night and decides what scenes to reshoot and whether he likes the way the cutter has assembled his film. Actually, the film editor has no authority; but if he is good, his work will be respected; and if he is very good, he will argue with the director. Final authority on how the film should be put together rests with the producer.

The rushes are later assembled into what is called a "rough cut," on which a film editor usually toils for at least two months after shooting of the picture has stopped. He polishes, deletes, tightens scenes, inserts sound effects and in general gives the film the same kind of polish that an expert editor might give to the manuscript of a book. Sometimes, like Gerstad, he calls for a new scene. More often, he has to take what comes to hand and do the best he can with it.

"How many feet of film does a director shoot, and how much does a cutter cut?" is an unanswerable question. A film that runs an hour and a half in the theater is composed of 8,100 feet of film, or 129,600 images at 16 images per foot. It might be the end result of as much as 10 times as many feet of film actually shot and printed, depending on the director.

The classic giant of the silent-screen era was Greed, with Jean Hersholt and Zasu Pitts which Erich von Stroheim directed in 1923-4. Von Stroheim, shooting over a period of two years, wound up with 130,000 feet of printed film. He cut it to 20 reels, then approximately four hours of running time, and proclaimed that removal of another inch would kill his masterpiece. Eventually, June Mathis of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer edited Greed to about 10,000 feet. Commercially, it was a flop.

David O. Selznick printed 160,000 feet of Technicolor for another M-G-M film, Gone with the Wind, the modern champion long-distance runner, and allowed cutter Hal Kern to trim it to 20,300 feet. But today, economy walks with art, and such marathon feats are rarely permitted.

Frequently, after a film has been sneak previewed for audience reaction, a film cutter has new problems. Riding back from a sneak in a suburban theater of RKO's The Blue Veil, producers Jerry Wald and Norman Krasna told their film editor, George J. Amy, that one important sequence was overlong. It attempted to show the deep affection, the long hours of worry and anguish undergone by Jane Wyman in caring for the youngster (Dee Pollack) whose parents had gone abroad, leaving him ill in her care. To tell this story point, the film used 10 full and different scenes, consuming 1,200 feet of film which ran 13 minutes.

The next day, Amy went to work on the problem. He lifted one bit of key action from each of the 10 sequences and, in staccato fashion, showed them in montage on the screen as a background to a superimposed large head shot of Jane Wyman. All this was done in pantomime with no dialogue and only the actions of the characters in the background and the facial expressions of Miss Wyman in the foreground to tell the story. When, at the end of the scene, you see Miss Wyman smile, you realize the boy has recovered. By this unique solution, Amy was able to cut the 1,200 feet down to 75 feet, and at the same time improve the dramatic effect of the scene.

One day last year, Anne Bauchens of Paramount, a famous film editor who won an Academy Award for North West Mounted Police, was editing The Greatest Show on Earth. She was handed a few frames of film showing Bob Hope and Bing Crosby solemnly eating popcorn—no other action and no dialogue. The shot was not funny.

But Miss Bauchens found a way to use the sequence with great comic effect. There was a big production number in which girls flew through the air hanging by ropes above the crowds. Into a crowd sequence, Miss Bauchens skillfully inserted the shots of Bob and Bing, watching and eating popcorn. The scene got the longest laughs in the picture.

When Betty Hutton, a bouncing and intrepid girl who to date has not been fazed by any act that can be photographed, decided to do her own trapeze tricks in the circus picture, she posed a transcontinental problem for Miss Bauchens. Miss Hutton performed most of her antics at Ringling Brothers' winter quarters in Sarasota, Florida. The tall dives and somersaults were done by professionals during actual circus performances in Washington and Philadelphia. Miss Bauchens considered it mere routine to snip and clip these scenes together, inserting Miss Hutton where needed. Betty made some of the longest leaps in history—from the Gulf to the Potomac—through courtesy of scissors and stickum.

She Sings and Talks as She Works

A few weeks ago, another woman editor, Barbara McLean of 20th Century-Fox, donned the white cotton gloves she always wears while working and began to peer hopefully at Jean Peters who co-stars with Joseph Cotten and Marilyn Monroe in Niagara. First, she ran Miss Peters through a machine called a Moviola, which shows film in a little aperture about five by seven inches. The sound-track film, running at the same time, provided dialogue. Miss McLean works for Darryl F. Zanuck, head of the studio and himself an expert editor. She won the Academy Award for Wilson, the film biography of the former President. She sings and talks to herself while she works.

"By golly, that's good," Miss McLean muttered. "Real good. I'll give her another close-up." And she did.

After that generous decision, Barbara went to work like a doctor ripping bandage off a leg. She thought the scene was too long and remorselessly cut it from 400 feet to 20. She thought Niagara's purr was kittenish, sent to the library for another sound track and brought the waterfall up to a full-throated roar. In another sequence, she found Jean stranded on a rock in midstream, sliding gracefully into a rescuing harness dropped by a helicopter. She knifed that scene and substituted one in which Jean almost fell in the torrent. More dramatic, she said.

Miss McLean, like all cutters, works in a small room crowded with picture film and sound-track film in cans, or, in various lengths, hanging from frames and from the wall. Wearing her white cotton gloves—a fresh pair every morning—she

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

snatches, unrolls, scissors and pastes film with surprising speed. All cutters handle film—a delicate, easily scratched substance—most carefully, swooping it around like ribbon clerks.

Barbara's routine is typical enough. She begins her day—often at 2:00 P.M., because Zanuck has kept her looking at pictures until past midnight—by examining the daily rushes, which are prints of all the film a director shot the day before. If he is lucky, he has two minutes of acting worth showing in a theater by the time Barbara makes her cuts, from hundreds of feet of film. If that sounds uneconomic, consider the simplest possible sequence, a boy and a girl on a park bench. The boy makes certain interesting suggestions to the girl.

Shooting a Boy-Meets-Girl Incident

The director first shoots a long shot. Then he shoots the entire scene, with all the dialogue, showing the girl only. Then he shoots the same scene with close-ups of the girl. He repeats this process for the boy. Then, for protection, to be sure to have enough, he moves his camera to another angle and photographs from the rear. Total, six scenes and 1,000 feet of film. There is no other sensible way for him to do it. He can't edit mechanically, and certainly not artistically, while trying to get top performances out of actors.

Miss McLean, or any cutter, could take the six scenes and tighten them to 100 feet and four scenes: a long shot, a medium shot of the boy saying his piece, a close-up of the girl's reaction and a cut to the rear with the girl's words carrying over the scene. No two cutters would cut it the same way, though any more than two writers would have written it the same way.

More subtle problems often plague a cutter. Archie Marskek of Paramount had the latest Hope and Crosby film, Road to Bali, on his hands. Hope leads up to a gag line like a circus parade headed for an explosion. Crosby, on the other hand, walks into a funny line or a comic situation like a casual tourist who got there by accident and doesn't much care. Put these two techniques in the same picture, and worse still in the same scene, and you have a problem in timing as different as sundials and stop watches.

To make matters even harder, Marskek complains, neither of these funnymen will say the same line the same way twice. The bon mot in the long shot won't match the gag in the close-up because, since hours or even days may elapse between the shooting of those scenes, Hope and Crosby will have thought up something spryer to say by that time. Cutting comedy, all editors agree, is the hardest job there is. They have learned, they say, that three feet of film in the wrong place may incite popcorn chomping and program rattling in theaters and spoil a good picture.

Recently, while one of Universal-International's editors, Frank Gross, was working on The World in His Arms, he received from the director a storm scene with men being tossed about in a boat to the accompaniment of roaring wind and lashing waves. The scene was shot on a sound stage with a wave machine splashing like a wheat thresher in a pond. Anthony Quinn's important dialogue was drowned out. It was up to Gross to run the scene over again on a big screen, silently, with Quinn reciting his lines into a microphone matching the movement of his lips on the screen. What he did is called "looping"—one of the most important chores a cutter performs. Hardly a picture is released without "looping"—to correct bad reading of lines, to eliminate noises of airplanes overhead when companies work outdoors or to insert musical or sound effects.

Another creative contribution by cutters is the assembling of sequences from stock shots. With hundreds of thousands of feet of air-fighting film on hand, any good film editor can devise hair-raising scenes. The battle sequences of 20th Century-Fox's Twelve O'Clock High, for instance, were fresh and exciting. But they came from the storeroom and were edited by Miss McLean.

There are three classifications of editors. Apprentices start at $76.40 a week. They labor prodigiously, toting cans of film all over the lot and learning to make mechanical repairs. The hardships of the work largely prevent women from entering the field today, and there is a four-to-one preponderance of male editors. First-assistant editors, men who have had at least a year's apprenticeship, earn $108.42 minimum, and full-fledged editors are paid at least $240 per week by union contract. After that, a cutter such as Barbara McLean will make as much as $500 a week.

Many cutters, if they have the personality to command actors, eventually become directors, a natural progression. Lewis Milestone, Alexander Hall, Leo McCarey and George Stevens, to name only a handful, all came from the cutting rooms.

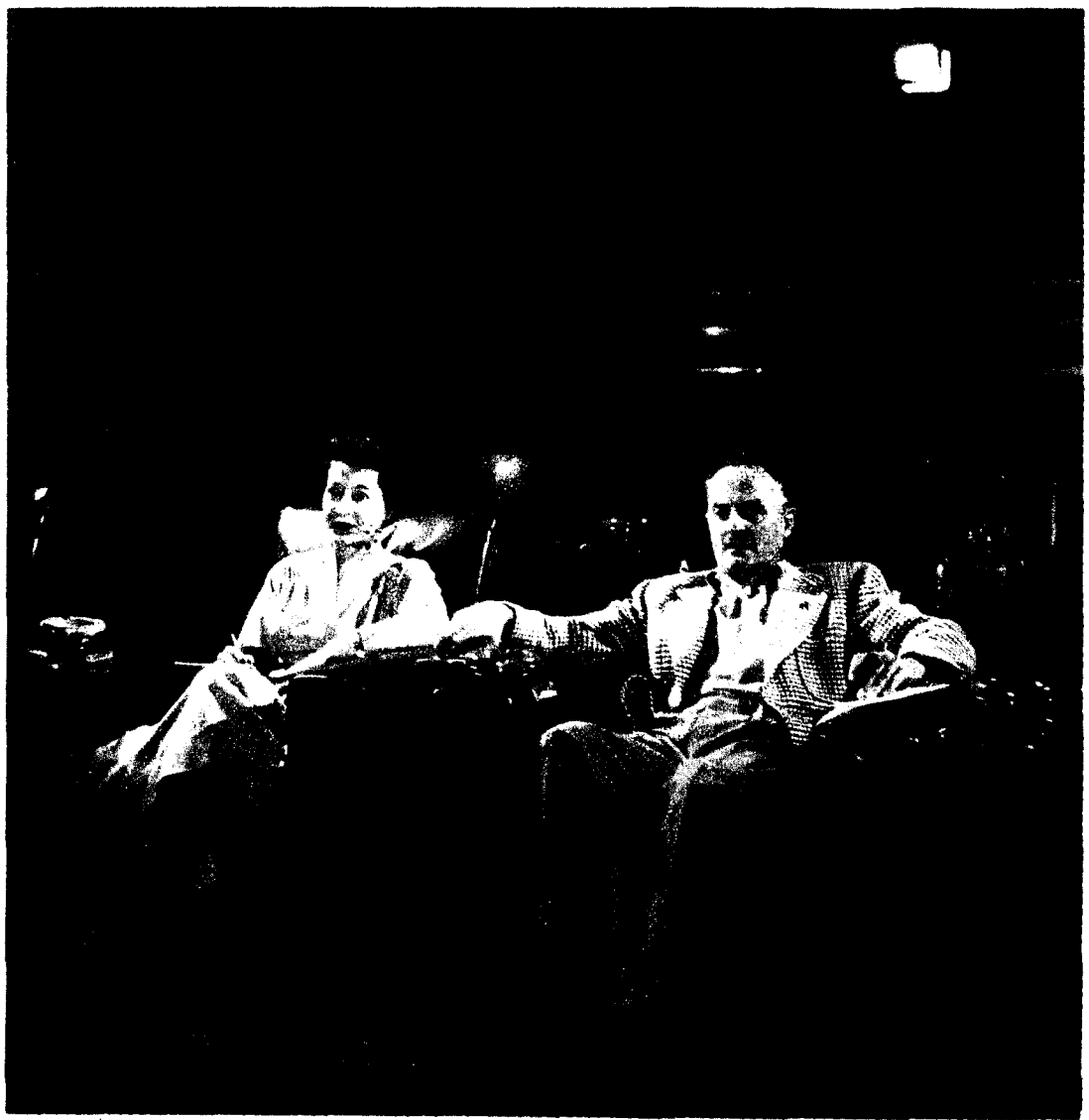
About 300 cutters are employed today and good ones are becoming scarce. Television has opened a new and competitive field. Since TV does not involve miles of film, vast crowd scenes, or months of labor on one picture, most movie cutters regard it as fairly simple. Nor does TV involve enormous libraries of film and the problems they create. So, many cutters are deserting the movies for TV.

The Paramount library contains more than 2,000,000 feet of sound and more than 10,000,000 feet of scenes, and other big studios such as Warner Brothers, M-G-M and 20th Century-Fox are similarly supplied. There is scarcely a decibel, from a monkey's kiss to a revolver shot, that a film editor can't call up and insert in a matter of minutes.

One editor had a waterfall roar that surpassed all others, and it made money for his studio through rentals to other studios whose waterfalls sounded like trickles. You have heard it hundreds of times if you go to movies. You also heard it if you saw M-G-M's The Good Earth. A smart cutter ran it backward for that picture and it sounded like an earthquake.

All the billions of feet of film that Hollywood film editors handle yearly is considered precious stuff, no matter how abruptly they toss it around in seeming carelessness. No popular phrase was ever more incorrect than the line: "The face on the cutting-room floor." No face, no film of any kind, ever gets on any floor. Film is inflammable. Placing it anywhere save precisely where it belongs is virtually a job-losing offense. (The film is fed into a trim bin, a sort of fireproof laundry hamper and is later stored.)

In the end, it is the audience who has the last say on how film should be edited. This is literally true, because of the custom of revealing new pictures to sneak-preview audiences in small towns, then changing the pictures according to crowd reactions. Producer Nunnally Johnson thinks the practice is nonsense. "This is the only business in the world," he says, "in which a $3,500-a-week executive will stand all evening waiting for a man who has never had a day's experience in the entertainment business to see his product and write on a card 'I no like!' "



JOHN FLOREA

In private projection room, editor Barbara McLean takes notes as she and studio head Darryl Zanuck study what was photographed day before. Nine tenths of it may be cut

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Cornelius, I LOVE YOU

By JESSAMYN WEST

In Nell's dream of love, even tragedy seemed romantic. In the fullness of her feeling, she wanted to declare herself, not knowing what that involved of giving, or of receiving

MR. AND MRS. MONTGOMERY, their daughter Nell and Nell's friends, Jo Grogan and Bernadine Hielman, sat down to the Montgomery dinner table on Wednesday evening. Mrs. Montgomery, who hadn't even expected Nell home for dinner, let alone Jo and Bernadine, felt apologetic about the food which, besides being rather uninviting, was skimpy. But the girls didn't seem to know or care what they put in their mouths, and she decided that strawberries and fresh asparagus would have been wasted on them.

A mockingbird was singing in the orange grove outside the opened windows, and the girls listened, a spoonful of cabinet pudding lifted to their opened lips, then, as the song ceased, put the spoons down without having tasted a bite. Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery had given up trying to carry on a conversation with them. They talked their own talk and let the girls dream their dreams, wrap their feet around the rungs of their chairs and listen—mouths open, eyes closed—to the bird song.

"I saw Doc Mendenhall in town today," Mr. Montgomery said.

His wife said, "Yes?" waiting for whatever it was that made this fact worth reporting, but Bernadine interrupted Mr. Montgomery's train of thought, if he had one, by extending her long arms toward the darkening windows and singing very softly:

"Night of love, oh, beauteous night." Bernadine was barefooted (it was the spring's great fad at high school) though she was eighteen, three years older than Nell, who had skipped grades. She wore an elaborate blue voile dress which drifted about her like a cloud. Bernadine was to be married the day after school was out and sometimes, Mrs. Montgomery felt, overplayed her role of bride-to-be.

It was already, unbelievably, the last week of school, which, in southern California, is the second week in June, a time climatically as well as scholastically neither one thing nor another—neither spring nor summer, neither truly school nor truly vacation. Class routines had been relaxed but not abandoned. Climatically the days started like spring, damp and gusty, with threat even of one more unseasonal rain; at one o'clock exactly the day did an about-face, took on September inclinations. It was very confusing, after getting up in a dripping cold which made sweaters and open fires necessary, to finish the day barefooted, hot-cheeked and as naked as possible.

Nell and Jo both wore shorts and halters. Nell had Shasta daisies tucked in the V of her halter, and Jo Grogan, with those three hibiscus flowers in her short, dark hair, might have been the girl pictured for August on any calendar. As the day darkened, the white tablecloth grew silvery, the mockingbird retreated deeper into the orchard, and Mrs. Montgomery felt that the whole scene might be unreal, a mirage cast up into the present out of either the past or the future, that girls *had* sat in many a darkening room in years gone by and would so sit in the future, but that *now*, the present minute, was unreal.

She stood at the door. Why was it so hard to do what she had set her heart on doing?

"Jo," she said briskly, "if you'll put some more sauce on your pudding, you might be able to eat it."

"I beg your pardon," said Jo. "Were you speaking to me?"

"Never mind," Mrs. Montgomery told her. "I was only urging you to eat."

"Food!" said Nell. "Who cares about food?"

"I do," said Bernadine. "Howie adores puddings. Will you copy down this recipe for me, Mrs. Montgomery? I plan to serve Howie a different pudding every single night for thirty nights. I already have twenty-two recipes."

"Tapioca, Jello and bread," said Jo, singsonging. "If puddings be the food of love, cook on."

THE mockingbird had ceased to sing. The leaves of the bougainvillaea vine which clambered over the wall outside the dining room rustled faintly. Mrs. Montgomery began taking the spoons from the serving dishes.

Mr. Montgomery remarked in the voice of a man who has had the words in mind for some time, "Doc Mendenhall says that Frank Cornelius had a bad hemorrhage this morning."

Mrs. Montgomery laid the spoons down, clattering. "Oh, John!" she said. "I understood he was getting better."

There was a note in her voice of condemnation, as if Mr. Cornelius had not tried hard enough, as if he were a turncoat, a traitor to his generation—and hers. When old people sickened and died, men and women in their seventies and eighties, that was to be expected. But thirty-eight! That was a direct threat to her and John.

"I don't think he's taken very good care of himself," Mr. Montgomery explained. "You can't throw off T.B. just by wishing. You've got to cooperate, rest, stay put. I've seen Cornelius about town off and on all spring. Baseball, things like that. Staggering around half alive. I saw him yesterday sitting beside the road out by his place. Today, a hemorrhage. He was asking for—"

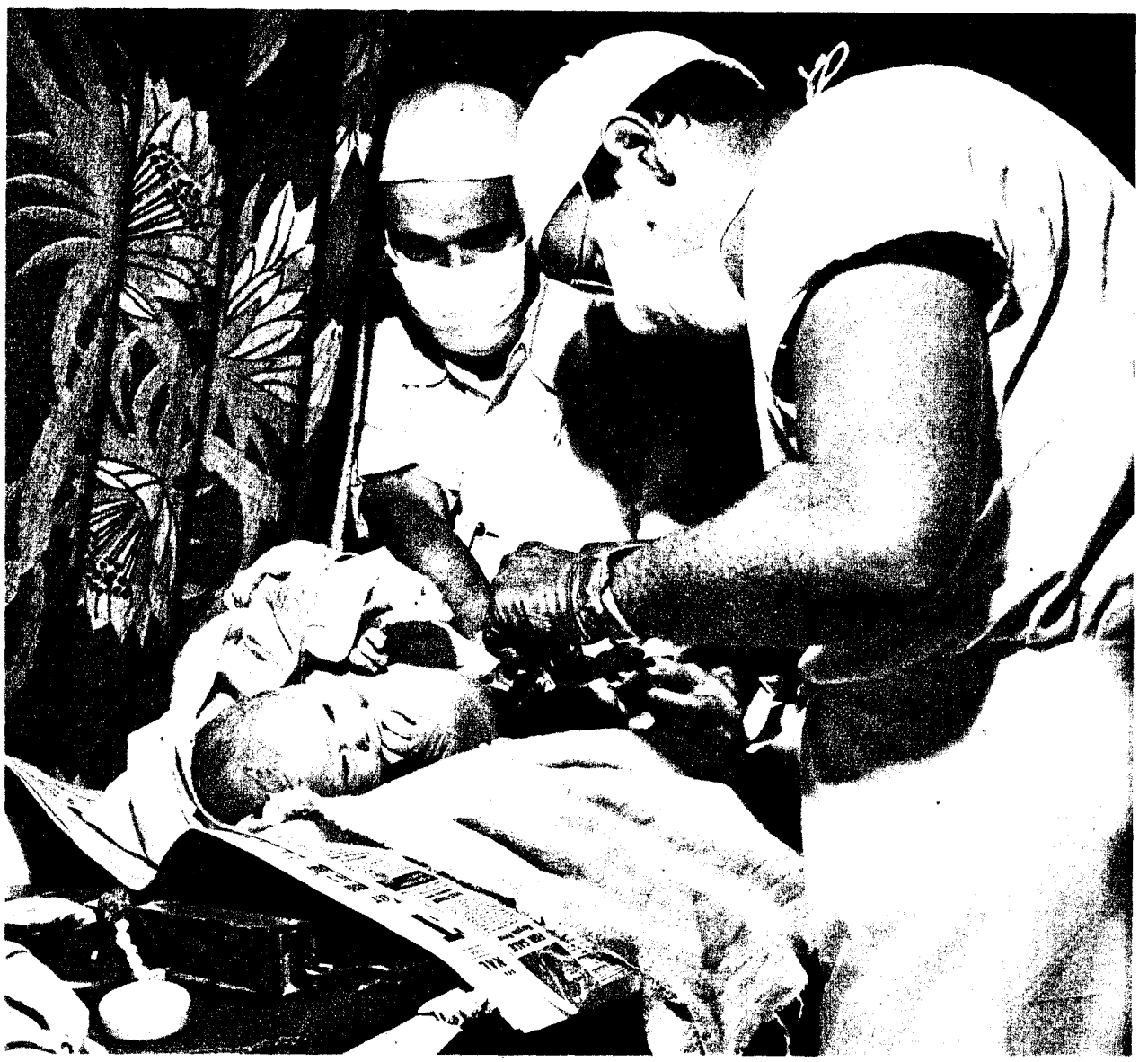
Nell sprang to her feet, interrupting her father. "You mustn't say that. You have no right to say that." She pulled the daisies from the neck of her halter and passed them *(Continued on page 56)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"What has kindness got to do with love? I'm not doing it to be kind. I'm doing it because I have to"

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A nine-pound boy joins the Maternity Center's list of 130,000 babies delivered outside a hospital

They Deliver Your Baby At Home—*Safely*

In its 57 years, the Chicago Maternity Center has made "home delivery" synonymous with safety. Its influence has raised the level of maternity welfare throughout the nation

By OTIS CARNEY

A BABY was born a few months ago in an incredibly filthy gypsy shack on Chicago's South Side. The mother, a middle-aged fortuneteller, shared a single room with 11 other gypsies. They slept on three mattresses on the dirty floor. Sanitation was undreamed of: in the bathroom a flock of chickens feasted on bread crusts, the water supply had long since been cut off, there was no heat or light and the place swarmed with lice and flies.

If there ever was a perfect setting for the infections of childbirth, this was it. Yet, because of the remarkable technique of a young doctor and a medical student, the woman was as safe in that hovel as she would have been in the delivery room of a hospital. She bore a healthy seven-pound boy, and there was no infection.

The delivery was the work of a unique American institution known as the Chicago Maternity Center. Since 1895, Center doctors and medical students have delivered thousands of babies in Chicago homes, and yet they've recorded over the years a maternal death rate substantially lower than the national average.

How do they do it? The answer is simple: they block off the filth of their surroundings with newspapers, and they keep their hands and instruments absolutely clean.

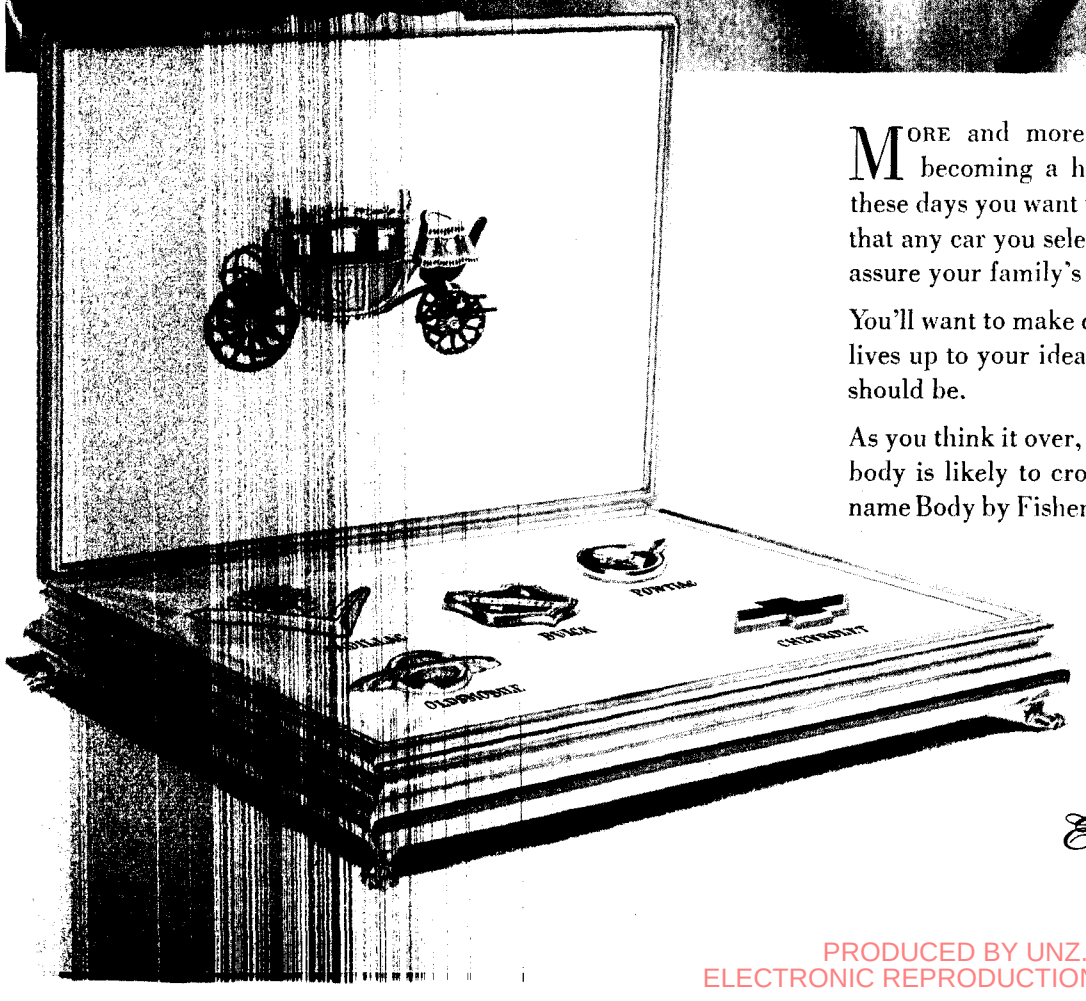
"The Center has learned that the normal woman in a large city builds up a strong immunity to infection," explains Dr. Karl A. Meyer, medical superintendent of Chicago's Cook County institutions. "She's no more likely to become infected in her own home than in the sterile maternity ward of a hospital." And Center records prove that in 95 out of 100 deliveries, given proper medical assistance and absolute cleanliness, a woman can have her baby in perfect safety at home.

In the last 57 years, Center doctors have deliv-

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN MENDICINO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Steady as you go!



MORE and more the family car is becoming a home on wheels. So these days you want to be especially sure that any car you select has everything to assure your family's steady comfort.

You'll want to make certain that its body lives up to your idea of what a car body should be.

As you think it over, the name of one car body is likely to cross your mind — the name Body by Fisher. For this, of course, is the body that most car owners call "the best body built."

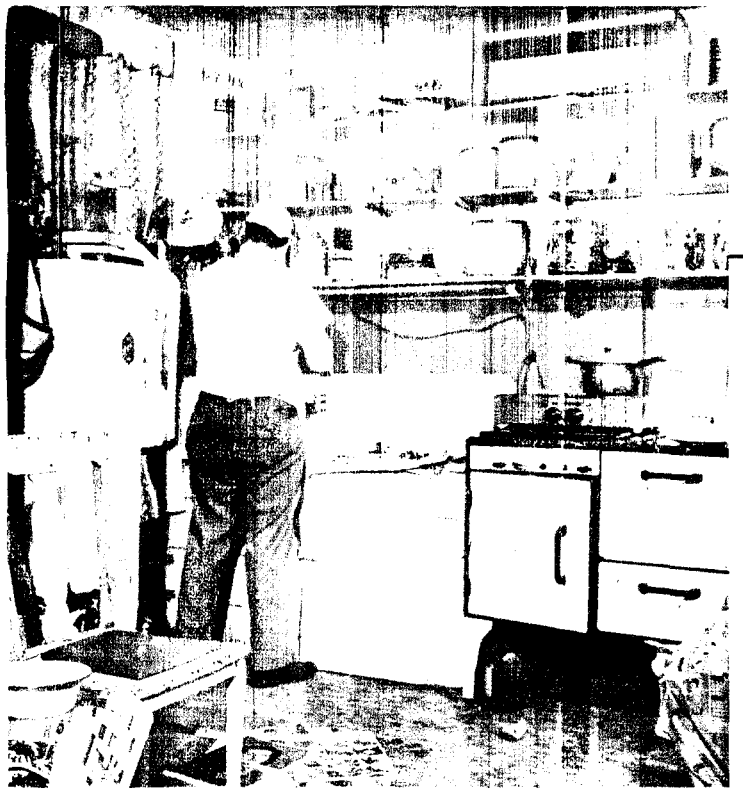
Naturally, this world-famed reputation of Body by Fisher is mighty reassuring on a number of important counts—such as comfort, safety and the ultimate in styling.

But — don't forget — only five cars are built with Body by Fisher. These favored five — Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac—alone give you the further advantages of Body by Fisher.

Body by Fisher

Exclusively Yours on the five General Motors cars

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Dr. Philip Jacoby washes in kitchen before a birth. Mother will pay what she can afford

On reaching a home, doctors from the Center spread

ered 130,000 babies in Chicago homes. Since 1932, they've delivered one out of every 25 babies born in the city, a total of some 53,000. Of that number only 53 mothers, or about one in a thousand, have died. In one remarkable stretch they made 12,106 home deliveries without losing a mother from infection. The national rate during that span was about one death in every 500 births. Their present home-delivery rate averages 10 babies a day, on good days as many as 25.

Another fact about the Center: in its entire history it has never refused a maternity case. It has delivered babies in tenements, shacks, houseboats, hotels and bus stations, using everything from store counters to ironing boards as delivery tables.

The amazing record of the institution fulfills the vision of a famous doctor who dedicated his career to fighting death by childbirth. He was the late Dr. Joseph B. De Lee, who founded the Center and evolved there techniques of childbirth which were to earn him recognition as one of the great pioneer leaders of modern obstetrics in this country.

At the time De Lee graduated from Northwestern University Medical School in 1891, childbed fever was killing 5,000 American mothers a year. He was determined to conquer it. The immediate culprit was the midwife, commonly used in those days. In her medieval methods and unwashed hands lay the source of deadly infection. Studying in Vienna, De Lee learned the antidote of absolute cleanliness, and he proved he could scrub the death off his hands and boil it off his instruments.

Obstetric Training for Young M.D.s

When he returned to Chicago, he made up his mind to put his lifesaving technique to work in the slums where it was most needed. Also, he would pass it on to the rest of the nation by teaching it to young doctors who were just beginning to enter the long-ignored field of obstetrics.

But the start wasn't easy. On Chicago's Maxwell Street, in the city's slums, De Lee rented four rooms and hung out a sign announcing that he would provide free medical care and home delivery to expectant women. The neighborhood viewed it with suspicion. Here was an upstart man daring to invade woman's special field; what's more, he was offering his services free. It had a scandalous ring. Patients stayed away.

Finally, one woman, seven months pregnant, agreed to submit to this "indecent" treatment if she were paid $3.50. Two months later, she bore a healthy baby, showing no ill aftereffects from childbed fever or male delivery. Across the back porches the news echoed, and women soon were flocking to De Lee's clinic for examinations. His deliveries and his success multiplied, and medical students began coming to him for instruction.

While the Center has become immensely valuable as a teaching institution, its main obligation is still to the Chicago mothers who can't afford hospital or obstetrical care.

Where can the poor in Chicago's crowded tenements go if they cannot afford to pay for their babies? They can, of course, turn to the charity wards of the big hospitals; but when these wards are filled, the Center is the only place left.

Its physical plant is an old brick building across the street from Dr. De Lee's original four-room office, in the heart of Chicago's slums, at Maxwell and Newberry Streets.

A constant stream of expectant mothers files in and out of the Center. Twelve thousand a year are examined by the doctors on a main floor not much bigger than a tennis court.

They are the fortunate ones who have heard about the clinic in advance. But one out of eight Center mothers isn't so lucky. Sometimes, a policeman, bartender or telephone operator will call about a woman who is having a baby alone in some tenement room. When the delivery crew arrives, the baby has often already been born and the doctors face the dangerous job of taking over at a time when infection is most likely to strike. The woman may be diseased, diabetic or Rh-negative, to complicate the case even further.

Center doctors and students soon learn how to face almost every obstetrical crisis. It is the emergency or unattended birth which throws up a real challenge to the technique of safe birth at home. Often, only quick thinking has saved the patient's life.

One veteran Center doctor recalls a hectic tenement delivery made in the days before blood banks. The woman was hemorrhaging; she needed a blood transfusion immediately, and there was no time to look for a donor. On the street corner below, a group of evangelists began singing. Before they could finish their hymn, the doctor had three of them upstairs. Their blood was typed, tested and given in transfusions that saved the mother's life.

Sometimes an emergency birth takes on a hazardous aspect. Last summer, two young doctors raced out on a call to a South Side home where they found a young woman about to have her first baby. To make matters worse, she had toxemia and her husband was on the verge of a hysterical collapse.

As the doctors started their routine preparations for the birth, the husband's nerves cracked. He shrieked wildly for them to hurry up and deliver the baby. Then he got a better idea. He snatched a .45 automatic and yelled that he would kill them unless both mother and baby survived.

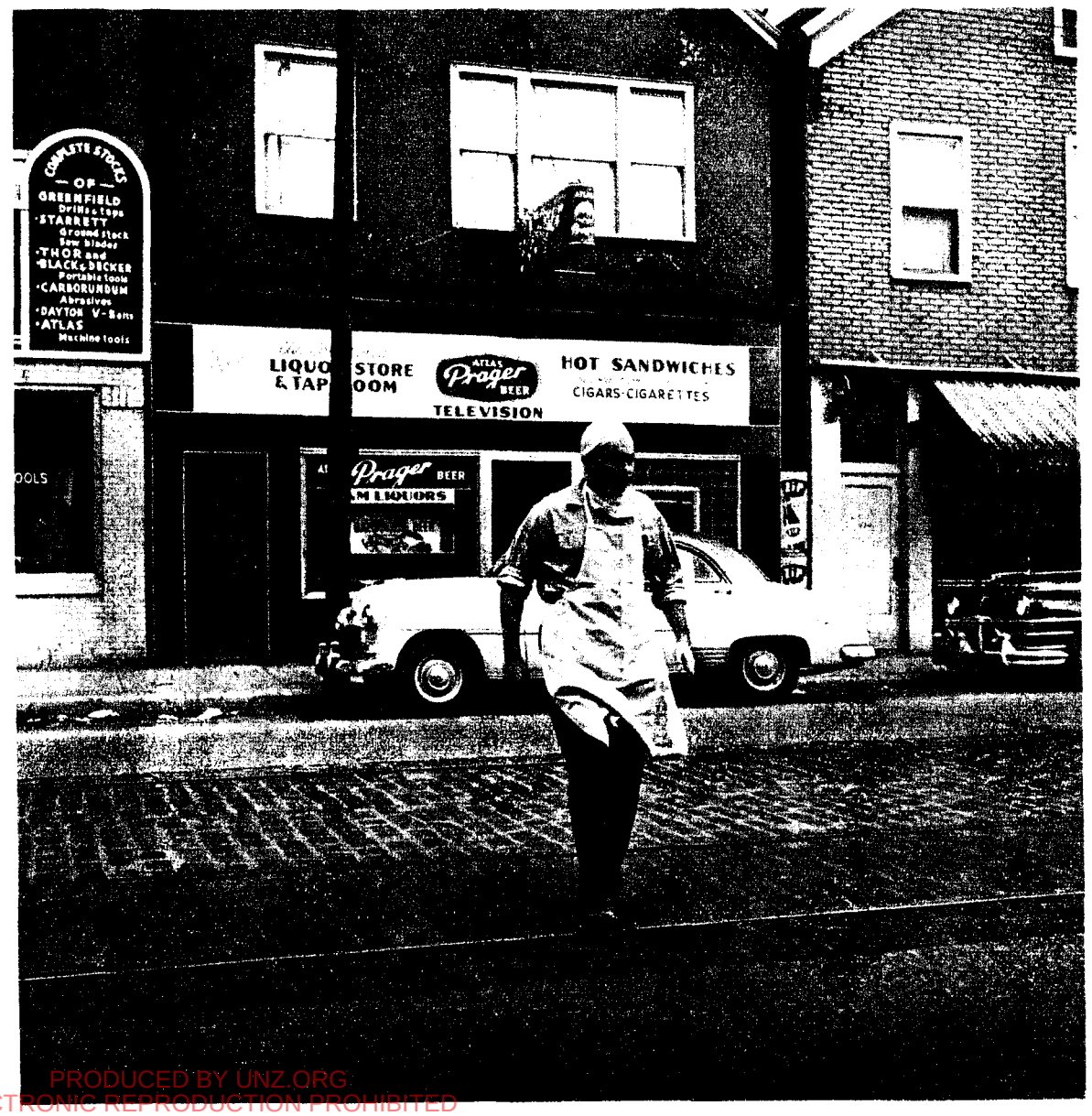
Husband's Gun No Longer a Menace

The doctors looked at each other, then at the gun. Between them, they probably could have disarmed the man, but that would have taken precious time. Instead, they got on with the job and, shortly, they delivered healthy squalling twin girls. The husband was so unnerved he collapsed sobbing into a kitchen chair and the automatic plunked harmlessly into a waiting stack of diapers.

The Center's home-delivery job is an unpredictable one. During Chicago's Christmas Day blizzard in 1951, traffic in the city came to a standstill. But the stork didn't. On three occasions Center crews had to shovel their way to home deliveries. One crew hiked two miles through drifts and driving winds only to find the mother suffering from false pregnancy. All told, five babies were delivered during the height of the storm.

A young Swiss doctor, training at the Center, was engrossed in a difficult delivery several weeks

Dr. Paul Rosen hurries back to a patient after phoning from tavern for operative equipment



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ıewspaper everywhere. They call it the most available germ repellent in the world

ago. Suddenly he smelled smoke. White wisps were seeping in around the closed door of the tenement room.

"In America," he sighed, "everything always happens at once." He had the nurse call the fire department. While the hoses played on another part of the building, the doctor, watery-eyed and gasping from the smoke, completed a successful birth.

Another night a Center crew was rushed to an Irish immigrant woman of 40 whose first baby was on the way. They found the woman in desperate condition in a garret room. The doctor realized that the child would die unless a Caesarean could be performed immediately. The only chance was to retard the birth long enough to get the woman to the hospital. He gave her ether, then with his assistant carried her downstairs to a waiting police ambulance. In a desperate siren-screaming ride, he kept applying the ether and managed to fight off the stork until they reached the operating room. Here he did a Caesarean and delivered a healthy 14-pound Irishman to a gratefully alive mother.

Living at the Center are three resident physicians, ten interns who spend from six months to two years in training at the Center; and 12 medical students who come for two-week training periods from Northwestern and Wisconsin Universities and Chicago Medical School. Also, as a permanent board, there are 25 prominent Chicago specialists on call at all times to assist in difficult births, to teach and advise. They accept no pay.

Students at the Center not only assist at normal deliveries, which account for 95 per cent of all births, but they become familiar with the important 5 per cent that are pathological births, the cases in which both mother and child are in serious danger. Though an obstetrician may see only a few such

After a delivery, doctors take baby to parlor. Their cleanliness is key to safety record

Big moment in house, as in hospital, comes when mother first sees her baby. Doctors from Center average ten home deliveries a day

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Maternity Center doctors have delivered babies in fire and with a gun in the back

cases in his lifetime, he must know how to deal with them. He quickly learns at the Center, which has a pathological birth on an average of every other day.

A man or woman attached to the Center gets many other valuable lessons—in the human as well as the professional aspects of obstetrics.

Take a recent case, which began when a Polish woman called about her neighbor, a Ukrainian girl, Anna S., whose baby was about to arrive. The operator at the Center switchboard asked if Anna S. had had prenatal care. The Polish woman didn't know. She thought maybe she'd been once to the Board of Health.

"Is there anyone with her?" the operator asked.

The Polish woman said, "Yes. Her little boy. He's about four."

The operator told the Polish woman to go back to Anna's room, put water on the stove to boil and get out all the newspapers she could find. "Tell the mother to lie down," the operator added. "The doctors will be there in about twenty minutes."

The operator then gave the woman's name and address to a young shirt-sleeved resident, who scanned the Board of Health records. Anna S. had been examined once, he found. She was Rh-negative, and the blood tests indicated that her baby would have to be taken to the hospital immediately after delivery. A Ukrainian DP, she couldn't speak English. Her husband was away.

The resident passed this information along to two young doctors on the staff —James B. Horne and Pierott Johnson.

Back in the dispensary they picked up delivery bags packed with instruments necessary for a normal birth. They hopped into a waiting car.

In case of running into trouble, they were under orders to call for the Center's "wrecking crew"—an emergency unit with enough equipment to set up a small operating room.

As Johnson and Horne sped across the city, they held their delivery bags on their knees. On the floor, the bags might have picked up germs.

Basement Apartment Was Clean

They pulled up in front of a red brick house, hurried down to a basement apartment. It was spotlessly clean in encouraging contrast to so many of the places in the slums. Anna S., a mute-faced blonde wearing a fresh nightgown, sat on a lumpy couch, her little boy clinging to her knees. The Polish neighbor woman had a pan of water boiling on a coal stove.

The procedure Johnson and Horne followed is identical in every home delivery. First, they spread out newspapers the Polish woman had gathered and placed the medical bags on them. Then the instruments went into the boiling water. Unfolding more newspapers, they covered the floor around the bed and every piece of furniture. Long ago the Center learned that the newspaper is the most available germ repellent in the world. The aseptic qualities of printer's ink make them a sort of germproof iron curtain.

Using the Polish woman as an interpreter, Johnson asked routine questions about the pregnancy and attempted to quiet the frightened Anna. The examination that followed, in the tiny bedroom, showed that it would be a normal delivery, but they didn't have much time to get ready. The Polish woman couldn't stay. She had to fix supper for her three children, so Johnson got her to take Anna's boy with her.

"Anna's going to be here alone," he told her at the door. "Are there any neighbor women who can stay with her?" The Polish woman said no.

After the boy and woman had gone, Johnson and Horne made sure that everything was ready. They put an ironing board under the mattress for reinforcement. They bundled newspapers into thick rolls. These cylinders were placed around the four edges of the bed to make a secure delivery area.

Soon Anna was lying on the newspaper-lined bed, staring at the ceiling, seemingly unafraid. Center doctors have found that few of the mothers in the slums seem to fear natural childbirth. They just accept it as a normal function, and because they relax, they seem to feel little pain.

FRANK IRWIN

Early Call

Five times a week I rise at seven.
Day must start at noon, in heaven.
But here at dawn I rise and groan,
Piteously making moan
About that fair far land, Mañana,
Where no one rises till they wanna.

—ETHEL JACOBSON

Anna's Time Draws Near

Her contractions were coming faster. Horne took her chart and went to the nearest phone, at a candy store a half block away. He read the report to the operator at the Center, and she passed it along to the resident, who put in a call for an ambulance.

When he got back to the basement apartment, the delivery had already begun. He and Johnson went to work, swiftly, surely. A safe, infection-free Center delivery was up to these two. Their success depended on how well they had learned Dr. De Lee's technique and the lessons of 130,000 home deliveries.

The birth didn't take long. Anna lay back with her eyes closed, and Johnson held up a red little girl, who in a moment let out a yell. The birth completed, Horne put the baby into a sheet and held it up on a hand scale. Six pounds, three ounces. The mother didn't understand when he tried to tell her the weight, but she saw the child and that was enough. He wanted to tell her the baby would have to spend the night in the hospital. Unable to do that, he motioned toward the next room, then carried the baby out to the Center resident, who had just arrived in the ambulance.

Now Anna faced a dangerous time, for it's in the two hours immediately following a birth that a woman is most likely to hemorrhage. Johnson and Horne stayed with Anna for three hours, but there was no hemorrhage. During that time, Horne had again telephoned the Center to tell the staff social worker that there was no one to stay with the mother and that she couldn't afford to buy baby clothes and diapers.

At last a nurse arrived, sent by the social worker. She brought diapers and undershirt for the baby, who would come home the next day. Johnson gave the nurse a mimeographed set of rules to be translated for Anna.

For Johnson and Horne, the case was successfully over. Back at the Center's commissary, they had a sleepy bite of dinner. Both had been on their feet for nearly 24 hours. They were ready to turn in for a sleep they knew was going to be interrupted.

How right they were! Forty minutes later they walked out the Center's doors and got into their car again, this time bound for a tenement on the South Side. In a few more hours the case of Anna S. would have been filed far back into their obstetrical memories.

Willing Church Members Help

But the Center hadn't forgotten Anna. It wouldn't do for her to be left alone after the nurse left in the morning, so the staff social worker called the parish house in Anna's neighborhood. The priest announced Anna's plight at Mass, and 20 people volunteered to stay with her and care for the baby during the rest of her confinement.

Later, after Anna S. returns to the Center for her postnatal examination, the social worker may help arrange for financial help through the proper agency. And before Anna leaves the Center for the last time she'll be told she can pay for the Center's services with whatever she can afford. (The twenty-year average is about $3.50 per patient.) Also she will be asked for the names of friends who will volunteer to give blood to the Center's bank.

By making a token payment she will be left with the idea that she isn't a charity case.

As for the clinic's annual deficit (since each home birth costs approximately $50), the annual Maternity Center fund drive will take care of that, with an assist from Chicago's Community Fund and the Center's six auxiliaries.

But the influence of the Center can't be measured by the safety and happiness it has brought to home birth. "For its work," says Dr. O. C. Wenger, service consultant on infant welfare to the Chicago Health Department, "mushrooms far beyond the darkened housetops of Chicago's slums. This clinic has taught thousands of doctors in many states and nations an appreciation of the obstetrical art and has armed them to meet any emergency in that field. I know of no organization . . . federal, state or local . . . which has done more for maternal welfare everywhere." ▲▲▲

COLLIER'S **"I kept running ahead of my interference"** STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"THANKSGIVING DINNER," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 75 in the series "Home Life in America."

In this friendly, freedom-loving land of ours—*beer belongs... enjoy it!*

Beer and ale have always belonged here in America. Ever since the Pilgrims brought beer over with them on the *Mayflower* . . . ever since the earliest Thanksgivings, these beverages of moderation have been a traditional part of American life.

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

Sponsored by the United States Brewers Foundation... Chartered 1862

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANDREW VIRGIL

I wanted to say something about love, but that can't be shoved into an argument

Home Economics

By BENJAMIN SIEGEL

TAKE a look at her. Just take a look at your girl friend." Ann was standing at the kitchen sink, looking through the window above it at the Benson house across the street.

I carried my cup of coffee to the window and watched Patty Benson. She was standing near the curb, waiting for a big convertible that had just turned into our street. She got in and began to chatter to the woman at the wheel. The car left.

"She looks good," I said. What Ann meant by referring to Patty Benson as my girl friend was that I once said she was the only other woman in town I'd consider having a date with. We were neighbors but had never been in each other's houses. We'd say hello in the street or wave once in a while.

I finished the coffee and rinsed the cup.

"Never mind." She grabbed the cup. "I'm used to doing dishes. And scrubbing floors. And diapering babies." She turned her back to me.

"You sound as if you're not happy."

"I'm not. Of course I'm not."

"You'd rather be—Patty there?"

"Yes!" She turned abruptly. "I'd settle for her stupid, empty, beauty-parlor life. I used to laugh at her. Marrying money—how old-fashioned!"

She turned away from me and looked out the window again. I thought of putting my hand on her shoulder and decided against it. I had the feeling that if I did it would set off an explosion.

Petey came in. He came right over to me and stood between my legs, looking up at me seriously. "I found a gold mine, Dad, over near the fence."

"You staked a claim yet?"

"No. You think I ought to?"

"Yes. Before claim jumpers come."

He ran out. The door banged behind him, and Ann's shoulders twitched.

"You mad at me," I said, "or fate, or life? I mean, am I supposed to do something?"

She didn't answer me.

The baby began to squall in the bedroom.

"Just because you happened to see Patty Benson all dressed up—"

"No! Not just because! It's just that—there's no end to this. Cleaning and cooking and dishes and babies—"

"The family's large enough. We settled that."

"She has a maid," Ann said. "Comes in every day. She gave a party on her terrace Monday."

It hadn't happened with Petey, but Jane was only three months old. Maybe Ann was getting postnatal melancholy.

"This is why I went to college. For this." Ann threw her arm out to indicate the stack of dishes, Petey's blocks strewed over the floor, the small kitchen, and our old car in the driveway.

I filled my pipe and stuck it between my teeth to keep the words back. I never kidded Ann about my job, about the position we'd take in life when we married. It's true I'm satisfied, but many people are with little. I make forty-six hundred at the plant. I won't improve on that very fast. But I like my kids; I like the quiet that comes when they're both asleep. Once in a while I experiment with a new blend of tobacco, but it doesn't matter to me if I wear the same suit for a couple of years. And it doesn't bother me when I see Patty's husband, Bert, mowing his acre with a power-driven job while I push our old mower around our lot on Sunday morning.

I WENT over to help with the dishes, but Ann shoved me away angrily. "Just leave the drudge alone," she said.

"Now—cut it out!"

"Cut what out? Complaining? I feel like complaining. I haven't complained in years. What kind of life is this? What can we look forward to?"

I wanted to say something about love, but it's a word, I've found out, that can't be shoved into an argument. It doesn't mean anything.

The point was, it didn't look as if I was ever going to make more money than I did. I could live with the idea, but it seemed that Ann couldn't. I couldn't go into business: the bank account stood at about eight hundred, and there were the bonds we were saving for the kids—and that was it. The house had taken a big chunk. But we had the house. Barring accidents I could keep on working for a good many years to come. That meant food and mortgage payments and clothing. Ann wanted more, and she wasn't going to get it.

"You made a mistake," I said. "Okay. You're still young. If that's the way you want it—"

She didn't say anything, and I went out into the yard. I didn't slam the door. She expected me to.

Petey was digging a hole. The edge of it was pretty close to Ann's row of glads, but I let it go. Why not? I couldn't get excited about a couple of flowers if a marriage was no stronger than a couple of angry words.

"Dad, I've made up my mind."

"About what?"

"We were talking about when I grow up."

"Yes." I remembered. Petey is pretty concerned about the choice of professions. He entered the first grade a few weeks ago.

"I'm going to sell houses," he said.

I looked across the street. Bert Benson does that; his father left him a real-estate business.

"I could have a big car like the Bensons."

"All right," I said. "If that's what you want."

WHAT I wanted was for Petey to enter one of the professions from a good school. Some place with a little more prestige than the state university I had managed. The bonds would do it.

"I'm going to take a walk. Don't run off now."

"Okay, Dad."

I walked slowly down to the highway on the corner and along the edge of it toward town. When we had moved out here a couple of years ago, this had seemed like real country. Especially after a three-room apartment in the West Eighties. Now I wasn't so sure. Our area was growing too quickly. Bert was delighted with the boom in his business. One of these days, just for nothing, I was going to ask whether he had a parcel in the hills.

At the crossroads, in front of Masters' General Store I saw Patty Benson in the convertible, waiting for her friend. She smiled and I stopped. We exchanged some questions and answers about our families. She had a good smile. She was about Ann's age, and I had the peculiar feeling that this could have been Ann. Hair perfectly in place like that, clothes just that casual and expensive. She was just as nervous as Ann. Different reasons, the same result. Maybe she looked through her kitchen window at us and berated her husband.

When I got back, supper was waiting—but just for Petey and me. Ann had pointedly set two places and was not joining us. Petey wanted to know why, and I told him she wasn't hungry. We ate and talked about football, and then I took him in for a bath. Ann was taking care of the baby. I scrubbed Petey, helped him into pajamas, and we had a session of storytelling before I got him to bed. Quiet settled over the house, soothingly. I lighted my pipe and went out to sit on the porch.

After a while I heard Ann's step, but I didn't look around. I heard the squeak as she sat on the glider I had made myself, and rested against the cushions she had covered.

A faint breeze brought in the smell of honeysuckle and of turned earth. My pipe tasted good.

She said, "All this stillness. It's not real."

I grunted.

"Janey was so cute in her bath. She smiles all the time now."

I didn't say anything.

"Petey's such a nice, sturdy boy. Old Mrs. Hawkins told me that Petey had asked her, when she was going by this morning, if she wanted help with her packages."

"Counting your blessings?" I asked.

"You don't have to be mean."

Patty and Bert Benson came up the street. They waved. I waved back. "What a dish!" I said.

"You're waiting for me to say I'm sorry, but I'm not going to."

"You're waiting for me to make as much money as Bert's father left him. No dice there, either."

"I won't promise not to think about it. And get mad once in a while, and yell about it, too."

I didn't answer.

"But," she said humbly, "you know it won't mean anything. Not really."

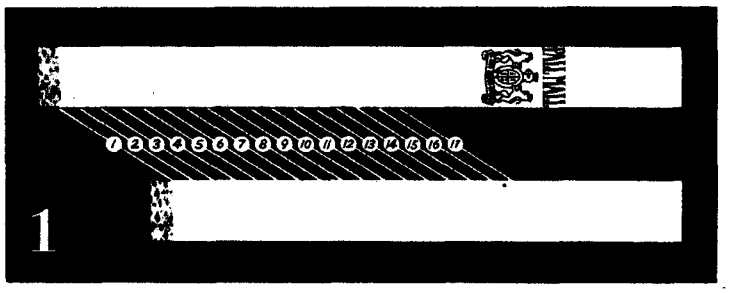
I leaned over and kissed her. That's no way to settle an argument, but our argument was over anyway. ▲▲▲

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

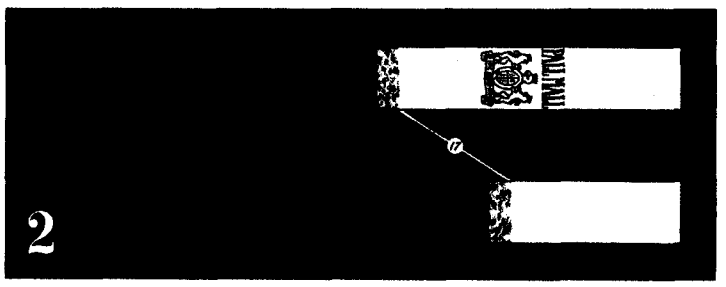
Guard Against Throat-Scratch

enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos

See how PALL MALL's greater length of fine tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your throat



The further your cigarette filters the smoke through fine tobaccos, the milder that smoke becomes. And—from the very first puff, PALL MALL's fine tobaccos filter the smoke further than that of any other leading cigarette.



Again after 5—10—or 17 puffs of each cigarette, your own eyes can measure the extra length for extra mildness. For **Pall Mall's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further on the way to your throat—filters the smoke and makes it mild.** Thus PALL MALL gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

Wherever you go, notice how many people have changed to PALL MALL in the distinguished red package.

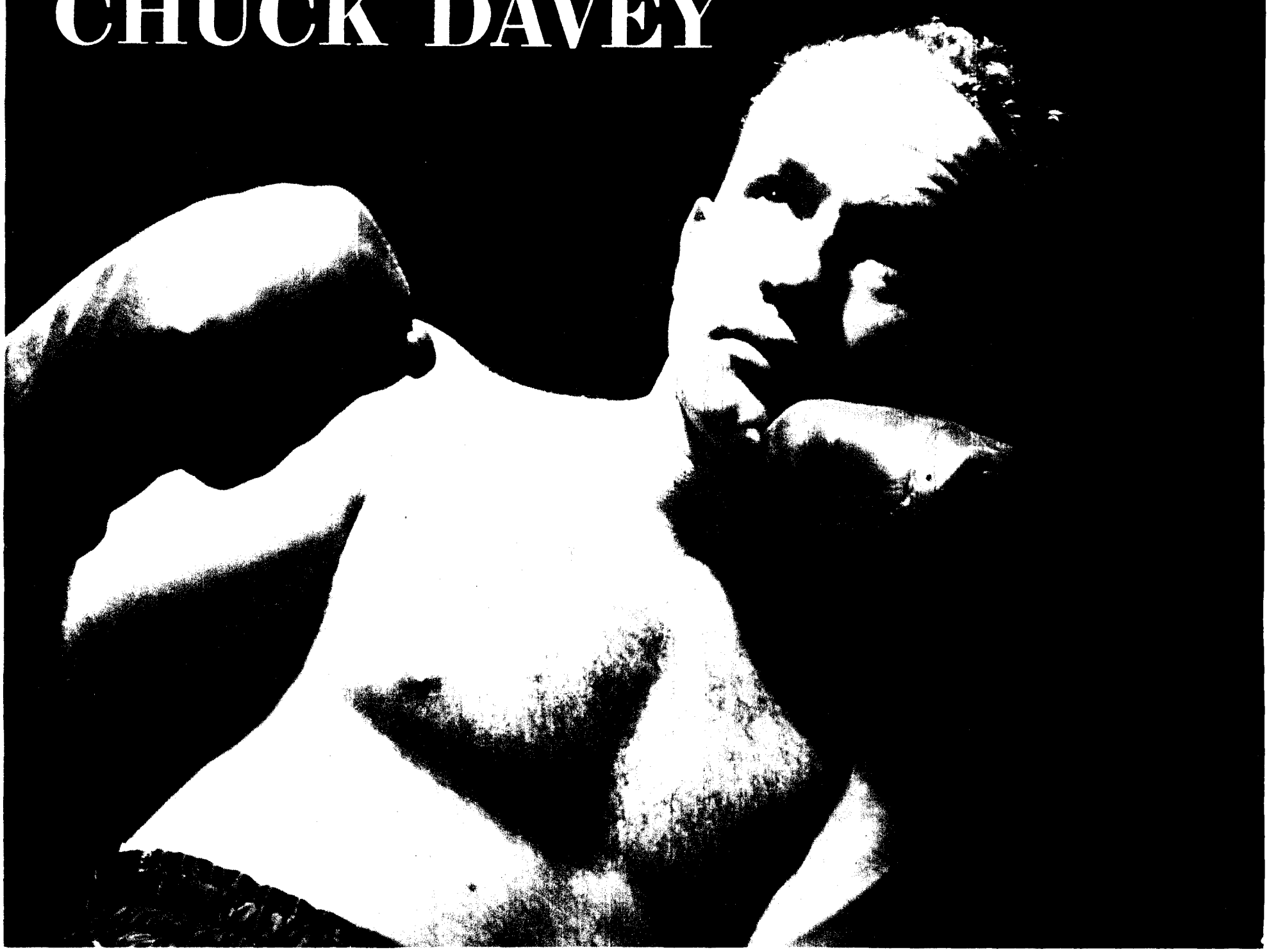
THE FINEST QUALITY MONEY CAN BUY.

Outstanding ...and they are mild!

Copr. 1952, American Cigarette and Cigar Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GENTLEMAN CHUCK DAVEY



The 26-year-old wonder boy of the welterweight class packs a novel one-two combination: his left-handed style rattles ring opponents, and a master's degree testifies to his brain power

By TOMMY DEVINE

TWO burly Chicago policemen escorted the little parade through the narrow aisle leading from the ring at the Chicago Stadium. Up the wooden ramp the procession went. Then into the jammed corridor. The line moved down the twisting steps leading to the catacombs beneath the Stadium. A door opened. A figure between the policemen at the head of the caravan darted into a locker room. He was Rocky Graziano, former middleweight champion of the world.

A few moments later there came another parade, longer and noisier than the first. There was a tremendous crush, and jockeying and jostling for position as the queue reached the door next to the one through which Graziano had disappeared. The crowd gave way grudgingly.

After a moment's delay, undefeated welterweight Chuck Davey broke away and ducked into his dressing room.

Davey, an intriguing newcomer to big-time boxing, had just danced and jabbed his way to a decisive 10-round victory over Graziano, stretching his unbeaten professional record to 37 straight bouts.

Now only a thin locker-room wall separated the two fighters, but they were worlds apart—Graziano, the hard-bitten pro who never finished grade school, the rough guy, the brawler who could look back to his finest fistic hours, but ahead only to uncertainty and inevitably to boxing oblivion; Davey,

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ROCCO PADULO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sure

as there are Seven Continents

You can travel the 7 continents... sail the 7 seas... but you'll never find a whiskey as smooth... as satisfying as Seagram's 7 Crown! Yes, one fine day, you'll taste one fine sip. Then you'll face the fact that this is the finest whiskey on the face of the earth!

Say Seagram's and be Sure

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN. BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, CHRYSLER BUILDING, NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the polished college graduate, holder of both a bachelor's and a master's degree from Michigan State, a ring stylist, a youngster still on his way up.

Davey's dressing room was filled from door to wall. Flash bulbs popped. There was the inevitable photographer's cry of "Hold it, Chuck. Just one more." He obliged graciously.

Reporters fired questions from every side. Well-dressed visitors, obviously a little uncomfortable, waited patiently to be introduced. Amid the turmoil, Davey remained the calmest, most poised person in the crowd. The interviews, the introductions were handled as adeptly as the just-completed ring chore.

On the fighter's right, grinning broadly, sat a ruddy-complexioned, genial Irishman, his father, John Davey.

"Wasn't he great?" John Davey said. "I'm really happy."

It was a big night for the Davey family. Chuck's win pretty well cinched a February crack at the title held by welterweight champ Kid Gavilan.

A good-looking, black-haired boy pushed his way through the crowd. "A great one, Chuck," he said as they exchanged handshakes and an embrace. That was his younger brother, Bert, a civil engineer, who had once had hopes of following in Chuck's footsteps as a college boxer, until an automobile accident cut short his athletic career.

What He Found Tough About Rocky

Patiently, with easy graciousness, Davey continued to answer questions between greetings to well-wishers.

"In a way it was my toughest fight," Davey said. "Graziano keeps the pressure on you all the time. You can't afford to let him get set for that long, looping right he likes to throw . . . He shook me up a couple times, but never had me in real trouble. I know he looked good in the tenth, but the sting was gone from his punches then . . . They promised me Gavilan if I got by Rocky. So that's who I want. Maybe a couple tune-ups. Depends on when they set the title bout.

"Put that bucket of ice over here, will you?" he called to an attendant. "Just bruised the hand a little. This will keep it from swelling.

"Sure, call me in the morning. Ten's all right. Soon as I finish here, I've a radio show to go on. If you fellows have everything you need, I'll shower and get out of here."

The crowd filtered out. In the auditorium above, the rabid Michigan State alumni group which buys blocks of seats for all Davey's fights and the loyal fans who had come by special excursions from Lansing and East Lansing still were celebrating. They waved their green and white pennants emblazoned with DAVEY and yelled on cues from two appropriately clothed college cheerleaders:

"S-T—S-T—S-T-A-T-E—*Rah! Rah! Rah! Spartan teams are bound to win! They're fighting with vim! Rah! Rah! Rah!*—DAVEY!!!"

Chuck Davey is less than a year out of the preliminary and small-club ranks. Since most of his fighting has been done in the Midwest, he'd be a total stranger to the vast majority of the nation's boxing fans except for five network television appearances. The rise of this wispy, twenty-six-year-old blond southpaw is the best example yet of how the hot video camera lights can speed the incubation of a boxer from an unknown into a headliner.

International Boxing Club president James D. Norris set the wheels in motion for the Gavilan-Davey title bout soon after Chuck's convincing triumph over Graziano.

"It's a natural," Norris announced as he started the IBC ballyhoo flowing. "Two of the fastest and cleverest fighters of our time against each other."

That's one view. From another angle, it's an astonishing match.

"How does Davey rate the title shot?" is the question asked repeatedly by the fight mob and managers. "Who'd he ever beat to deserve it?"

The "Who'd he beat?" blast is an ancient one in the fight game. But there's sound reason for it in Davey's case. He's getting a championship chance without ever meeting another welterweight rated in the "Top Ten" by the authoritative Ring Magazine, and only Chico Vejar enjoyed such recognition from the National Boxing Association.

Who were Davey's 1952 opponents as he skyrocketed into prominence? Here's the list: Joe Garza, Johnny Brown, former lightweight champion Ike Williams, Vejar, Carmen Basilio and Graziano.

The maneuvering of Davey into title contention on the strength of victories over that ring sextet has been done by an unusual brain trust, a trio consisting of a young publicity man, a business-machines salesman and a veteran trainer. They are twenty-eight-year-old Tommy King, publicity director of the Chicago Stadium and a former University of Michigan and professional basketball player; Canadian-born, forty-eight-year-old Hec Knowles, the salesman, who directs a fight stable as a hobby; and stocky, shrewd forty-seven-year-old Izzy Kline, who has helped train seven world champions during his twenty-five years as a handler of boxers.

Acquiring Two Managers and a Trainer

After being rebuffed repeatedly early in his pro career, while he was taking his graduate work, Davey had sought advice from Thomas King, Sr., dean of students at Michigan State. Dean King, a 10-letter man during his undergraduate days at Notre Dame, had referred Chuck to his son, Tom King, Jr. Young King signed Davey, then brought in a Lake Shore Drive neighbor, Knowles, as co-manager. The pair hired Kline as the trainer.

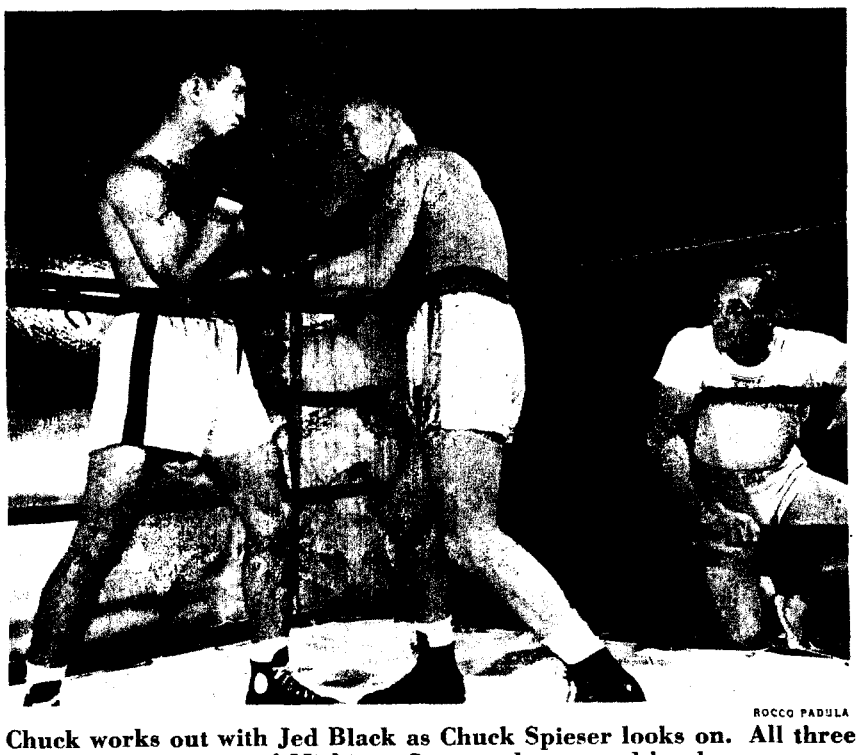
Basically, that arrangement continues now. However, when Davey started to climb nationally, Illinois Athletic Commission chairman Joe Triner ruled that King, because of his Stadium affiliation, "must disassociate himself from the fighter." So, Knowles is now the sole manager of record. King is an outside adviser.

King and Knowles are babes in the boxing woods. Neither ever managed or was connected with a professional fighter before. Yet, with their excellent Stadium and IBC connections, invaluable assistance from IBC secretary Truman Gibson (who also serves as the Chicago matchmaker), their own demonstrated business sense and with Kline to steer them away from tactical and match-making pitfalls, they've enabled Davey to become, in the estimation of many competent authorities, the best-handled fighter in the game. But not without a running fire of criticism from both inside and outside the sport concerning "hand-picked opponents" and "favored treatment."

Controversy isn't anything new in Davey's career, however. From the day he first considered turning pro, there's been disagreement among competent fight men as to his ability and how far he would go.

The arguments, in the main, stem from two

Newlyweds, Chuck and bride Patricia tour campus of Michigan State where Davey began boxing career. He was four times NCAA champ



ROCCO PADULA

Chuck works out with Jed Black as Chuck Spieser looks on. All three boxers are products of Michigan State and managed by the same men

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...mply brute strength"

sources: (1) Davey is a collegian; (2) he is a left-handed fighter.

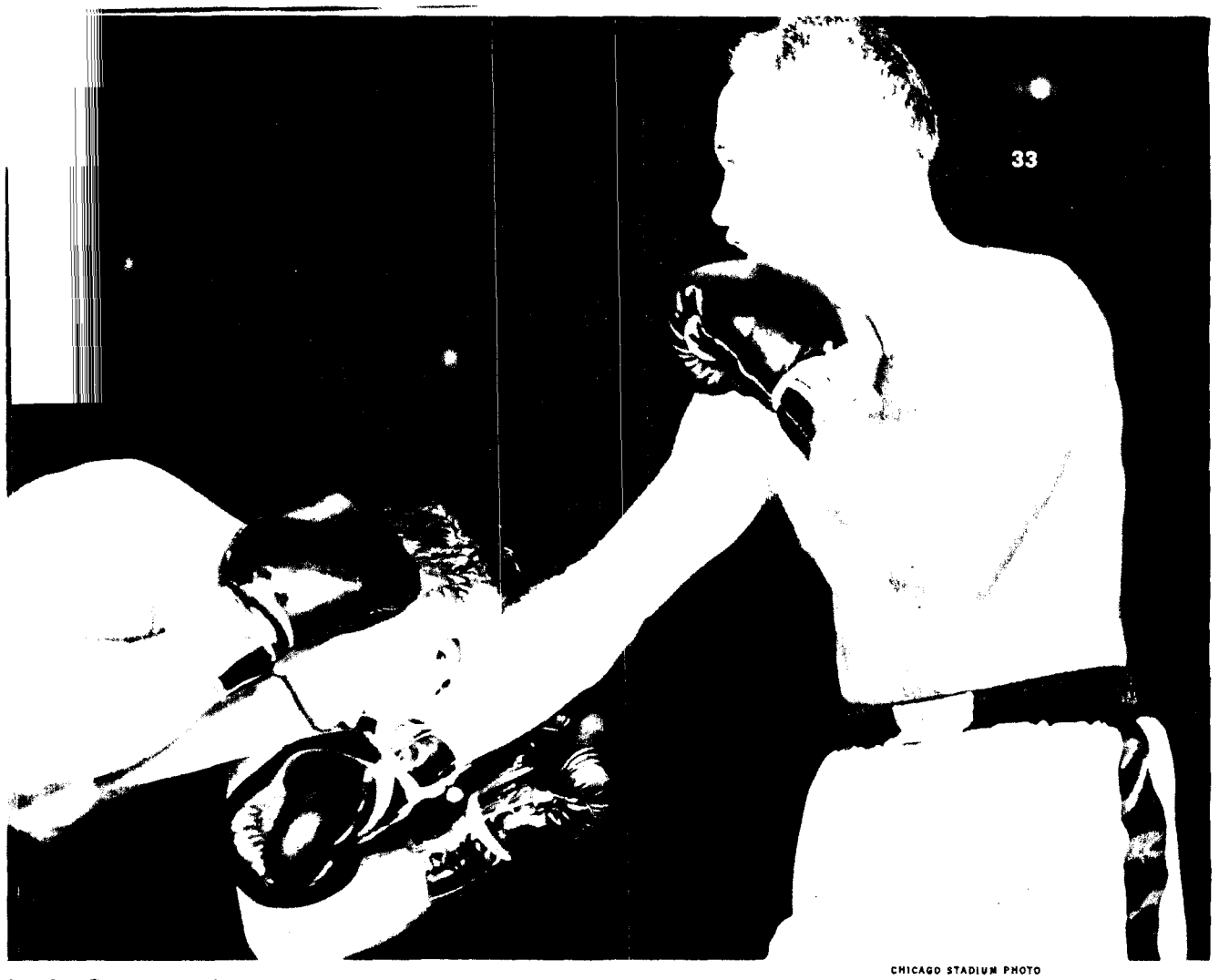
Generally, either is enough to make a youngster unwelcome in the fight game. Combine them and you have "the Impossible Fighter." The combination threw one discouraging obstacle after another in Davey's path at the beginning of his career. Then, perversely, they turned into his greatest assets.

Davey isn't the first fighter with a campus background to take a fling at professional boxing. But contempt for college boxers is as old as the sport. "Dumb Dan" Morgan, one of the craftier and more outspoken old-time fight handlers, put it succinctly: "College kids are too smart to be good fighters. They think too much about being hit." Former heavyweight champion Jack Dempsey phrased it another way: "Boys simply do not go to college to become boxers."

A sounder explanation perhaps is offered by Billy Cavanaugh. A fighter, trainer and manager in his younger days, Cavanaugh coached boxing at the U.S. Military Academy and was for many years a top referee in New York. "The late start a collegian gets is one of the major reasons so few have been successful as professionals," Cavanaugh says. "They're old, as boxers go, before they're fairly under way. The average fighter turns pro when he's eighteen or nineteen. The collegian is twenty-two or twenty-three."

Davey was twenty-three when he turned pro. Despite 93 victories in 95 bouts as an amateur, a berth on the 1948 U.S. Olympic boxing team, four straight National Collegiate Athletic Association championships and three awards as the outstanding fighter in the annual NCAA tournament, Chuck could not interest anyone in handling him when he decided to become a professional. Southpaws have a way of making the orthodox right-handers look bad. Consequently managers shy from matching their boxers with lefties. Since his prospects for regular bouts were dim, Chuck couldn't get anyone to take him on.

At the outset he was his own manager, trainer and booker. After a series of discouraging misadventures, he did finally seem headed for a break. Sportscaster Harry Wismer, whose home base is Detroit, and Manhattan restaurateur Toots Shor became interested in him. Wismer financed a trip to New York for Davey, and Shor induced Ray



CHICAGO STADIUM PHOTO

Rocky Graziano's face takes full force of Chuck's machine-gun right. By actual count, Davey landed 679 blows during 10-rounder. Victory was steppingstone toward possible title bout

Down goes former lightweight champion Ike Williams as his feet fly out from under him during fourth round of Chicago bout last March. In the next round, Davey scored a TKO

UNITED PRESS

WIDE WORLD

Chico Vejar slumps to canvas after right from Davey. He has defeated Vejar twice this year

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON THANKSGIVING

Say it with Flowers-By-Wire

Flowers play a traditional role in Thanksgiving celebrations.

Flowers-By-Wire are a kiss by proxy . . . when you're away on this family holiday.

Your thoughts flash across the miles, telegraph-fast, to where your heart is. Home. And a big, beautiful ten dollar bouquet is the perfect way to say "Thanks a Million" to your hostess.

Look for the FAMOUS MERCURY EMBLEM. It means guaranteed delivery, through 18,000 F.T.D. and INTERFLORA MEMBERS . . . throughout the world.

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION

Headquarters: Detroit, Michigan

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY — Send Flowers Worldwide — INTERFLORA

Unbeaten in 37 bouts, Chuck now has on

Arcel, one of boxing's most respected trainers, to work with him and appraise his chances.

"I worked daily with a fighter Arcel was handling, Art Persley," Chuck remembers. "And I thought I did well. But at the end of a week, all I got was bad news."

Arcel picks the story up from there.

"I was impressed with the kid," Ray says. "But I worried about moving him. Several topflight managers watched me work with Chuck at the gym and said: 'How are you going to get a southpaw work?' I knew I'd have trouble. I made the rounds of matchmakers at the smaller clubs, but they all turned thumbs down when I asked them to give the boy a chance. I went back to Toots with the bad news."

Shor then called in Chuck.

"Kid, you'd better go back to Michigan," Toots told him. "Your college record means something there and maybe you'll be able to get fights. Things don't look good here for you."

Due Credit Given Izzy Kline

That's when Chuck had his talk with Dean King. The arrangement with the younger King and Hec Knowles followed. But the key to the fighter's current success probably is trainer Izzy Kline. Davey is the fourth brilliant southpaw Kline has handled. He worked with former featherweight champ Freddie Miller, middleweight king Lou Brouillard and George Nichols, onetime NBA light-heavy champ.

"I rate Chuck the best of the lot," Kline says now. "Davey is a lot easier to teach than any of the others. He's just as fast as Miller, and he's smarter. He hasn't advanced as far as Miller had when he held the title in 1933-'36, but I'm confident Chuck will be better when he does hit the top."

After watching Davey recently, Arcel commented on the improvement the fighter has shown in his three years of professional campaigning.

"He's developed rapidly," Ray points out. "He's a fast thinker in the ring, takes a punch well and knows how to mix up a series of punches."

Lew Tendler, a great southpaw himself in the twenties, helped train Davey for his bout with Ike Williams last March.

"I rate Davey one of the really great left-handed fighters of the past fifteen or twenty years," Tendler says. "His footwork is outstanding. He has speed and endurance. True, he's not a deadly puncher. But he's improving right along in that respect."

Davey's greatest asset in the ring is his speed afoot. "He's the fastest man I ever fought," Graziano says. "He's faster than Sugar Ray Robinson—faster with his feet, that is. Robinson is quicker with his hands, though."

The three coaches Davey had at Michigan State—Al Kawal, now head football coach at Temple University, Philadelphia; Lou Zarza, currently head football coach at Wayne University, Detroit; and George Makris, still tutor of the Spartan ringmen—and Kline, all have hammered at Davey to make maximum use of his phenomenal speed.

"I told him time after time," Kawal recalls, "that if he ever stopped moving, he'd lose his fights. Whenever I spotted an inclination on his part to slug, I'd tell him when he came to the corner between rounds: 'Cut it out, or I'll hit you with the ring stool.' When he left school and went into the Air Corps, he took great delight in sending me clippings whenever he knocked someone out in a camp match."

Kline uses much the same tactics. "He's Scotch-Irish, you know," Izzy says. "And that Irish boils up quick sometimes. He'll get stung a bit with a punch and then he wants to slug it out. I bawl him out in the corner when that happens. I tell him, 'Don't be so brave out there. Get out and box and move or the guy'll knock you into the cheap seats.' "

KENNESAW

"Here's something real good. It's been aged for a week"

COLLIER'S — REAMER KELLER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

oal: Kid Gavilan's welterweight crown

While it's true Davey isn't a deadly puncher, he's one of the game's fastest and most frequent hitters. A ringside statistician calculated that Davey landed 679 blows during the ten-rounder with Graziano. The top mark for a round was the 85 punches he landed in the three minutes of the sixth.

Graziano summed it up accurately when he said: "He bothers you more than he hurts you. He's the nervous-type fighter . . . jumps around, in and out, like a frightened cat."

Davey interprets that as praise of his style.

"I like to believe boxing is really scientific," he tells you earnestly, "that there's real skill involved, not simply brute strength. I think it just as important *not* to get hit as it is to be able to punch. The slugger and the fellow who provided the quick knockouts have ruled boxing for a long time. I honestly believe, though, that the average fight fan appreciates scientific boxing. I know many people who have watched me on TV take the trouble to write and tell me that."

Despite the pride in his boxing ability, Davey resents the "powder-puff puncher" tag he's been given and the criticism from fighters he's beaten—like Carmen Basilio, who said: "Davey can't break an egg."

In a bout at New Orleans more than a year ago, Davey knocked out Tommy Ciarlo, of Waterbury, Connecticut, in four rounds.

In the dressing room afterward, Ciarlo told newsmen: "He's a good boxer, but he can't hit."

When Davey learned of the statement, he grinned: "If I can't hit, what was he doing on the floor four times?"

Davey takes a pixy's delight in the way his southpaw style confuses opponents.

"I figure being a left-hander gives me a definite advantage during a fight," Chuck says. "And it provides me with a psychological edge before the bout because my opponents worry about it."

Vejar's First Southpaw Foe

Vejar, also a collegian who's earning his tuition-plus in the ring, had dropped only one decision in 42 bouts before he met Davey. But he never had fought a left-hander. He confided that fact one day to Phil Cavarretta, the Chicago Cubs' manager, who had dropped by to watch a workout. Chico admitted he was a little concerned about the tactics to use.

"Do like we do in baseball," Cavarretta advised. "Take two and hit to left."

It might have been good advice, but Chico never had a chance to test it; he was too busy taking counts during four knockdowns to follow the rest of the formula.

After Davey gained an easy ten-round decision over Vejar in their first meeting at Chicago and then knocked him out in five rounds in a return bout in June at Detroit, an old-time fight fan asked a friend:

"What does Chico study at New York University?"

"Speech," his friend replied.

"Speech!" he echoed in a horrified voice. "How can a college man who majors in speech let himself be talked into fighting a left-hander?"

After fighting for coffee-and-cakes during the first two years of his pro career, Davey's purses for 1952 now total in excess of $60,000. That's not big money as prize-ring earnings are reckoned, but Chuck received more of it than most fighters usually do. His contract with King and Knowles calls for him to receive 66⅔ per cent of the purses. Out of the 33⅓ per cent cut the managers take, they pay Kline and meet the other expenses.

Financial Setup Explained

"What it actually amounts to," Knowles and King say, "is that we take the expenses off the top and then give Chuck everything that's left. Neither of us actually ever has made a dime on him and we don't expect to. Up to the fight with Graziano, when Davey got the biggest purse of his career, we were out of pocket on the deal. We squared that and took the money that remained to help meet the expenses of a couple other young fighters we have—Chuck Spieser and Jed Black. Like Davey, they're Michigan State boys."

The warm relationship between Davey and his managers is unique for the fight game, which often has been notorious for its impersonal exploitation of boxers and cutthroat competitive tactics. Until Chuck was married a few weeks ago, he lived at Knowles's neat apartment on swank Lake Shore Drive whenever he was in Chicago training for a fight. Hec's wife, Gertrude, cooked the fighter's meals and served them with all the care she'd lavish on her own son.

She did have difficulty, however, reconciling herself to one peculiarity in Chuck's diet. For breakfast, he likes four raw eggs. He breaks them one at a time and uses orange juice for a chaser after each.

"Trick I learned while in college," he laughs. "When you've an eight-o'clock class to make, you don't have time to cook 'em."

Davey is a good businessman. The argument of IBC officials for putting several of his fights into Chicago instead of his home town of Detroit was that the Chicago Stadium has a seating capacity of 20,000 as against 15,000 for Detroit's Olympia.

"That's true," Chuck told them. "But we didn't fill the Stadium and empty seats don't help the pay-off."

While Davey's fighting base is now Chicago and his parents reside in Detroit, he makes his home between fights in Lansing. He has a growing life-insurance business there and conducts a weekly radio show locally over Station WILS.

"Even if I continue to be successful in the ring," Davey says, "I don't expect to keep fighting more than two years."

Chuck's limited ring earnings to date have been wisely invested. An uncle, Frank P. Davey, a prominent Michigan hotel- and real-estate promoter, is handling the financial details for him.

Davey's new bride is the former Patricia Abell, a pretty Rochester, Indiana, girl who was a registered nurse at Chicago's Henrotin Hospital. Chuck met her last June when he went to the hospital for treatment of a cut eye received in the bout with Basilio.

"Now I'd like the title for a wedding present," Chuck says. He may get it, too.

Which Watch
gives the best performance
...always?

Your Jeweler Will Tell You
"...the one with INCABLOC!"

INCABLOC shock absorbers protect your watch from those daily shocks, jolts and jars that damage vital parts and disrupt accuracy.

That's why *any* watch is a *better* watch with INCABLOC!

- INCABLOC saves you dollars in costly repair bills by keeping repairs to a minimum.
- INCABLOC maintains the accuracy of your watch and extends its useful life.
- Over sixty million watches are now protected by INCABLOC . . . the world-famous shock absorber.

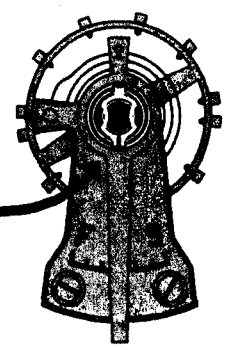
Take your jeweler's word for it:

"INCABLOC is the only shock-resisting mechanism which affords a guarantee of long wear and dependable accuracy..." *says H. Bruce McCague, Executive, Cowell and Hubbard Co., Cleveland, Ohio.*

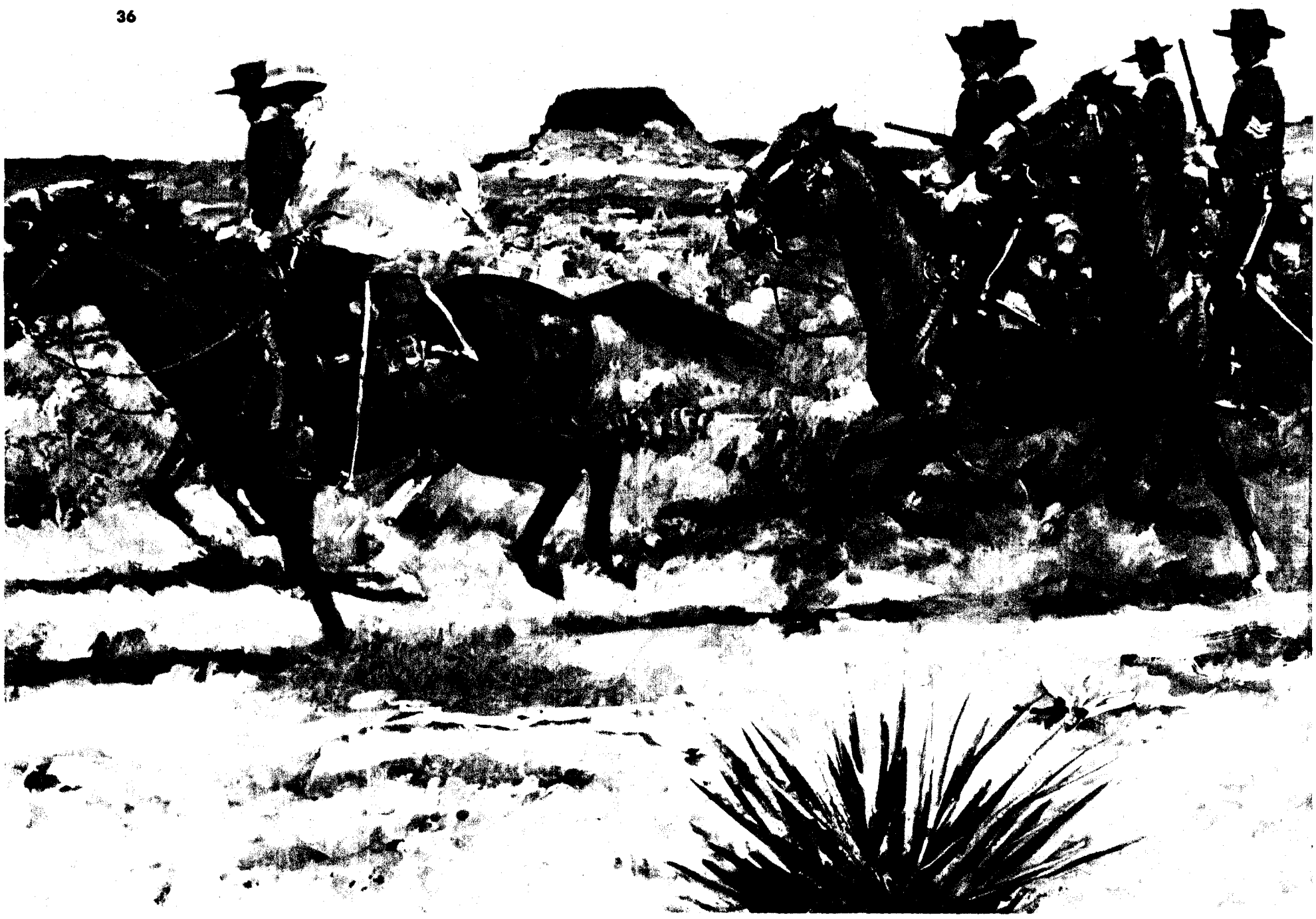
The Universal Escapement Ltd.,
New York 16, N. Y.

incabloc

Protects the Life of Your Watch



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The action of the next few moments was rapid and as silent as possible. The platoon came

DUTY

There is this about duty: it never ends. Even the dead are not exempt

•

Another story of cavalrymen on the Western frontier in the eighties

By PAUL HORGAN

"YES, thirteen years ago, in 1873," said Major General Alexander Upton Quait to Lieutenant Matthew Hazard, riding beside him, "I crossed this same desert waste, and for much the same reason."

The two officers were leading a mounted column of United States Cavalry southwest across a great flat country in the Territory of Arizona. It was November, about noonday when the heat of the desert rose sharply, causing strange winds that did strange work on the features of the earth. In the distance on all sides rose separated towers of rock, all different, all fantastic, that seemed like posts marking the boundaries of a wild, barren park.

"Yes," continued the general, "this looks very much like the place as I saw it thirteen years ago. Then we were chasing after Rainbow Son and his Apaches, and today it is Chief Sebastian and his. But the problem is similar, and the lie of land, I do believe, identical. I remember fixing the place in mind by taking a bearing on that tower of spools there far ahead and"—he turned in the saddle and pointed—"on that vast mushroom rock behind us. It was very close to here that we lost Sergeant Reimmers and had to retreat that day."

"You had a skirmish here, sir?"

"We had a skirmish," said the general, and signaling "Halt" to the column, he reined his horse and fell silent.

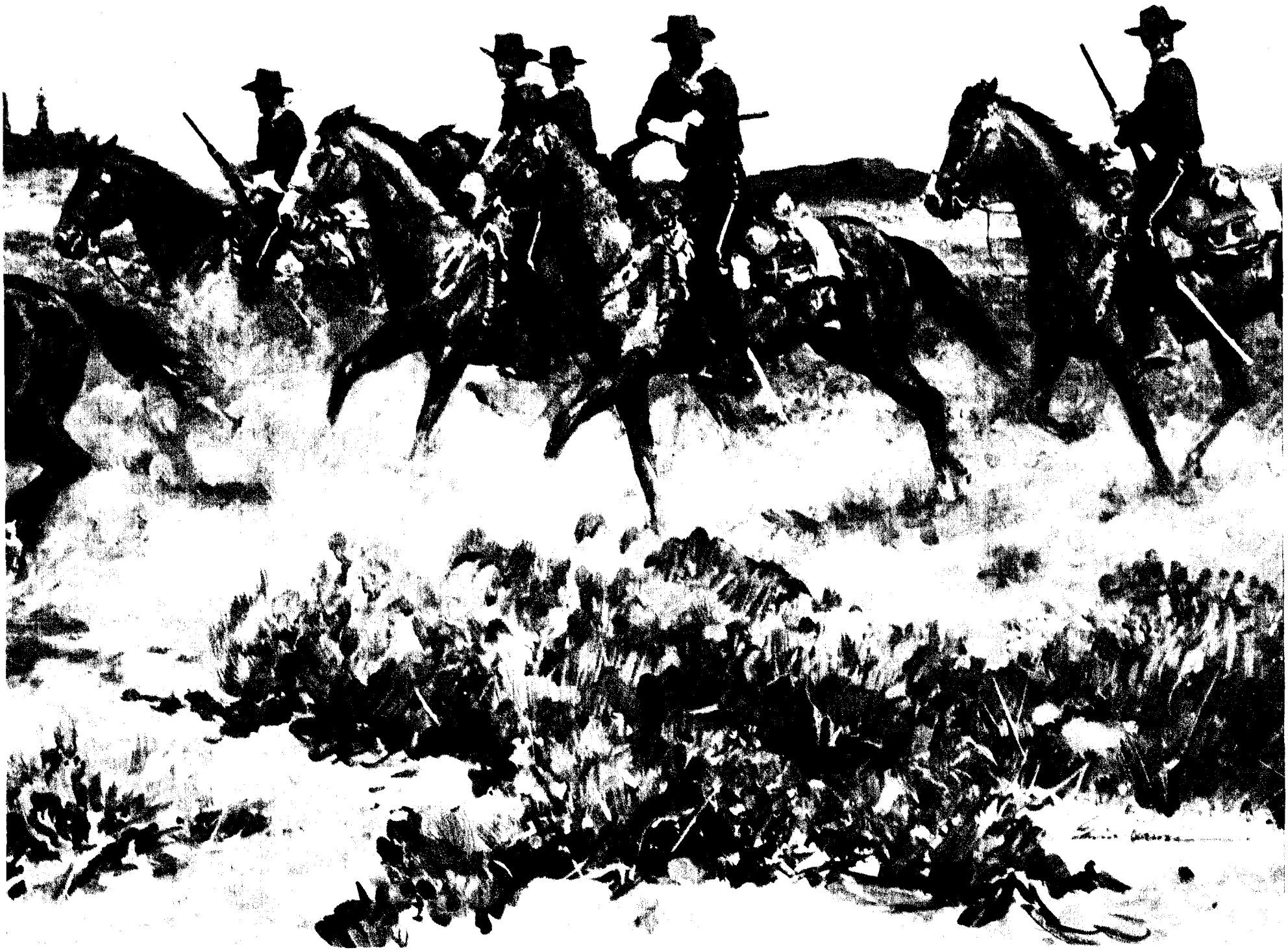
The lieutenant gazed at him sidelong. In the little while since he had been assigned to General Quait's command, Matthew had learned to respect his silences, for out of them often came something unexpected. Matthew, like many younger officers throughout the Army, knew something of General Quait's history—brigade commander in the Army of the Cumberland in '64, military observer in Europe during the Franco-Prussian War, Indian fighter in the seventies. And now, over a decade later, he was again on the Western frontier, in command of one military area, his mission to provide a solution for the Indian problem.

Nothing had prepared Matthew for the general's personality. General Quait was an old man. In his tall, bony figure there leaped a busy spirit. It shone in his small black eyes; it was present in the stream of conversation that agitated his long, white forked beard; and it even seemed to qualify his uniform. He wore an Anglo-Indian sun helmet; an undyed linen duster that flowed out behind, giving him an Arabian air; black alpaca trousers stuffed into cavalry boots; and gauntlets with fringed cuffs that reached the elbow. The troopers and the lieutenant, wearing the regulation Army campaign hat creased down the center, blue uniforms and black boots, regarded him as a sight.

The general suddenly waved his hand toward the rocks in the distance and spoke to Matthew:

"Those are created by action of the winds carrying small particles that grind against solid stone, and in time make the jagged pinnacles that we see

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



nto line. With the general and Matthew in front, the line broke into a charge with a great ragged leap and galloped directly to the west

about us. This whole land has layers of hard, then soft, then hard, materials, and great heaps of loose soil; and the winds come and shift a desert and expose soft rock and wear it down until hard rock is revealed, and then they look for softer places to drill away and change."

"Yes, sir," said Matthew. He was becoming used to General Quait's studious cast of mind and regarded it as a source of power, even of physical strength, in the old gentleman, who campaigned in the wilderness with the endurance of a youth while interesting himself with the reflections of a sage. But while Matthew could respect theory, he had a young man's pleasure in action, and he asked, "How about a skirmish, sir?"

The general signaled "Forward, at a walk," and when the column was again under way, with nodding horses, sandy whispers from the walking hoofs, creaking leather, the dim clanking of bit and saber, canteen and spur chain, the hum of troopers talking idly, he said to Matthew:

"I am bitter and confused when I remember it. Sergeant Franz Reimmers was the only soldier I ever lost to the unknown. I will never understand how it could have happened, or how I failed to recover him, alive or dead. There was never a better soldier. I never knew a better friend among enlisted men. I see again today how it was, in this same wind-freaked wilderness. Let me tell you as we go."

While Matthew listened, he kept looking first ahead and then to both sides, as though to discover the secrets of the open day and the open land. There was nothing to see, yet who knew what would betray the presence of Sebastian and the warriors the Army was now riding to kill or capture? The distant land—pale yellow, pale rose in the rocky forms, pale blue at the horizon—was broken here and there by idle lifts of dust on the warm wind. Nothing else moved.

AND all had seemed still that day thirteen years ago as another Army detachment waited for Sergeant Reimmers to return from a scouting foray. General Quait had every confidence in him. The sergeant was a young man of excellent education. He was a German, former student of the University of Bonn, who had left the Germany he loved because it was being turned into a Germany he detested. He came to the United States to live in the freedom that was being destroyed at home by Bismarck and the German imperialist politicians and army officers. In this country he found employment as a dispatch runner on the docks of New York. He carried manifests, news and instructions between the captains of German ships and the agents of the owners in their offices in Water Street. The surge of life borne into New York Harbor by the steamships from Europe week after week made him wonder. Where did so much cargo and so many people go from New York? He listened to talk of the West. He was poor and he was ambitious. He believed that he would become a complete American. To do so he must see the whole country. One day he enlisted in the Army and went as a recruit to Fort Union, in the Territory of New Mexico. He found a land he loved: the whole Southwest.

By the time he was assigned to the Arizona campaign of the seventies under Brigadier General Alexander Upton Quait, he was proficient in English. He became the general's orderly. Of all the soldiers in the command, he was the only one—officers included—with whom the general could talk on matters of history, philosophy, natural science and literature. He was also a student of the desert wilderness, and he soon became an expert Indian fighter, and was promoted to sergeant. Sergeant Reimmers was not a big young man, but he was hardy and agile, with a capacity for work that burned in him—his German heritage —like a passion. He was blond; his eyes were blue; his face was round, smooth-shaven and serious; and he had a reluctant, kind smile that served him when other men laughed out loud. Every night he wrote a half page in a little pocket diary. He meant to show it to his parents if they ever came to America from Bonn, where his father taught in the university; or if, timid in their old age, they stayed home, he would show it to them when he went, as a successful American, to visit them before they died.

On that day, thirteen years ago, this particular

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

passage of country was new to the commander and his troops. They had ridden in the pale wastes for so long without seeing a sign of the enemy that this very circumstance seemed more and more significant and dangerous—for they knew the enemy was there. Burnings, murders, thieveries had proved it a few days before. There was no other direction in which the Apaches under Rainbow Son could escape but this one; and General Quait did not know whether they had opened a passage for him and were invisible on his flanks or whether they had closed behind him and were trailing him with deliberately prolonged anticipation of the feast of blood and shame that they would finally make.

What he could be sure of was that there was no ordinary evidence that the Indians were ahead of him. Yet perhaps they were.

AT ABOUT noon he gave the order to halt. He said to his subordinates that if they were all entirely visible and exposed in such a position, then any enemy coming toward them must also be. He would take refuge in sheer conspicuousness; if the enemy responded, the battle could be joined.

But he was not so inexperienced as to imagine that in the flattest country the Apache could not at times find cover, and accordingly he rode forward a few yards with Sergeant Reimmers and asked him to make a scouting foray on a long but shallow arc from south to north, never losing sight of the halted column, and to return instantly if he came upon any sign, any trail, any new ashes, recent horse droppings or human offal by which the recent presence and the direction of the enemy might be determined. Meanwhile, the column would be deployed in positions that would guard it from all approaches.

Before he left on his mission, the sergeant said an interesting and curious thing to General Quait:

"Sir, I was thinking how different this country must look at different times of day. Imagine a table top lighted from above. All is flat. But throw light from the side, and little rumples in the tablecloth might show."

"Capital, sergeant! Please to detect all rumples as you ride. I shall sight you frequently from here. Proceed with care and the universal vision of a bird."

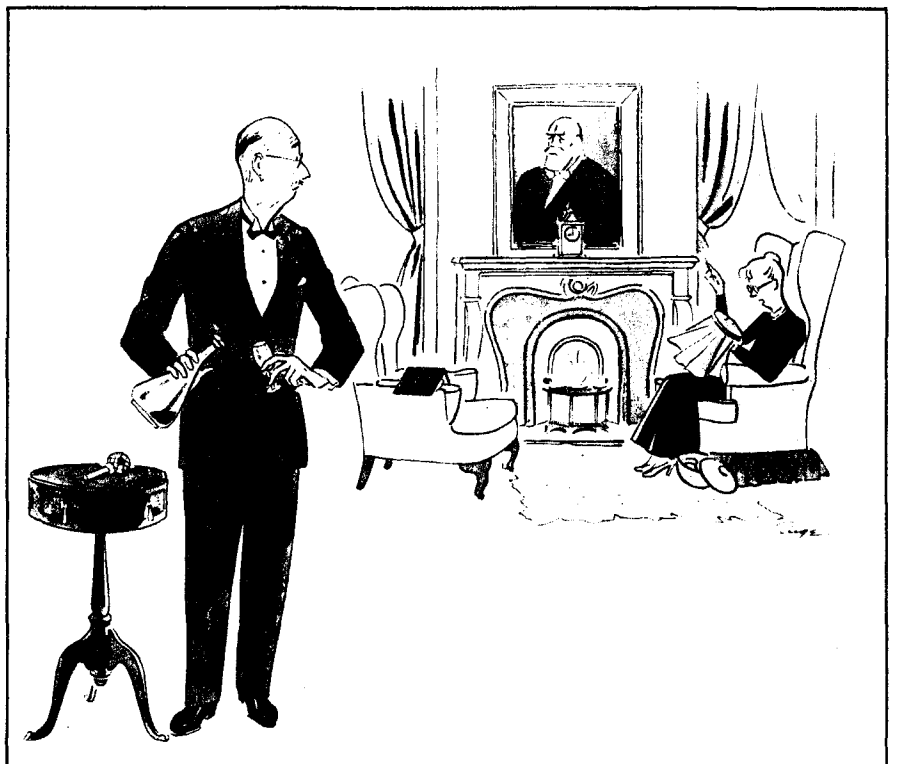
The sergeant saluted and rode toward the south till he could not be distinguished from a rock or a bush in the distance, except that he moved and the rocks and bushes did not. He turned north to ride his long arc.

The troopers in the column were dismounted. Their horses were held by recruits. The men, with carbines ready, were ranged in a thin line facing west, but sentries were set out a hundred yards from the main body, facing the cardinal points and ready to fire or call an alarm. General Quait paced in a circle around the troops. Each time he completed his circle, he found Sergeant Reimmers, moving north, half a mile away, and he measured the sergeant's progress by how much nearer he was to crossing in front of the far distant tower of rock that was eroded into what looked like a column of great spools. When the sergeant passed the tower of spools, his mission would be half finished, for the tower stood halfway on the arc of his ride. The general calculated, at a certain moment, that the next time he saw the tower of spools in his own conning of the land, he should see Sergeant Reimmers riding right across its base.

He circled the troops once more, saw the tower, looked for the sergeant, and could not find him. He peered again. Some effect of light must have made the sergeant invisible at this distance. Once past the tower, he would show again against the simpler horizon of bleached earth and white sky. The general watched for his appearance. It did not come.

The general took his spyglass.

At first he saw nothing, and then he picked up a horse, the sergeant's mount. The horse was running riderless, tossing its head, turning in random lunges, as if in pain or terror. Sergeant Reimmers was not visible. The land on which he should have shown was a long, flat line with hardly any growth, and



COLLIER'S "Mor-ti-mer!" JOHN RUGE

only the crazy horse to give it scale. Suddenly, on the general's right and left, the outposts gave yells and fired their carbines.

General Quait lowered his glass, and, swiftly looking to right and left, saw the unbelievable: from the south and from the north, Indian warriors in great numbers were riding down upon his detachment. If they had come straight up out of the ground, they could not have been more startling. What concealment they had used, how they had managed to attack the Army not on one flank but on both, it was impossible to explain. They ran at a full gallop, and their cries came clearly.

THE general shouted orders. The sentries ran to the main body. The troops were redeployed, with the horses in the center and two lines of riflemen facing out north and south. They saw the naked Indians riding air just above their horses' backs; and through the dust and noise, the explosions began on both sides, and a few iron-tipped arrows went with the sound of a gut guitar string, and a horse gave out a scream, and the first assault went by. The general could estimate the Apaches' numbers now; they exceeded his own force by four to one.

The Indians rode out to reorganize and sweep back again. The general found an instant to scan the distance again for Sergeant Reimmers and saw again only his horse, that now came bolting to the troop position with an arrow shaft sticking out of its left side. Sergeant Reimmers had met the Indians in their invisibility and somehow had not been able to escape when his horse escaped. General Quait knew what he must do, and it was painful. He must mount his men, get them in motion and, with a platoon of men and horses to save, he must abandon to his fate, whatever it might be, Sergeant Reimmers, lost in distance.

The general knew he had only one advantage over the enemy. Apache horses suffered the same steady abuse as Apache dogs, women and old people. The Army's mounts would show superiority any day. He braced the unit to meet the next attack.

"Riding at full gallop," he said, "they won't be very accurate in their aim. On the ground, we will be. After they pass this time, stand ready for a command to mount."

The assault came. A soldier was wounded; so were a handful of Indians, and one fell to the ground. As the waves passed by one another from opposite directions, the general called out; the deployed lines broke for the picketed horses; and, with the Indians far out on the desert and still riding away from the troops, the Army galloped back, eastward, across the country over which they had just come. They were heading for the thick mushroom of eroded stone that loomed at the side of the desert. It was a retreat, but it was not a rout.

"In direct combat we could have handled them," General Quait remarked at the time. "What we do not know as well as they is how to use the desert."

By nightfall the Army was among rocks and made camp in a natural fortress, waiting for an attack to come at dawn.

It came. The Apaches were driven off. At midmorning the Indian survivors, including their leader, Rainbow Son, ran away. General Quait led a pursuit, retracing his course of the day before. He tried to bear upon the very spot where he had lost Sergeant Reimmers, but he must have missed it widely, for he found nothing—no trace of a struggle, no body, no break in the open land. Pressing on, he abandoned the sergeant for the second time and tried to discover Rainbow Son. After days of unrewarded search, he returned to his headquarters. He reported the whole episode in detail to Washington. He was sharply censured by the War Department for his failure to win, in a single action, what decades of frontier effort had been unable to win. There was talk on the floor of the Senate that the conduct of the Indian war in the Far West should be investigated.

IN FINISHING his story, General Quait said to Matthew Hazard, who strained at the Latin with academic respect and frantic ignorance: "*'Iniquissima haec bellorum condicio est, prospera omnes sibi vindicant, adversa uni imputantur.'* An observation from Tasitus, the Agricola, which I always translate as this: 'Of all conditions of war, this is the most unfair—that all take credit for victory, while in defeat giving blame to one.' This was assuredly my experience."

"I see, sir. And there was never anything more about Sergeant Reimmers?"

"Nothing. We saved the sergeant's saddle and pack, and later I found a few personal effects to send his father and mother in Bonn. Among them was his diary. I read it." The general smiled with a scholar's pleasure. "It was written in English, with an occasional German construction. There were even a few loose leaves with notes made the day he disappeared. He always carried a pencil and some folded sheets of paper. I used to see him scribbling observations even on horseback, at the walk or halt. A lively, a most lively student of his environment."

"Did you ever hear from his people, sir?" Matthew asked.

"Yes, I did. Professor Reimmers wrote to me, just one letter. I still have it. In it, he said that his son had written home many times about the United States, and he always used the expression 'we Americans' and spoke again and again of how the whole country was the creation of all the people, voluntarily, and how a man was willing to do his duty because it was not required of him by force. Coming after the sergeant was gone, his feeling carried a quite extraordinary weight. Most moving, you see. Yes. Extraordinary. He was a romantic, like the German poet, Schiller."

Matthew felt a little chill. What if, one day, his beautiful young wife should have to be told by his commander that he was lost to her forever? Many another soldier's family had heard such news. He put down his emotion by staring ahead at distant little whirlwinds that lifted the sand of the desert into the air. The columns of sand spun a while and then faded into nothing against the sky. He gestured at them.

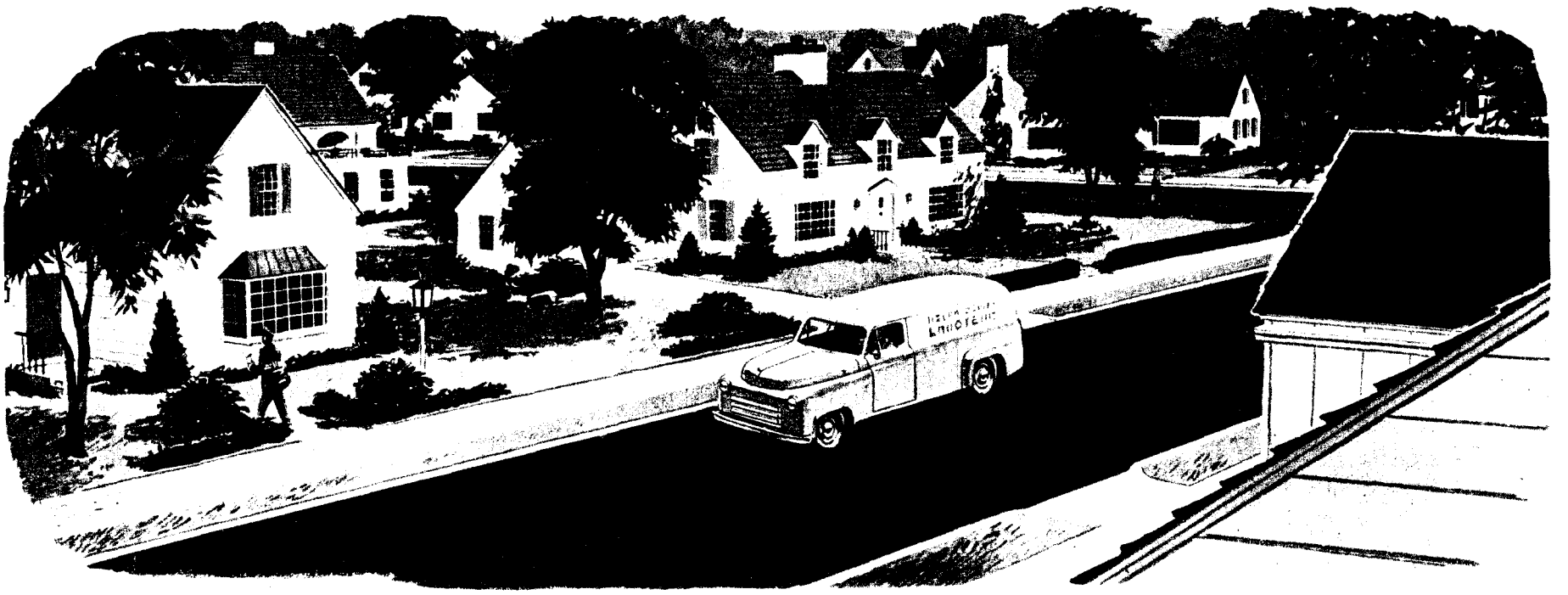
General Quait nodded. "The dry winds at their work. Imagine the millions of years needed for them to change the earth as it was changed here." He glanced ruefully at Matthew. The lieutenant was a good officer and a good companion, but he did not have a darting mind, and the general was obliged to answer his own speculations for himself. He followed a new train of thought. "Our tasks, like the wind's, are never finished. A soldier's work, to be done, sometimes has to be done over and over. Then, we sought Rainbow Son. Now, we seek Sebastian."

"Yes, sir." Matthew rose a little in his saddle and pointed. "There's a beauty, sir."

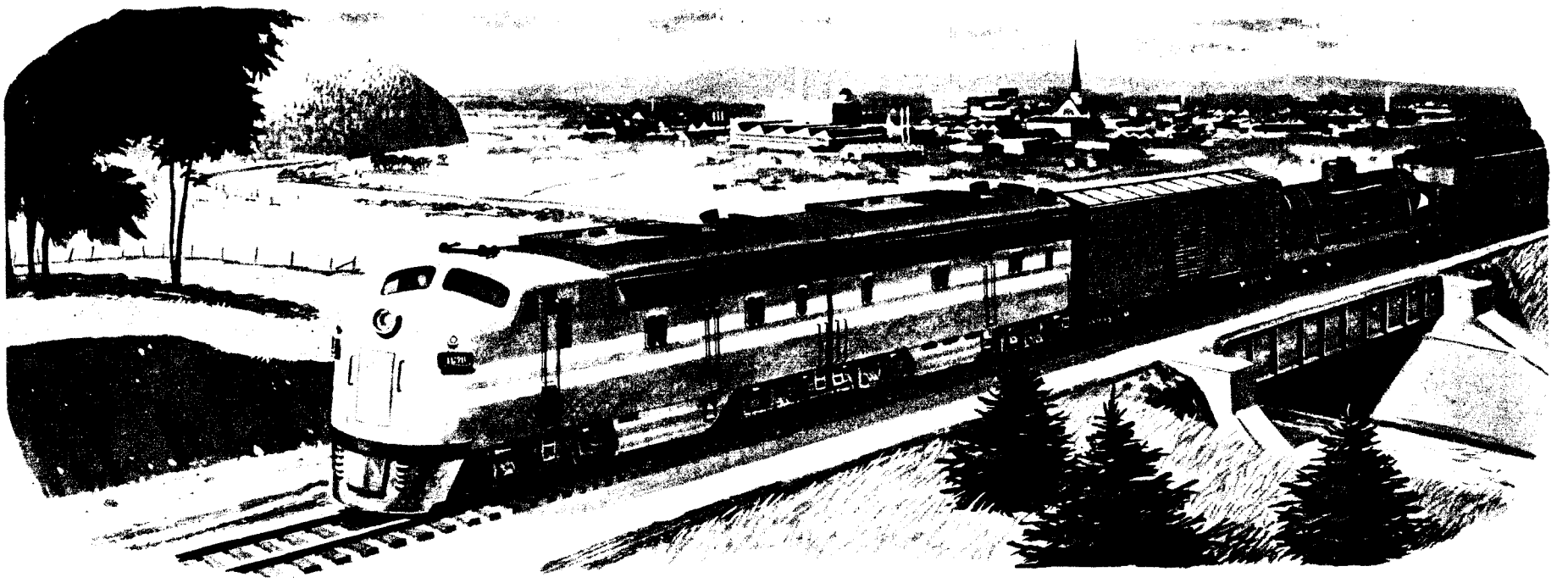
A particularly high, thin and powerful column of whirling pale sand was moving in the distance straight ahead

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Tale of Two Roads



This is a road that serves you every day. It is the public road that takes you where you want to go and brings you things you use.



This is another road that serves you every day. It is the steel highway of the railroads on which trains provide the low-cost mass transportation so essential to America's tremendous agricultural and industrial production. Without railroads, even motor vehicles could not exist and operate.

The public roads—built and maintained by taxes you pay—are designed to take care not only of your automobile but also of the 95 per cent of all motor trucks which are engaged in farm and local delivery and industrial use. But to take care of the other 5 per cent of trucks—the big, heavy, highway freighters—calls for roads more expensive than are needed by the vast majority of highway users.

On the other hand, railroads—built and maintained at their own expense—are for heavy-duty hauling. These railroads carry—for you and all America—more tons of freight more miles than all other forms of transportation combined, and do it for charges which average less than those of any other form of general transportation.

And the more freight the railroads carry, the less wear and tear there will be on your public highways—and the less you, as a taxpayer, will have to pay for building and maintaining these highways.

Association of American Railroads

WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

You'll enjoy THE RAILROAD HOUR every Monday evening on NBC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARDENT HUNTERS will stand up to their hips in swamp water, fight moccasins and alligators in pursuit of the most elusive quarry on earth.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC HUNTER tracks big game in the snows of Alberta, Canada, with the aid of a curling, red-coated cable.

On Safari with the BIG-GAME HUNTERS

by GRANTLAND RICE

Noted Sportswriter and Commentator

EVER HUNT a Siberian tiger? It's one of the most fascinating sports in the world.

If you're looking for real excitement, though, I've discovered a big-game hunt that tops 'em all in the thrill department.

Travel in out-of-the-way places? Suspense? Peril? The hunt I mean has all of these, plus an extra hazard . . . the hunters may lose not only their lives, but their shirts.

I'm talking about the Big Oil-Hunt.

Not long ago I went on a field trip with a Cities Service exploratory crew. These boys are not just scientists, they're sportsmen – and what a zest for the game! They track their quarry from the snows of Alberta to the swamps of Louisiana. They buck the dangers of sub-zero weather, for exploration in the huge tundra stretches is possible only when the ground is frozen. They battle alligators, and the deadly water moccasin. They travel

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A BIG-GAME HUNTER uses science these days. He is ready to shoot as soon as he gets a signal from the rest of the hunting party, on safari on a Louisiana sugar plantation.

THE YOUNG MEN and the SEA . . . deep-sea fishermen fight it out with the waters of the Gulf of Mexico for a billion dollar catch.

All photos of Cities Service operations

WYOMING, land of the grizzly bear and the mountain lion, attracts hunters in search of bigger, warier game.

THE HUNT FOR BIG GAME requires strange equipment and carries the hunter into the coldest—as well as the hottest—lands on earth.

by jeep and swamp buggy, by horse and helicopter.

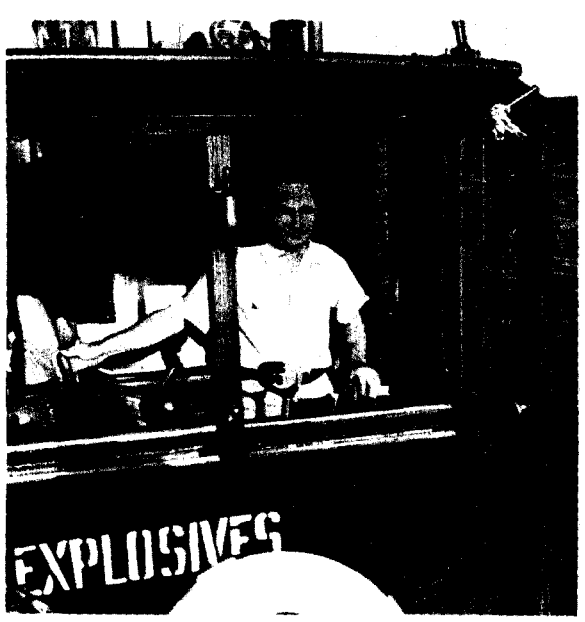
Thanks to their enthusiasm and never-say-die spirit, Cities Service has written some of the most thrilling and important chapters in the history of oil exploration and discovery – of which the East Texas, Oklahoma City and Eldorado pools are examples.

Men who professed to speak with authority have periodically predicted the end of America's oil resources ever since oil was discovered. As early as Colonel Drake's day, a salesman of "Rock Oil Medicine" carried the following sign on his wagon:

HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!
before this wonderful product
is depleted from nature's
laboratory!

Fortunately for all of us, oil men never took these warnings seriously. They were too busy proving them wrong by opening up new oil reserves—at this moment greater than ever before in history.

Every time I drive into a green and white Cities Service station and say, "Fill 'er up," I get a bit of the thrill of this hunt for the most coveted big game on earth—Petroleum.



HE SHOOTS, but not to kill. His target hides underwater and it takes real skill to hit it.

CITIES SERVICE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of them. It seemed to approach them, dancing mightily as its tip touched and leaped and touched on the earth. Suddenly it touched and at once violently changed color.

"How incredible!" General Quait cried. "I have never seen that happen before."

The whirlwind had, in an instant, sucked up and made into a flying column some earth dust of a heavy, dull yellow. And then, in another instant, the yellow fell like scattered powder against the sky, and the wind once again whirled plain sand over the ground.

"We must see what caused that. It lies right in our path," said the general. "It was precisely like changing the color of smoke from a fire by adding certain minerals. Lieutenant, signal 'Trot.' "

Matthew gave the hand signal, the column broke into a trot, and Matthew smiled at the privileges of rank that permitted a major general in the field to order forty indifferent men to hasten forward with him as he pursued a point of natural science.

"Lieutenant," called the general, in the voice that he could thin to a penetrating command, "take over the lookout. It was very close to here that they came on me the other time. I will watch for the yellow earth."

THEY trotted for perhaps ten minutes. If Sebastian and his marauders were near, there was no sign of them. But by now Matthew was schooled to take particular care in the most innocent of situations.

"Ah, yes!" cried General Quait abruptly. He saw something. He said, "Signal 'Walk.' "

The column came down to a walk.

"Signal 'Halt.' "

They halted.

"How perfectly, and superbly, extraordinary," said the general softly, gazing at what he saw. It was the mouth of an open pit in the earth, roughly triangular, and about three yards wide. The edges of the opening were worn by weather and dusted with the yellow earth they had seen staggering in the air. Otherwise, the ground was of ordinary sand. "You see, Lieutenant, here is a weak place in the earth's crust. The wind has drilled this pit and touched soft yellow—ocherous—soil. We saw it taken high in the air by the updraft. How beautiful! I must see more."

He dismounted, handed his reins to Matthew and walked to the edge of the pit. He peered into its dark depths, murmuring with real delight, and ended by slapping his leg and saying to Matthew, "You do see, don't you? This is a wind creation, an *inverted* tower, so to speak, created by just what made the stone structures we see yonder. How classically beautiful!"

He threw off his linen duster. "I must descend," he cried.

No, oh, good grief, no, Matthew said to himself. The old gentleman was all but dancing with pleasure. His sun helmet, his white beard, his long-boned, gesturing hands seemed to Matthew like irritating, absurd extensions of his unpredictable personality. But aloud he replied only, "Very well, sir. Give us instructions."

"A rope under my arms," said the general. "The other end tied through your saddle horn"—the Army's McClellan saddle had an opening there—"and at my signal, you will walk your horse slowly forward until I am on the bottom, or have, quite literally"—he laughed dryly—"reached the end of my rope. I shall take a quartermaster's camphine lantern to see by down there. When I tug on the rope once, pull me up by backing your animal. If I tug twice, arrange, in this same way, to join me. Is this clear? And see that the lookout is sharply maintained in all directions while we are halted."

To the great interest of the troopers, the exercise was carried out just as the general had ordered. As he went over the edge, he peered at them all, and something in his face made them laugh with admiration at his juvenile zest for investigation. Matthew rode slowly forward. His rope was sixty feet long. When about sixteen feet had been paid out over the edge, the rope slackened suddenly. Major General Alexander Upton Quait had reached bottom. A little haze of yellow dust drifted up from the pit. There was a long pause, and then there came two violent tugs at the rope. Matthew, with a sigh, dismounted and prepared to join his commander down in the ground. He turned the command over to the first sergeant with strict instructions, and in his turn was lowered into the gloom of the pit.

For moments he could not see, even though a thin line of midday light from the autumn sky touched the earth wall to his right. He could hardly breathe, for the confined air of the pit was dense with disturbed dust. He could hear the general's voice close to him.

"Lieutenant, lieutenant, what a tremendous moment! Move gently or you will free more dust. But look, son, look!"

The general's voice trembled with exaltation and awe. He put his hand on Matthew's shoulder and held high his camphine lantern. Now the vaulted twilight cleared for Matthew; the dust fell slowly about him. Under the vibrating hand of General Quait, he looked at the wall of the pit opposite. He opened his mouth and, in shock at what he saw, took in a great draft of yellow, dusty air.

A slope of earth, sharply inclined, reached out from the wall of the pit toward the center of the soft, dusty floor. Leaning on it was the figure of a man, face downward, with his head turned sideways and resting on his raised left arm. His right arm was curved under his belly. He was dusted thickly with the golden earth of his open grave. His cheeks were gaunt and parched, but they showed skin, not bone. So did his hands. His hair was long over his collar, and a silky beard grew along his jawbones. He was clothed in garments that were bulky on his shrunken figure. He was a mummy, preserved by the dryness of the desert air and the driftings of the yellow earth about him. The general and the lieutenant in the sifting silence listened to their hearts beating, and heard eternity. Gradually they came to detect in the air a dry, herbal scent that was laden with sweetness. General Quait spoke first.

"One thinks of balsam," he said, and his voice was hushed by the cushion of the golden dust, "the balm that the shades leave behind them as they journey far." He raised his hand toward the still figure. "The chevrons will show under the dust. There will be crossed sabers on his collar, his belt buckle. Somewhere under the soft floor may lie his carbine. Sergeant Franz Reimmers, leaning here for thirteen years."

Matthew stared at the general. "Is this he?"

"I know him. At last I am answered."

They fell silent again, until Matthew said, "How do you suppose—"

"Yes, you see," interrupted the general, "he was attacked, for his horse showed it. He was dismounted and ran for safety and fell into this. There was no way out. We searched for him but this pit could only be found by accident. What is that in his hand?" he asked, peering sharply. Matthew leaned forward while the general held the lantern close. Showing under his left side was the right hand of Sergeant Reimmers, holding three things. One was a small crucifix, one was a big silver watch that he clutched by its chain, and the third was a scrap of paper.

"Let me have them," the general said.

With strange feelings Matthew took the watch and the cross from the withered fingers and handed them to the general, who said, "Yes, he thought of time, measurable time—the watch—and eternity—the cross. Yes, the ultimate subjects for a philosopher. And the paper?" he added.

Matthew blew the dust from the paper and saw lines written on it. He began to scan it in the lantern light.

"Read it to me," the general said.

Matthew read aloud:

"For General Quait, or whom otherwise it may concern: in the last possibility that this may be found in time to be of service, I wish to report that west of this pit, into which I fell while after my wounded horse running, there is another break in the earth. It can no more be seen than this opening until immediately you are upon it. It is a long trough of ocherous earth reaching from north to south, about twenty feet wide, and eight to seventeen feet deep. If from the west approached, it might from a little distance be seen. If from the east, as we approached, it is invisible, for the near lip is higher than the far one, and in a full overhead light no difference between them shows. I came upon it in astonishment, dismounted and crawled near. There were the Indians, hidden from view, yet mounted and ready to go forth. Riding to right and left to the ends of the trough they could suddenly appear on the desert with terrible surprise. I started back to report. They saw me and gave their attack order and rode out two ways. One remained to deal with me. He fired at me. I ran. He saw me fall, but not from his bullet. In here I fell. I pray they brought us no harm. I feel shame for failure of my duty to return with warning. May God keep me if I am to remain here to die. *Für meinen*—" Matthew paused in difficulty over the German.

THE general took the sheet and finished: "*Für meinen Vater und meine Mutter, Liebe und Trost*—for my father and mother, love and consolation. *Für Amerika, Glaube und Dank*—for America, faith and thanks." The paper was not signed. The hand in which it was found was its endorsement. He frowned at the paper for a moment as though to force from it a living vision of the man who had written it.

Then he whirled to the lieutenant and struck him sharply on the arm, and for one of very few times addressed him by his first name. "Matthew!" he cried, and the dust came up about them, and the air throbbed with his excited voice, and the agitated lantern shifted the shadows of the dead figure until it too seemed to move. "We must go up! Follow me instantly!"

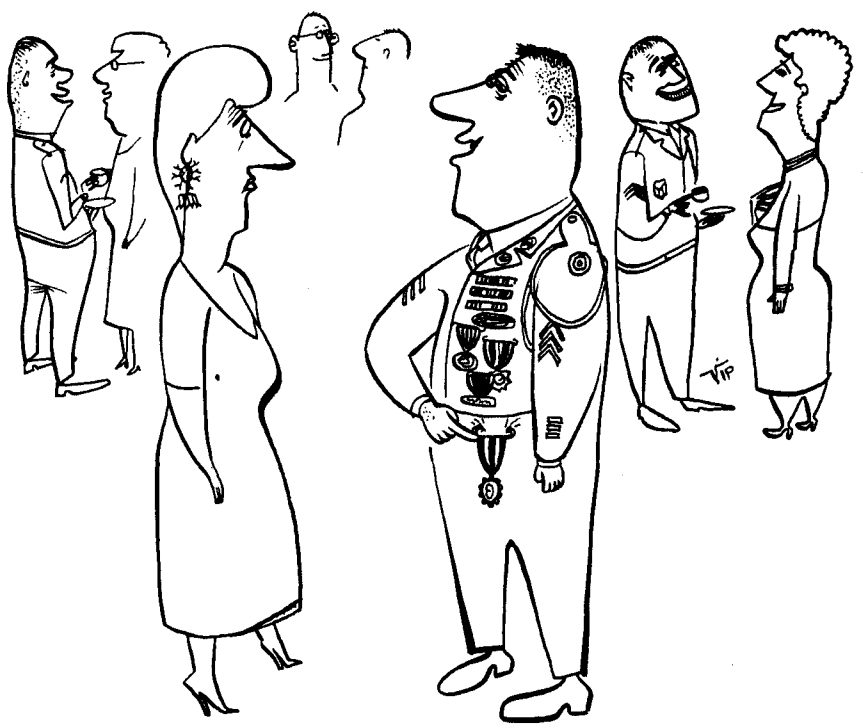
The general tugged at his rope once, mightily, the signal to be hoisted away. "The minute I am clear, you will follow," he said. "I will order the platoon mounted immediately and formed into line. I will order the charge."

His rope went taut, and General Quait began slowly to rise, turning in mid-air. If, under the circumstances, the spectacle had not been ghostly, it would have been comic. "We must risk being fools," he said in wry excitement, "if there is one chance to be heroes." He reached the opening and, with a scramble, was gone.

Matthew, bearing the lantern, was hauled up immediately afterward.

The action of the next few moments

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S

". . . and this bottom one is holding up my shorts"

VIRGIL PARTCH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was rapid and as silent as possible. Only hand signals were given. The platoon came into line. With the general and Matthew in front, the line broke into the charge with a great ragged leap and galloped directly to the west, where the land seemed to be —but was not, as they now knew—unbroken.

General Quait had put on his duster again. It flew behind him like a cloak. He rode, all skin and bone and linen, lightly as a child, with a kind of animal trust in his horse that was felt and returned. In the charge, the numbers were small, the distance to cover was not great (perhaps a quarter of a mile), the objective not really certain. But the troopers and the lieutenant rode with their commander's exulting spirit.

IT BROUGHT them in a very short while to the first glimpse of the long break north and south in the ground. An almost perpendicular bank lay in front of them. General Quait signaled "Follow me!" and plunged almost straight down for seventeen feet and rode to the opposite wall. He reared his horse, turned and halted to point his Colt revolver at Chief Sebastian of the Chiricahua Apaches, who stood, with fifty of his men, surrounded by the hard-breathing platoon of United States Cavalry with carbines at the aim.

"Yes," said the general, "how perfectly just that you should be here, where I was told to find you."

The Apache leader, a tall, heavy man with a foul blanket belted about him, said nothing. He opened his mouth a trifle and let a trickle of saliva run over his hanging lip. It was like an opinion full of contempt and private regret.

The general spoke to him next in Spanish, saying, "You are all prisoners. You will march with us to the east to be tried for your crimes. Do you understand?"

The Indian replied in Spanish, "Yes."

"Very well. Order your men to give up their arms."

The Indian gave the order in the Apache tongue, and the general called out, "Lieutenant, order the arms collected and then join me."

While troopers went among the Indians, taking up their firearms and bows, and Matthew rode up next to him, the general gave himself a moment of professional curiosity. To Sebastian he said, "I suppose you observed us?"

"Yes."

"Why did you not attack? Because you knew our numbers were too great for you?"

"Yes."

"Then if you did not attack, your only chance was to lie hidden here thinking we would pass by all unknowing," the general continued.

"Yes."

"Then you could have fallen on us from the rear."

Sebastian remained silent.

The general smiled. This was confirmation enough. Then he asked, "Why did you not open fire as we rode here?"

Sebastian looked long at him, deciding whether to answer. The general did not threaten him in any ordinary way. He leaned down a little in his saddle and pierced the chief's resistance with a terrible glaring smile that was like a fatal blow from an infinitely superior power—the power of his mind.

After a second more, Sebastian replied, "We still did not think you knew we were here. We did not dare to let you know. And then it was too late."

General Quait exhaled in satisfaction. "Thank you. That is all," he said.

The Indian made an inquiring gesture.

"Yes?" said the general. "You wish to ask me something?"

"How did you know—" said Sebastian, and with a swing of his head indicated the long hiding place and the presence of the Indians there.

"I will tell you," said the general. "I went deep down in the earth and met the spirit of all that is good in mankind. He told me."

For the first time, the Indian put his head down. He was really defeated, and now he knew it.

The general turned to Matthew. "Very well, Lieutenant, organize the march. The prisoners will walk."

A little later, the long column moved out toward the east and the home station of the platoon. As they neared the pit, General Quait directed Matthew to have a small detachment fall out for a special detail.

"Sergeant Reimmers has stood for thirteen years as if at a post of duty," he said. "It is time we relieved him and gave him rest."

The special detail raised the occupant of the pit into the afternoon daylight and buried him in gray blankets. His mound was narrow and low, for the years, the drying air and the heat had long since taken his substance mostly away. Over the mound they flew the flag of the United States. Then, having done all they could to make, however temporary, a place of honor and ease for the soldier who had served them that day, they rode away to overtake the column moving eastward in the desert.

THEY camped that night in the open. Extra guards were posted over the prisoners. Low fires were kept up at the edges of the camp. Some of the troopers, too tired to be wise, threw themselves down in their clothes to sleep without taking their blankets from their packs.

Late, in the darkness, with only the low light of the watch fires showing, General Quait lay thinking, though he seemed to be asleep. He found much to speculate about in the day's events. Bonn. What must he write to Bonn? How many days did it take to die in a dusty open grave? For how long every day did sunlight slant into the pit? Was it the ever-increasing cover of dust that had preserved the pencil-written lines against fading? Would there ever be a stranger document to add to the archives of the War Department?

Presently the general was distracted from his thoughts. He saw that someone was moving quietly through the camp among the sleeping troopers, bending over them one by one. The general was about to go forward to investigate and then he realized what was happening. Someone was quietly looking to see if all the sleeping soldiers were covered by blankets. For those who were not, he opened their packs, unrolled their blankets and covered them against the sharply fallen temperature of the night. His task done, he rose and stood for a moment in the quiet bivouac. Something in his bearing, seen against the starry sky, told General Quait who it was. It was Lieutenant Hazard, not yet gone to his own rest after the hard day.

"Yes, duty," the general said to himself with a pang of pride for the young officer. "There is this about it: It never ends."

So many people enjoy

ROMA

it's America's largest selling wine

Treat yourself to the pleasure of fine ROMA wines. They taste so good yet cost so little. They taste so good because ROMA has the world's largest reserves of aging wine and bottles each wine only when it's mellow-perfect. Wonderful flavor—for so very little—makes ROMA your best wine buy.

© 1952 ROMA WINE CO.
FRESNO, CALIF.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ablaze and shipping water through shrapnel holes, "cruiser" sinks as crewmen work frantically in hip-deep water to patch her wounds. Fireman Rober

Collier's
COLOR CAMERA

"We Are Hit and

What to do with a sinking ship? Navy trainees go through a

THE attack came just after chow. The off-duty watch was sitting around as the cruiser loafed along through a plate-glass sea at 15 knots. Then the shrill tweep of a boatswain's pipe whistled through the loud-speaker system.

"All hands man your battle stations!"

Moments later, the roar of a plane overhead drowned out the noises of the ship. Then the bomb hit—a near miss alongside. Shrapnel tore through the machine shop. The ship heeled over. The lights went out. Water gushed from ruptured mains. Steam lines burst with an earsplitting roar. The cruiser shuddered as its guns returned the enemy fire. The ship began to list. Water was pouring into the sleeping compartment beneath the mess deck where Damage Control Party No. 1 had mustered. The men could see the flames of burning bedding below.

Immediately they started work. Electricians began restoring power for lights and pumps. An investigator donned an oxygen mask and descended into the burning, steam-filled compartment. The air was thick with a choking mixture of steam and smoke. The water was up to the investigator's knees, and pouring in through several holes in the side. He found the steam shut-off valve and stopped the flow. He sloshed over to the burning bunks, pulled off his helmet, and with it dipped water onto the fire.

It hissed, sputtered and went out. Then the lights came on again. Blowers sucked out the smoke and steam. The damage-control crew descended to begin repairs.

Working in water up to their necks, the men clamped patches over the holes. Water mains were plugged. Submersible pumps were lowered.

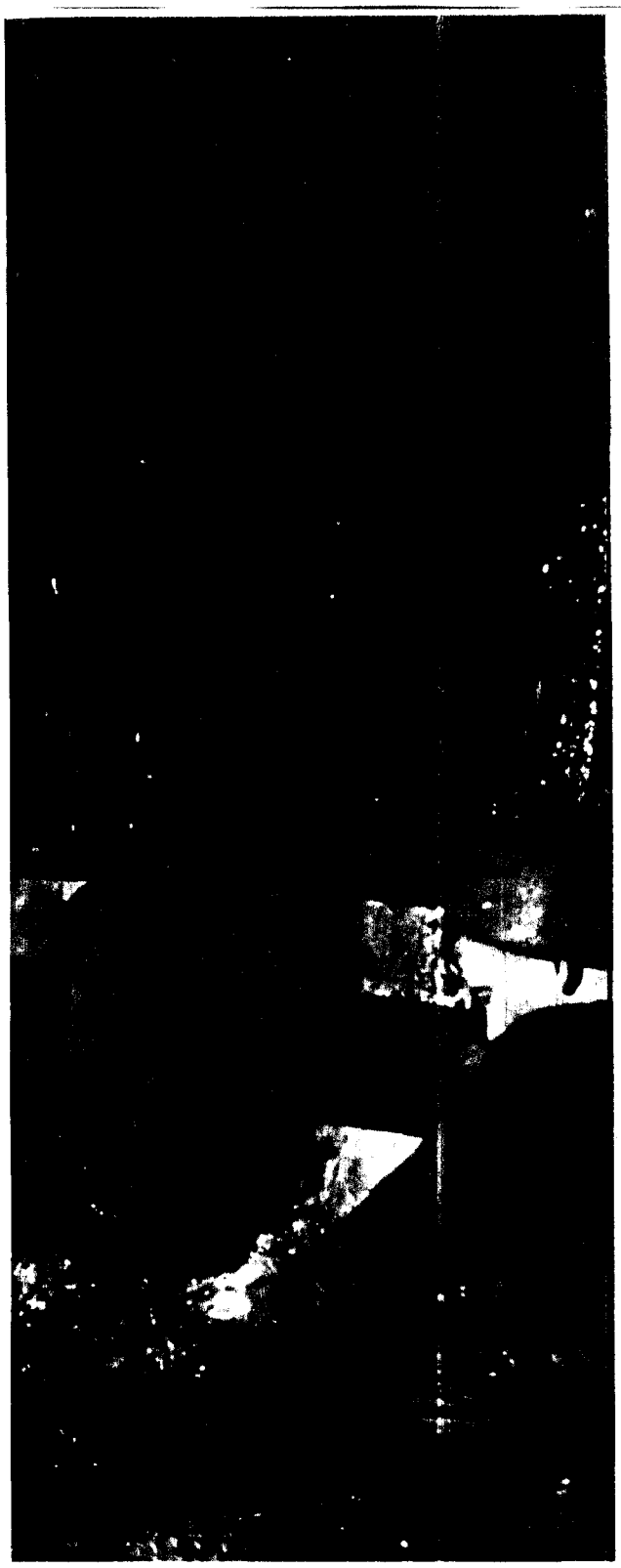
Slowly the tide was stemmed. The water then began to recede. Seven minutes after the bomb had burst, Damage Control Party No. 1 reported: "All damage secure . . . water level dropping." The USS Buttercup survived—to sail and sink again.

For the Buttercup (its official name) is nothing more than a two-deck section of a cruiser, 48 feet long and moored in a giant tank of water at the Philadelphia Naval Base's Damage Control School. A sound track simulates the noises of battle. Instructors outside the ship control the flow of water and steam. The burning bunks in reality are oil-soaked rags. Valves allow the water in the tank to rush in through the holes in the Buttercup's sides. The ship itself is mounted so that, when the water enters, it actually settles in the tank. The students must halt the flow before the list reaches seven degrees, or the Buttercup is considered "lost."

The Buttercup is just a mock-up ship in a make-believe ocean, but what happens aboard is real. ▲▲▲

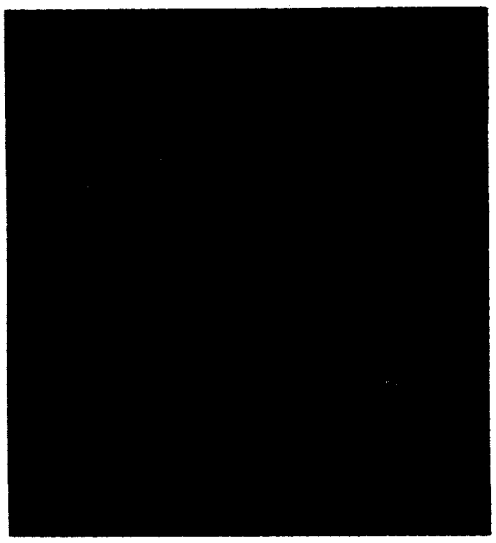
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN IGER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ooth, Milwaukee, stems water-main break with hand

Reaching down to plug rip in deck, men strain to keep heads above water



John Lamberger, Jr., Chicago, and Joe Geis, Woodbridge, N.J., work in steam

With "ship" settling fast, repair crew clamps patch on side as Millard Klinke, SA, Kings Park, N.Y. (right), rushes to get additional equipment to stem tide

Shooting" "

rugged ordeal to learn the answers

USS Buttercup as she really is—a mock-up ship on make-believe ocean at Philadelphia Naval Base

Ruptured water line spews shower toward four crewmen struggling to get damaged bulkhead plugged and reinforced. "Bomb" also ripped hatches loose from the deck

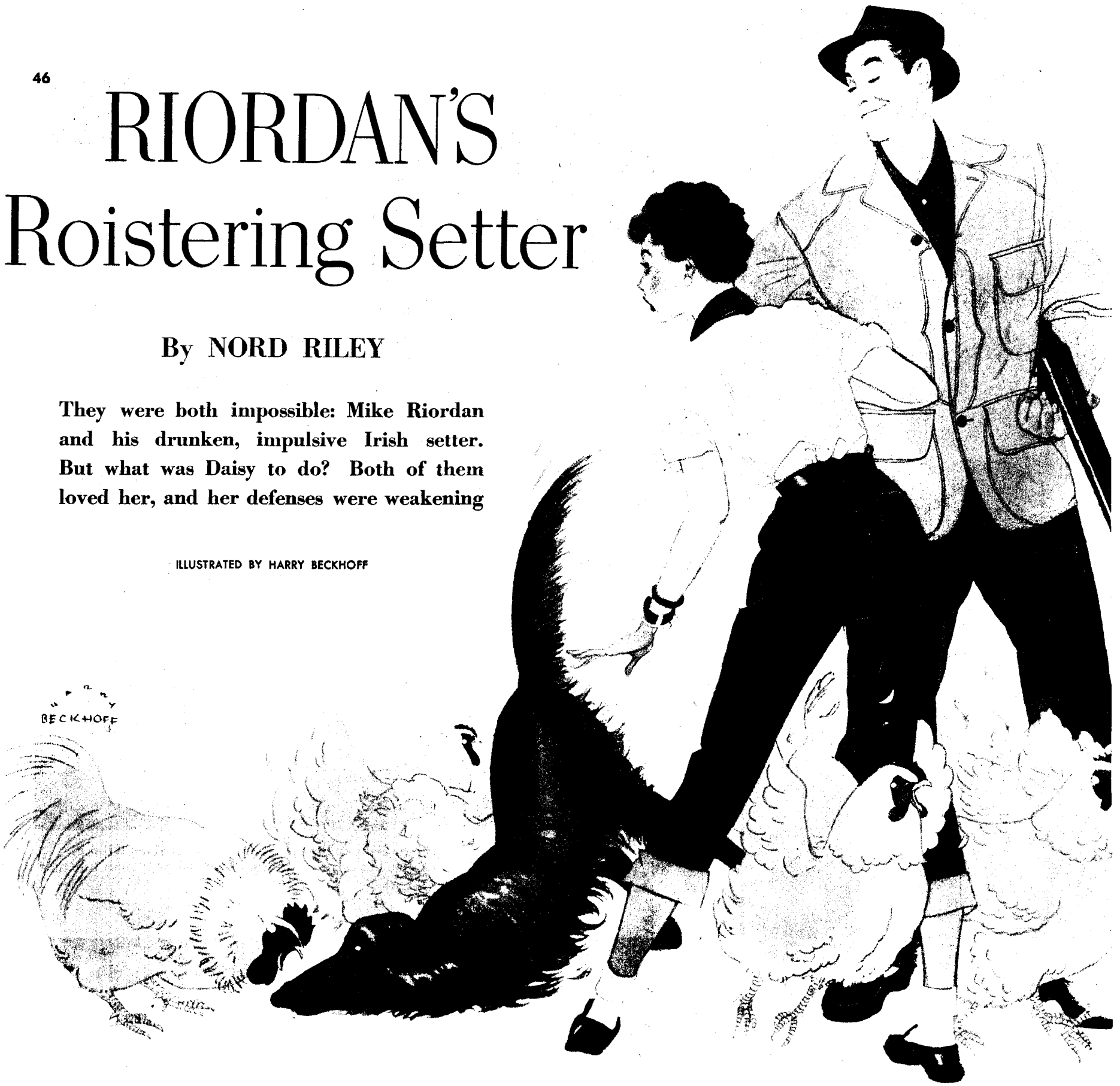
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RIORDAN'S Roistering Setter

By NORD RILEY

They were both impossible: Mike Riordan and his drunken, impulsive Irish setter. But what was Daisy to do? Both of them loved her, and her defenses were weakening

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



Hens were tearing for cover, the big red dog directly astern. After several dashes, he crouched, his nose between his paws, his tail wagging

MISS DAISY POWERS, lingerie buyer for Mountain's department store, was a shapely, intense young woman with blue eyes, a poodle cut and a pronounced tendency to dicker. In underwear circles her canniness and toothsomeness commanded respect and admiration. One evening, after a rugged go-around with a hardheaded foundation-garment salesman—a contest she believed had wound up to the advantage of Mountain's and several hundred women whose basements were settling—she returned to her apartment and found a letter from her sister, Emily Busker.

Dear Daze,

I take pleasure in announcing that you have a new relative. She weighs 7 lbs. 10 oz., is bald and has the thirst of a cream separator. We call her Daisy.

The baby is lovely, and I feel wonderful, but Jim has a problem. My redheaded breadwinner has been called in off the bench to pitch for the republic. He was in the full nine innings against the intolerable Fascists, but they need him again, so pretty soon the only gent on this here ranch will be that loudmouth, Frank, the Orpington rooster.

You lent Jim and me the money for our little place, and we love it, but with him in his soldier suit and me with young, it looks like we may have to give it up. So why don't you quit running around the country buying ladies' underwear and come out here and live with me and your new niece, and protect your investment? With you here, I wouldn't have to move into town. Between us we could run the goldanged birds and beasts ragged. Love,

Emily.

This missive had Daisy awake most of the night talking to herself. In the morning, she went into Mr. Mountain's office and resigned. It was a pretty emotional severance. The benign old capitalist kissed his favorite buyer on the cheek and stated with feeling that her employee's discount could remain in effect permanently. Daisy stumbled out, misty-eyed.

THE Busker ranch was a three-acre spread a couple of miles from San Pablo, in California, and when Daisy got her first close look at it, her merchant's blood ran cold. Sloppier operating procedures she'd never encountered. No one bothered to keep books; the livestock were a flock of seedy, irascible buff Orpington chickens, and a Guernsey cow rather like a portly deer in conformation and deportment.

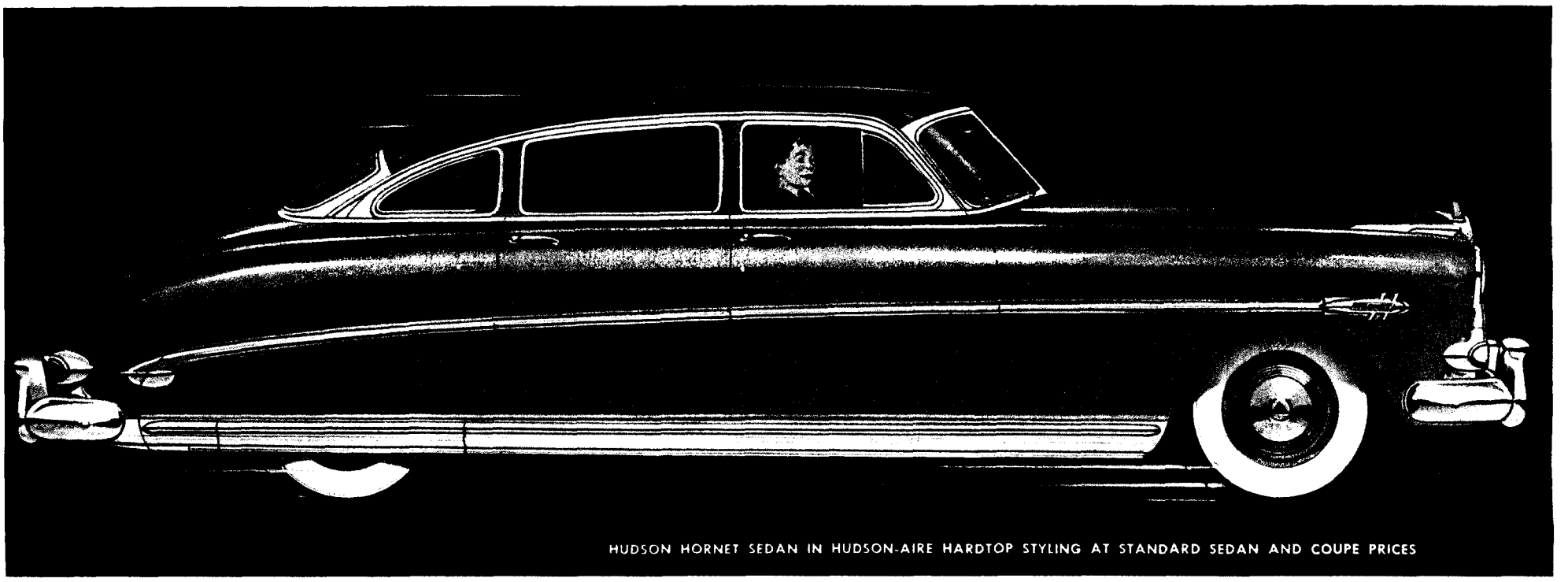
Before his departure, Jim Busker, who sold insurance to keep solvent, had hired Jake Miller, a red-faced old sport from up the creek a piece, to mind the creatures, but Jake hadn't been around much. He acted funny, too. A day after Daisy's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sensational New Engine Development!

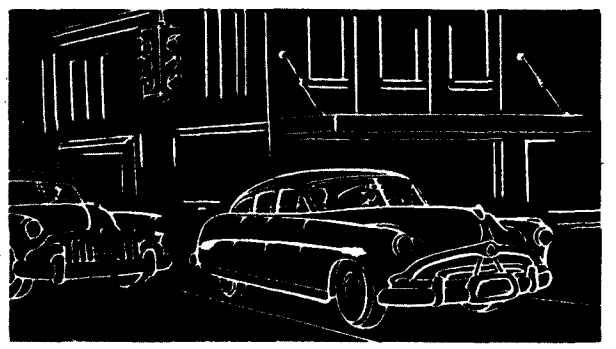
TWIN H-POWER

...packs real punch into your driving range!

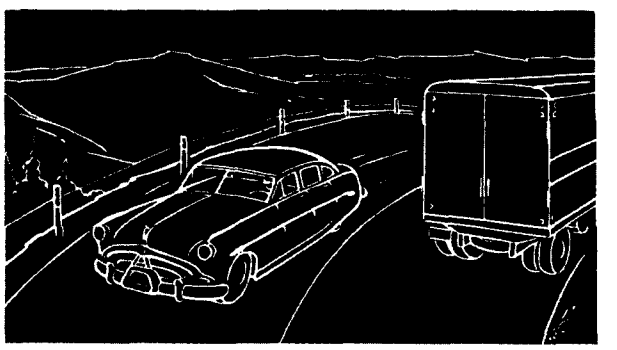


HUDSON HORNET SEDAN IN HUDSON-AIRE HARDTOP STYLING AT STANDARD SEDAN AND COUPE PRICES

Twin H-Power* makes already great Hudsons even greater! This new, multiple-fueling system steps up power by developing more energy from every drop of gasoline. It's Hudson's magic mixing of fuel and air! . . . P. S.—You don't need premium gas, either.



From a standing start through all the driving ranges you use most in daily travel, Twin H-Power joins with Hudson's super-efficient high-compression engines to give you exciting action, sustained power so alive, so miraculous you must drive it to believe it.

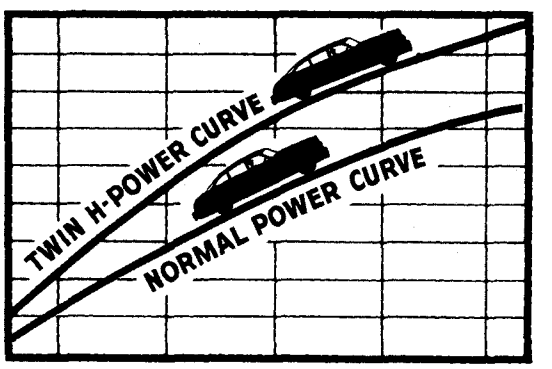


With all this mighty power, Hudson brings you the surest, safest motoring known, because exclusive "step-down" design provides the lowest center of gravity in any American car. Your dealer will gladly arrange for you to try a Twin H-Powered Hudson—real soon!

FABULOUS

HUDSON HORNET

AND SPECTACULAR HUDSON WASP

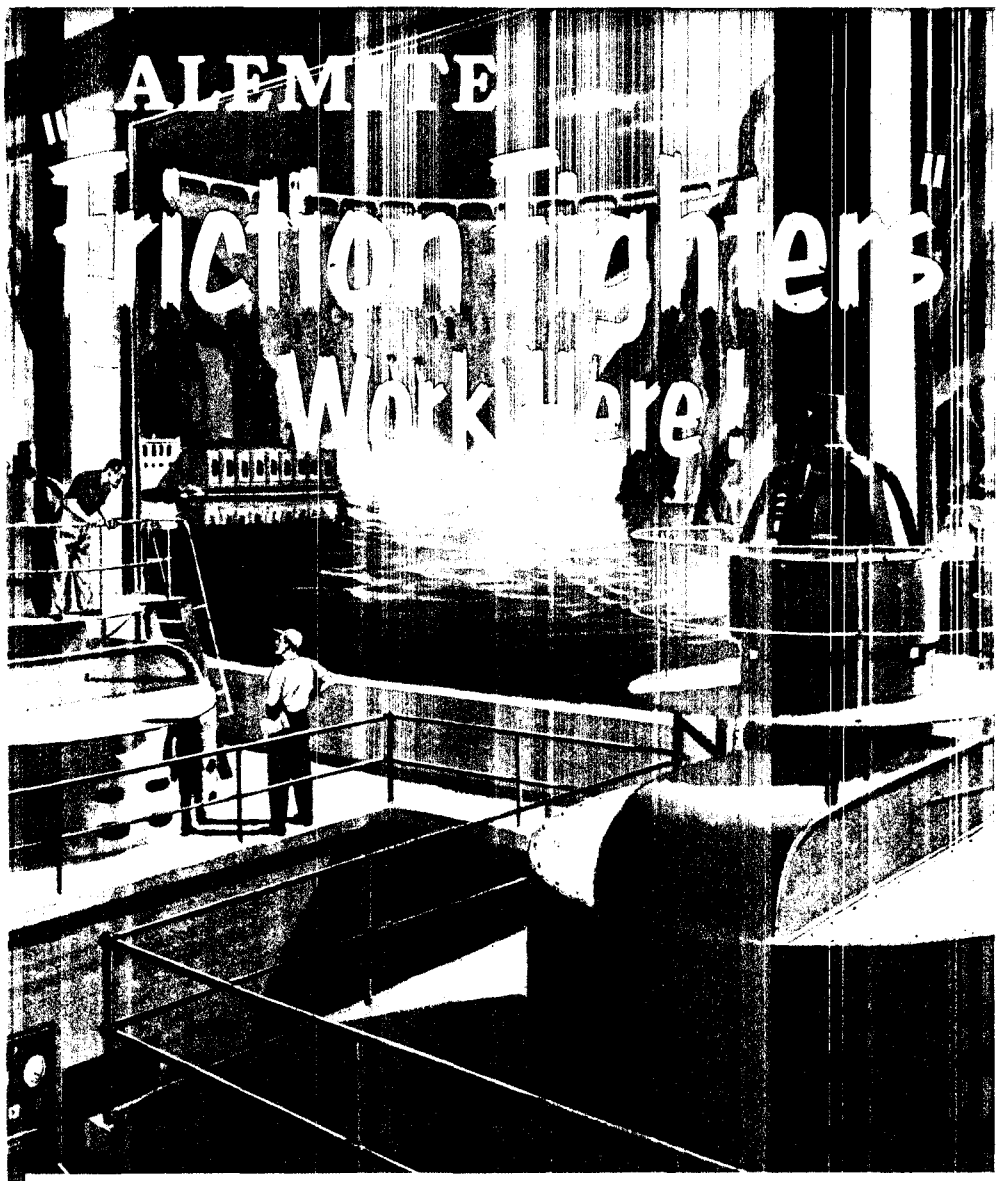


While you cruise with effortless ease, you feel a satin-smooth, whisper-quiet flow of power with no "flat" spots! You're in comfortable command of every driving situation—in city traffic, on long grades or on the highway. Nothing can surpass Twin H-Power!

***Twin H-Power** is optional equipment at slight extra cost on the **Hudson Hornet** and **Hudson Wasp.** Also optional at extra cost: **Overdrive** or new **Dual-Range Hydra-Matic Drive** and **Solex Safety Glass** (tinted, anti-glare).

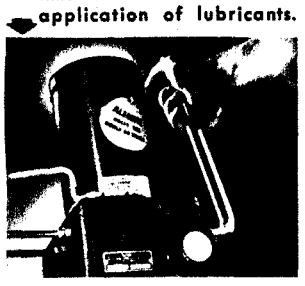
Standard trim and other specifications and accessories subject to change without notice.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

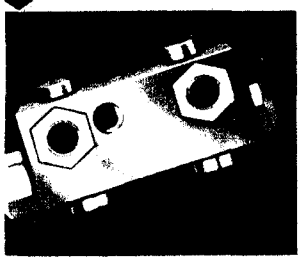


Where the Muscles of Modern Industry Get Their Power...

Alemite Centralized Lubrication Systems add productive time to machines with faster application of lubricants.



This Alemite Accumeter System lubricates up to 600 bearings. Manual or automatic. Each valve serves two bearings.



Are You In Industry? Alemite "Friction Fighting" lubrication methods can help trim your costs, boost production. Write: Alemite, 1850 Diversey Pkwy., Chicago 14, Ill.

Water is power! Here—where billions of gallons once rushed headlong to the sea—great dams have risen to convert this waste to the needs of man. This is hydro-electric power—for farms—for industry—for growth.

Here where giant turbines drive massive generators—and throughout all industry—you find Alemite high pressure lubrication methods and Alemite equipment—winning the never ending fight against friction.

It was an Alemite invention in 1918 that pioneered modern methods of lubrication—put an end to the crude, hit or miss, grease-cup means of lubricating—perfected the tiny Fittings that were the forerunners of all modern high pressure lubrication.

Today—in industry—on the farm—at sea—and in the air—Alemite "Friction-Fighters" work unceasingly. Everywhere, wherever metal moves against metal you'll find these vital Fittings—and the vital high-pressure lubrication know-how of 34 years of Alemite progress from invention to perfection.

And today—for a world in motion—Alemite produces over a million Fittings every day.

ALEMITE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
A PRODUCT OF SW STEWART WARNER

arrival he showed up to announce that his services were no longer theirs. He reeked of poor but honest hooch, and though normally jocose, he was now plainly an unhappy, badgered man.

"Ladies, my dears," he said, sad and gallant, "I just don't have the time no more. A man's pressurin' me on a sneaky deal, and I'm havin' a struggle with my soul." That was all he'd say, but before parting he had some advice for Daisy on animal husbandry. "If you can catch her, sell the cow. As for them chickens, they'd make fair wing shooting. So long, my dears."

The whole thing brought out a kind of truculence in Daisy, who abhorred inefficiency. The place cried out for sound business practices, and she resolved to make a few bucks from it or die trying. She turned the cow over to an agile neighbor boy and concentrated on the poultry.

"Instead of letting them quarrel over worms and run all over the place building up their muscles," she told Emily grimly, "I'll confine them and give them decent grub. Any hen who puts her shoulder to the wheel, keeping up her end in eggs, has nothing to fear; I'll keep her on. Dead beats will have to face the casserole. With intelligent poultry management—"

"Management," Emily repeated. She sighed lonesomely. "What this place needs isn't management, it's a man."

IN THE morning Emily took the station wagon and the baby into town for a lube job and a thirty-day checkup, respectively. Alone with the breakfast dishes Daisy was bothering her head about the cost of new dry-mash hoppers when she heard gunfire down by the Guernsey. She darted out the back door. A man with a shotgun was climbing their six-foot chicken-wire fence, and his weight pulled the wire away from the posts 30 feet in each direction. Once over, he lifted a section of the fence off the ground so a big red dog could crawl under. They began poking around in the alfalfa. The cow, after considering them thoughtfully, flopped off in panic.

When Daisy got out there, the hunter was picking up a bird.

"What do you think you're pulling off here?" she cried.

He was a foot taller than she was and extraordinarily deliberate. He put the quail in a pocket. "Good morning, ma'am."

"You're trespassing." Her tone was executive. "You've been shooting without permission, you damaged our fence, endangered our livestock—"

"Probably skinned up some alfalfa, too." He was smiling and looking her over with undisguised pleasure.

"I ought to call the sheriff, but this once I won't. Just whistle in that moldy dog and take off, Slim."

His soft, genial reply was drowned by the uproar of hysterical poultry. Hens were tearing for cover, the big red dog directly astern, barking and snapping his teeth in mock ferocity. After several dashes he crouched, his nose between his paws, his tail wagging, obviously cheered by the swath he was cutting around there. Frank, the rooster, was making a stand; he lowered his head, stamped his dirty feet and appeared to make insulting comment. Delighted, the big red dog charged. For a Homeric moment Frank held, then he broke and legged it for the henhouse. He didn't make it. With the rooster in his mouth the dog trotted over to his master, his tail swinging like a red scythe.

"Murph," said the man reprovingly, "right in front of everybody."

From his position between Murph's teeth Frank took a swipe at his captor with the spur on his free right leg and missed. In reprimand Murph shook his head a couple of times, and Frank closed his eyes as if his head ached. Daisy didn't miss though. She slapped Murph one across the part that runs the tail, and Murph, in his astonishment, took his teeth out of Frank, who lit on his back in the alfalfa, hastily got to his feet and fled, very red in the wattle.

"Don't be ornery with Murph, ma'am," the man said gently. "He isn't like other dogs. Murph's backward—got all the eagerness in the world, but he can't seem to get the hang of anything. Murph's a bird dog, but did you notice that I found the quail?" He patted Murph. "He gets a great deal of pleasure chasing chickens because they're the only bird dumber than he is. I kind of recommend it for him, because he sets so much store by it, and it keeps him from getting a complex from not being able to keep up with other dogs. It's no harm to the poultry. Murph's ignorant, but he's a very thoughtful dog with a molar."

Daisy, who found herself listening with her mouth open, pulled herself together. She had a feeling she was losing command of the situation. "You're both a little shrunk in the head, it seems to me. I want you and your simple-minded setter off this place in thirty seconds. Holy cats, what a couple of weird ones!"

"Murph," said the man gravely to his dog, "this little gal with the pretty posture is mad with us." He peered down at Daisy.

"Let me say for me and Murph that we're real sorry." He bowed. "I believe the cow is undamaged. If the rooster's nerves are shot and his reputation so blackened he can't hold his head up in the henhouse, I'll gladly buy you a—"

"For the love of Heaven, will you stop this drivel and crawl back over the fence?" Daisy paused, incredulous. "Haven't you anything better to do?"

"Better than hunting quail in a blue-eyed lady's alfalfa patch?" He was astounded. "Why, no, ma'am."

"You mean a big, healthy guy like you doesn't work?"

"Only when hungry. Work's bad for me, ma'am; I get a kind of morning sickness when I get up early."

He was smiling down at her, a rich biological glint in his eyes, and Daisy shivered in her loafers. She felt funny. She tried to bawl him out some more, got mixed up and, with a gasp of exasperation, turned and hurried off. Presently she felt a cool moist nose in her palm. It was Murph, making his pitch. She stopped to give the bum a piece of her mind, and Murph's whole rear end, from the shoulders back, got to swinging with his joy at making her acquaintance. She hesitated, melted uncontrollably, and was his. She patted his big, empty head. His master, she noted covertly, was leaning on his gun, grinning. He waved. With her final reserve of dignity Daisy ordered the raffish setter back, then continued on to the house.

AT NOON Emily returned with the news that she had met an old friend of Jim's in town and had invited him out for dinner that evening. "Leo Jones, no less," she said. "A good-looking boy of thirty-two summers, with his own hair, teeth and real-estate business. Running for mayor, is Leo. Full of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ambition; makes a lot of money. You'll love him, Daze."

At seven Leo arrived. He was of medium stature, growing slightly to pot, with a genial, shiny countenance and the assured manner of a go-getter. During the evening it became evident that Leo was a citizen to be reckoned with in San Pablo. He was chairman of a commission for decorating the new city hall, a lead-pipe cinch for the mayoralty and a crafty fellow with a client's buck.

With Daisy he was delighted; and Daisy, aware that here was an estimable young man, lost no time in accepting his invitation to dine with him Friday week. . . .

At breakfast the following morning she was filled with vigor and design. "It is time," she announced, "that I got my chickens out of the Busker slums. What respectable hen will lay her eggs in a dump like that? I'm putting in new perches, nests, self-feeders and the works. I'll need a handy man, Emmy."

Sighing, Emily said they'd better try Jake Miller again, so they drove up to his place. His wearied board-and-batten shanty was empty and the barn closed, but they heard him moving around inside and called to him. His face, red and anxious, appeared in a cobwebbed window. He grinned and came out, shutting the door carefully behind him.

"Ladies," he said grandly, "how's it goin'?"

They stated their mission, and Jake ran a freckled hand over his face. "Ladies, my dears, you tempt me, but I can't spare the time. A man's threatenin' to take my place away from me if I don't pay him off in a few days." He winked mysteriously. "Got to git my crop in, ladies."

On the way home Emily said that inasmuch as Jake's only visible crop was a few walnuts, she figured his mind must be going. "That leaves us with Riordan," she went on. "He hammers and saws and paints, but he has to be in the mood."

At home she telephoned Riordan, and he agreed to come out. In about an hour he arrived. The big red dog was with him.

"Oh, no!" Daisy cried and started back into the house.

"Good morning, ma'am. Murph," said Riordan to his beast, "it's the lovely mad lady."

"Old pals, eh?" said Emily.

"We met in simple acrimony in the alfalfa patch," he said. "Introduce us fast, Emmy. She's an unreliable woman with her dukes."

"Alfalfa patch, you say? This is very romantic. Mike Riordan, my sister, Daisy Powers, a hen fancier."

Riordan inquired politely: "How is the Orpington gentleman this morning?" Receiving no reply, he turned to Emily. "While your sister and I were down by the cow yesterday, Murph—"

HE WAS interrupted by riot in the poultry section. In a welter of dust and loose feathers, Murph was chasing Frank, who was hotfooting it for the guava bushes. He didn't have the speed. Affable yet firm, Murph fetched the discouraged rooster to his master.

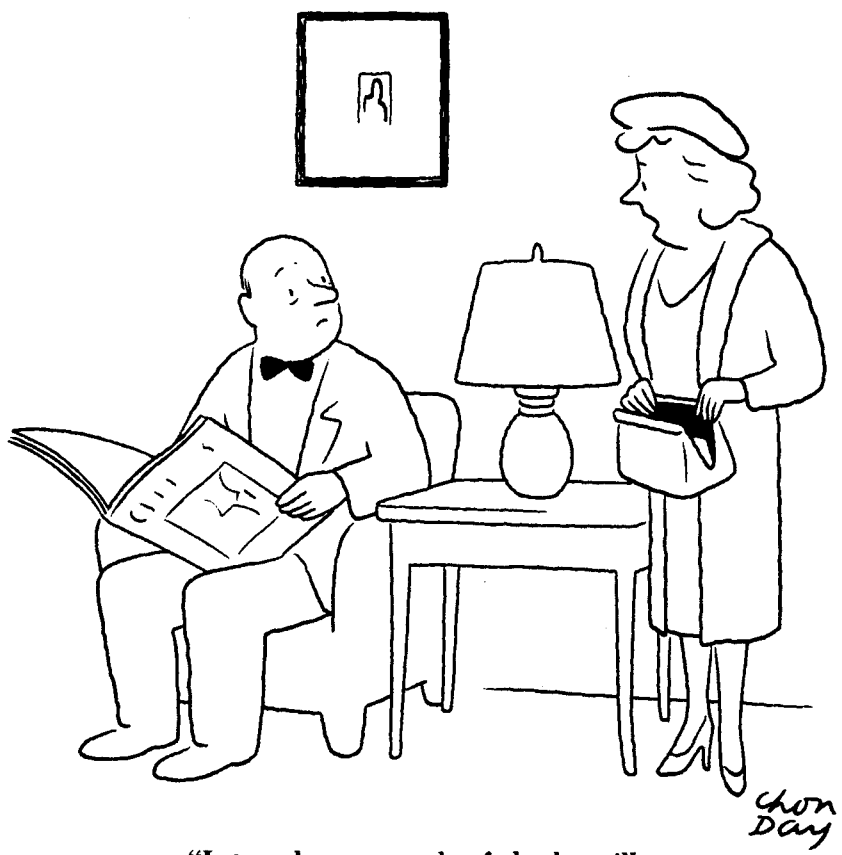
"Murph," said Riordan softly, "you shouldn't have."

Ripping a branch from an avocado tree, Daisy yelled: "I'll swat the brute bowlegged!" Then she caught the expression on Murph's face, and it stopped her cold. It was pure dumb adoration. Helpless, she tossed away the limb. "I give up. He's too ignorant." She fondled Murph's ear. "But darn it, Riordan, see if you can't get it through to him that he's making skinny fugitives of my birds."

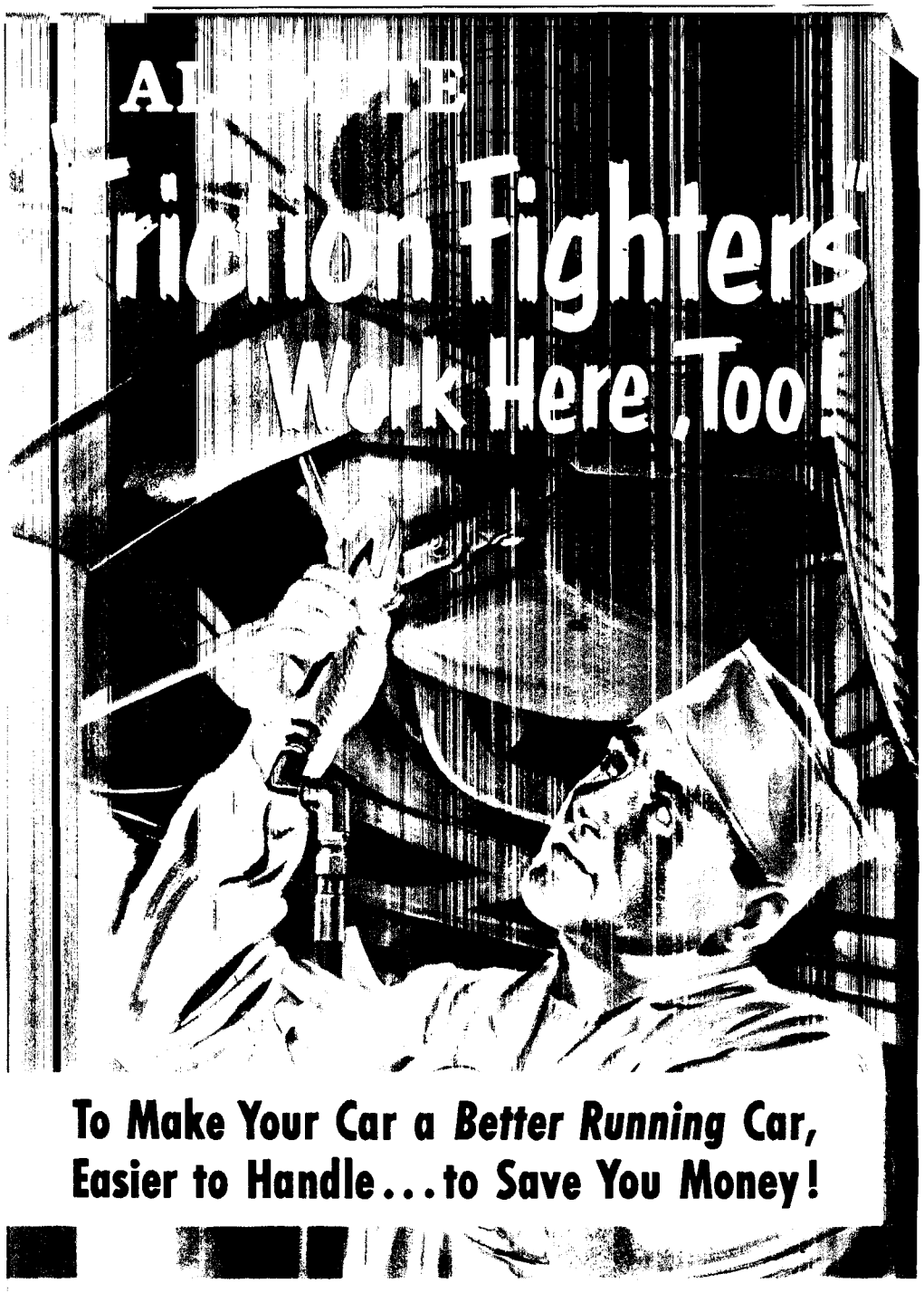
Man and dog were immensely pleased with Daisy. Riordan took Frank from Murph's mouth. "She's nice, isn't she?" he told Murph. "Good heart in her."

"Hens are no feathered friends of mine, the dumb cluckers," said Emily, "but if you want to cut off this dog's innocent pleasure, he can come inside with me and the baby."

So Murph went inside, and Daisy told Riordan what she wanted done. She expected the worst, but his bony,



COLLIER'S "Let me have a couple of checks, will you, dear? All I have on me is money" CHON DAY



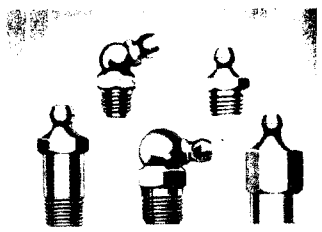
To Make Your Car a *Better Running* Car, Easier to Handle...to Save You Money!

A revolutionary invention in 1918! Alemite Fittings and Alemite high-pressure lubrication were first used on automobiles. Today, most cars that roll on America's highways are Alemite equipped.

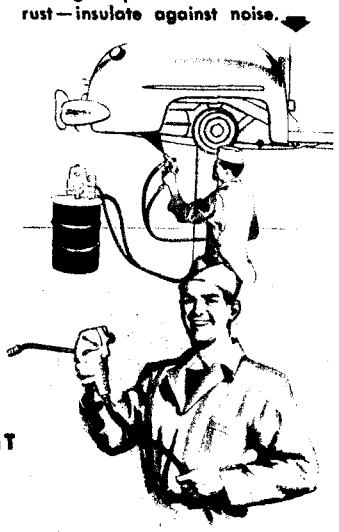
These Fittings are *built into* your car—to give you all the advantages of the most modern lubrication method in the world. The same safe, sure method that every day protects billions of dollars worth of industrial, farm, marine and aviation machinery against the wear and tear of friction.

There's a service dealer in *your* neighborhood with an investment of thousands in Alemite equipment—specially designed to lubricate your car. Look for the sign of "Authorized Alemite Lubrication." The dealer displaying this sign employs Alemite-trained experts familiar with the Alemite Fittings on your car. He alone assures your getting *genuine* Alemite lubrication—the finest protection against friction your money can buy!

Alemite Lubrication Fittings assure proper, efficient lubrication—when your car is serviced by an Alemite service dealer.



Alemite Versatal Pump speeds uniform application of undercoating to protect cars from rust—insulate against noise.



Behind the Man Behind the Gun...

A BILLION DOLLAR INVESTMENT IN LUBRICATION PROGRESS

AUTHORIZED ALEMITE LUBRICATION

ALEMITE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THE FACE OF WORLD TENSION, America is again working against time to build up its Air Power. It is not for us to say how much Air Power this country should have—that is for your military leaders to recommend and Congress to decide. We do, however, feel a responsibility to help you understand the vast complexity of modern aircraft manufacture and operation so that you may realize why the job at hand takes so long and costs so much . . . and why America's security demands a long-range Air Power program in peace as well as war.

FLOWN TO FRONT-LINE POSITIONS BY SIKORSKY "FLYING TRUCKS", AN ARMY COMBAT UNIT UNLOADS SUPPLIES AND GOES INTO ACTION

YOUR ARMY IS TACKLING A LONG, HARD JOB—

DEVELOPING SPECIALIZED AVIATION TO SUPPORT GROUND COMBAT

Since the early days of aviation, the U. S. Army has realized that one day, aircraft would move men and materials faster and more easily *within combat zones* than any means ever employed.

For years the Army has made use of fixed-wing aircraft for artillery spotting, liaison, wire-laying and other duties which were distinct from those of the Air Force. But the initial need was always there—for a "flying truck"; a versatile vehicle that offered mobility over impassable terrain and could be under the immediate direction of combat commanders.

The answer came with the development of big helicopters able to carry substantial loads.

The advantages are overwhelming. With helicopters, for instance, a rifle company needs no roads . . . fewer supply points . . . can ignore difficult terrain . . . and can accomplish vertical envelopment. Its wounded can be swiftly evacuated, its communications rapid, and it can cover much more ground than a motorized unit.

With both helicopters and fixed-wing aircraft, Army Aviation will be better than ever prepared to perform its vital mission of supporting ground combat.

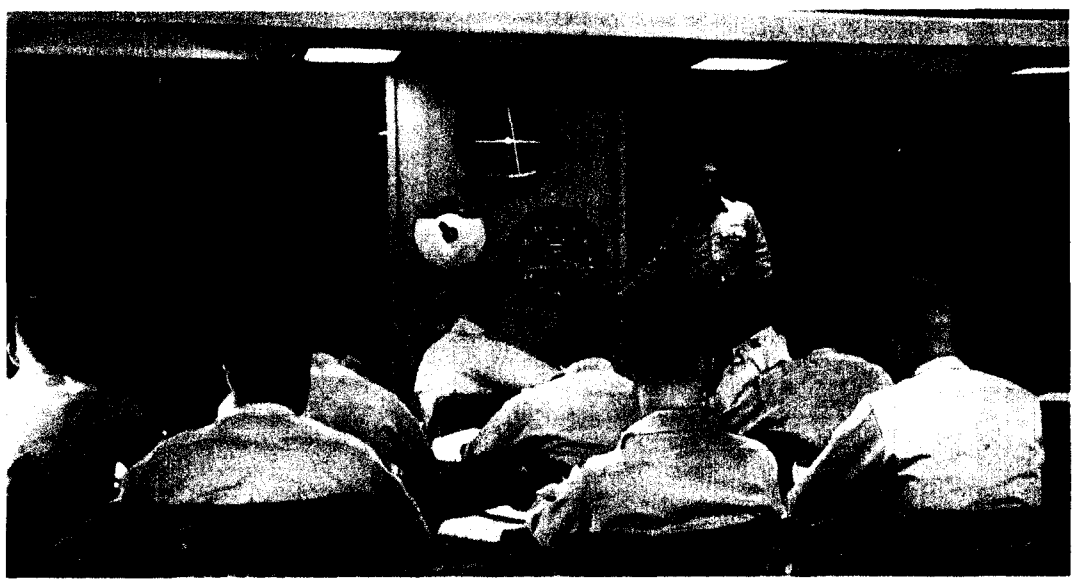
But building Army Aviation is a long, hard job. Long-range plans call for doubling the 1,800 aircraft, 1,800 pilots, and about 2,400 maintenance men of today's Army. New and better types of aircraft must be developed by the industry, working in close cooperation with the Army. Possibilities of new ground tactics must be continually investigated. Add all this, and you can see what a vast and complicated job the Army is tackling in employing and developing this one phase of Air Power.

To succeed, the Army must have public understanding of the time needed to expand Air Power . . . and a recognition of the fact that Air Power must be consistently maintained in peace if it is to be relied upon to help prevent—or meet—the terrible emergency of war.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ARMY uses seven basic types of small fixed-wing aircraft in addition to helicopters. Such planes as the de Havilland "Beaver" shown above, are designed to operate from improvised airstrips in combat zones. They perform a variety of missions including reconnaissance, observation, patrolling, aerial photography, and transportation of key officers, emergency supplies and the walking wounded.

IN KOREA, the rescue of over 30,000 wounded and trapped men in helicopters flown by the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Air Force (above: casualty being loaded on Sikorsky HO3S) pointed up the tremendous value of this type aircraft in saving lives. In addition to evacuation of the wounded, the Army plans to use helicopters for large-scale movement of troops and supplies, speeding reserves from rear areas, wire-laying, and many other special duties.



NEW CANDIDATES for Army Aviation training must first be officers in their own branch (such as Artillery or Signal Corps). They are given 18 weeks of flying instruction at San Marcos, Texas, and 13 weeks advanced tactical training at the Artillery School, Fort Sill, Okla. Helicopter pilots require an additional 10 weeks to train. Future plans call for making all Army aviators helicopter pilots.

ARMY FIELD FORCES are constantly investigating possibilities of new tactics built around the use of aircraft. Above, troops board Sikorsky H-19 in practice maneuvers which enable field commanders to closely integrate aircraft with specialized needs of various branches of the Army.

THE ARMY needs about three mechanics for every two aircraft it maintains and operates. Men are trained for four months at Fort Sill, then must spend eight more months in the field. Training is being steadily accelerated; presently it is more than double the pre-Korean rate. In the photo above mechanics are shown servicing Cessna L-19 on a crude airstrip in Korea.

YEARS OF CONSTANT development are needed before aircraft like Sikorsky H-19 helicopters (shown above) can be turned out in quantity on production lines. The Army's research and development branch works closely with the Air Force, the Navy and aircraft manufacturers to develop new and more efficient types it will need in the future. But only a sound Air Power Policy—and elimination of stop-and-go planning—can assure America of air strength to meet all emergencies.

UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION • EAST HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Makers of Pratt & Whitney engines, Hamilton Standard propellers, Chance Vought airplanes and Sikorsky helicopters for the United States' armed forces and the finest airlines in the world.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

June Havoc Says:

"I've made a wonderful discovery. When I have trouble with my radios or TV set, I simply call the man who displays the Sylvania service sign. He gives me prompt, courteous and competent repair service. Try him and see if you don't agree."

That's right, June! The man behind this Sylvania sign is a radio and television expert. He can banish radio squeaks and television streaks and make your set play like new. Of course, he uses Sylvania Radio and Television Tubes— the finest made anywhere.

RADIO TELEVISION SERVICE
WITH SYLVANIA RADIO AND TV TUBES

SYLVANIA
RADIO AND TELEVISION PICTURE TUBES

Sylvania Electric Products Inc., 1740 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

Manufacturers of Radio Tubes; Television Picture Tubes; Electronic Products; Electronic Test Equipment; Fluorescent Tubes, Fixtures, Sign Tubing, Wiring Devices; Light Bulbs; Photolamps; Television Sets.

big hands were uncommonly adroit. No movement went to waste. He had a kind of sunniness, too, that thawed Daisy in spite of herself. They got to smiling at each other, and by day's end Daisy was suggesting that since Emily was busy, she'd run Riordan and Murph home in the station wagon.

His cabin was a relaxed structure in a grove of eucalypti at the edge of town. He invited her in for a short beer and she accepted. The interior of the cabin gave her a start. On the walls and leaning against furniture were paintings. At the end of the room, where a bank of windows opened on a patio, was an easel.

DAISY strode from picture to picture with growing elation. They were straightforward, bright, happy pieces; they made her feel good. "By George, they're fine, just fine."

"I hung them last night to see if I'd improved in the last six months. Tomorrow they go under the knife."

"Destroy these? You can't! Sell 'em! Why, I'll buy—"

He took her by the hand to a tight-fitting seat for two. "Help yourself to any two you fancy," he said absently. "The rest die." He leaned close. "My, you *are* handsome up close."

Daisy's commercial instincts were outraged. "What kills me is that an artist with your skill is lounging out here in the tules overhauling chicken coops when you could be making good money working in the city."

"Work is for women and draft animals," he explained. "Murph and I like it here. Serene. No clocks, just a quiet calendar. No automobile. Eat well. Sleep at will. Murph has many close friends. I have time to paint as I please. What more can two bachelors ask?" He patted her hand. "Is it crowded here? Would you care to sit on my lap?"

"Don't you want to amount to anything?" Daisy asked nervously. "Hard work brings out the finest in men. Where'd this country be if everyone felt like you do? Where'd—"

His face was next to hers. "Do you always tremble over national affairs?" he asked softly. His lips touched her ear. "I've never put up roosts for such a shapely farmer. You've made me and the hens very happy."

Noting the young man's flushed visage and finding it next to impossible to keep her mind on her country, Daisy tossed in the sponge. The man was shiftless, but he had a certain charm. "You talk kind of funny, it seems to me," she said, "but continue."

"Well, ever since you jumped all over me and Murph in the alfalfa patch," he explained, "I've had the most peculiar feeling."

"Peculiar, eh?" Daisy enjoyed a nice little tremor. "Well, well," she observed unsteadily.

"Murph is crazy for you, too," he murmured, "but he won't mind if I kiss you."

"For Heaven's sake, go ahead and do it!" cried Daisy and closed her eyes. "All this darned talk!"

He applied the standard clutch, kissed her warmly and Murph wagged his tail. The thing gained in enthusiasm as it went on until Murph got worried and whined. He put his paws on Daisy's knee.

"What's the altitude here?" Daisy sighed, sinking back.

The telephone rang. It was Emily asking for her sister.

"What's going on over there? Our pork chops are lying here stiff with cold. I'm hungry." She paused. "Are you necking?"

"Well, we—"

"That's grand, but don't wear out your welcome. It's a fine place for a woman to be at this hour, alone with two bachelors, one with a feathery red tail, but come home anyway."

So Daisy selected two pictures she liked best, kissed one bachelor, scratched the other behind the ear and departed exhilarated. After dinner she studied the pictures a long time before wrapping them for mailing. In the morning she air-expressed them to Mountain's department store, with a note for Mr. Mountain.

For the next two days, while Riordan worked in the henhouse, she had a chance to talk with him. She learned he had attended an Eastern art school, traveled modestly with the infantry during the war, and returned to settle in San Pablo. He'd built his cabin with his own two hands. He wasn't satisfied with the quality of his painting, but otherwise he was a contented man. He couldn't think of a thing he wanted; he was at peace and without desires. Though most philosophers would have patted the young man approvingly on the head, his condition griped Daisy no end. She'd been taught to regard idleness as decadent. And it was immoral that he should be so pleased with it. She hid her vexation, however, convinced, as women are wont to be, that with proper handling the deluded, happy boy could be brought around to appreciate the pleasures of hard work and competition in the market place.

When he'd finished with the poultry tenements, he said he felt like lying down, and she didn't see him for two days. Friday morning a letter from Mr. Mountain arrived, and Daisy promptly tooled over with it to the cabin in the eucalypti. She found the painter barefoot, in Army fatigue pants and T-shirt, and holding a mug of black coffee. Though fresh from the sack he greeted her civilly. "Come in. Murph, it's the lady who owns Frank." He grinned. "You're even pretty in the morning, dear."

SHE gave him the letter and watched him eagerly while he read it. He said: "Mr. Mountain says he liked my pictures so much he showed them to his ad agency. They want to talk to me about doing art work for them." He yawned. "Coffee, dear?"

"Is that all you've got to say when you're offered a chance to paint and make money at the same time? My gosh, I'd—"

"Mr. Mountain seems lovable, but it's clear he doesn't know about me and Murph. You can hardly expect a happy man to want to go to work, Daisy. It makes no sense. Contradictory."

Daisy was flushed and incredulous. "You'd turn down an offer like that? Is your wig tipped? How can any man with an ounce of self-respect deliberately—"

"I like it here, little darlin'." He was gentle and patient. "I make enough, fixing up things for the neighbors. I like to paint as I please. I want to find out if I can be any good at it."

"What's wrong with wanting to make a little money?" Daisy cried plaintively. The man was rattling the foundations that made America strong.

"As a matter of fact I've got a fair chance to paint a couple walls in town."

"What about us?" she asked excitedly. "Don't you love me enough to want to work a little for me? How are you ever going to support a wife on—"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She broke off, ashamed and humiliated. He'd been toying with her. "You bum! You conceited, smug, insufferable bum! I'm sorry you ever crawled into our alfalfa! You and your idiot dog! Let me out of this rural flophouse before I dismantle the two of you!" With amazing vigor she stomped Riordan's long bare foot. Alarmed at his master's agony, Murph tried to make a run for it, lost his purchase on the slippery floor and went down howling.

AT HOME Daisy muttered to her sister something about sow's ears and silk purses and stalked off to the henhouse to brood.

"If you'll permit me to ruin a phrase," said Emily when Daisy returned, "the curse of true love is love. It's as blind and touchy as a snake with his skin in his eyes. Come on, tell Sissy. Did he criticize your chickens? Is your boy growing marijuana in his window boxes? Spinster, harken to Emmy: Don't get too sore, you might lose him."

So Daisy emptied her aching heart. She bawled, too. Commiserating, Emily said yes, there *was* something about a happy, indolent single man that turned a woman's stomach, but Daisy should not despair—such men generally wound up with ulcers and children, like the others. Daisy blew her nose and made the remark that it was a good thing she'd found out about Riordan's callous, worthless methods before she'd gotten to giving a hoot about him. She stated loudly that she was relieved to be going out with Leo Jones that evening.

Except for a wee tightness at the mouth Daisy was lovely when Leo picked her up that evening. They were halfway into San Pablo in Leo's new English two-seater when they met Riordan shambling down the road. He hailed them, and Leo stopped.

Riordan seemed depressed when he glimpsed Daisy, but he made no comment. Instead, he asked if they'd seen Murph.

"I thought maybe he'd dropped in to chase Frank around," he said to Daisy. "He's been gone all afternoon. Yesterday and the day before the same thing. Sneaks out while I'm painting. Both nights he came home late with a foolish expression on his face and fell into bed. He worries me. Someone may be leading that dog astray. With his weak mind, Murph has to be careful."

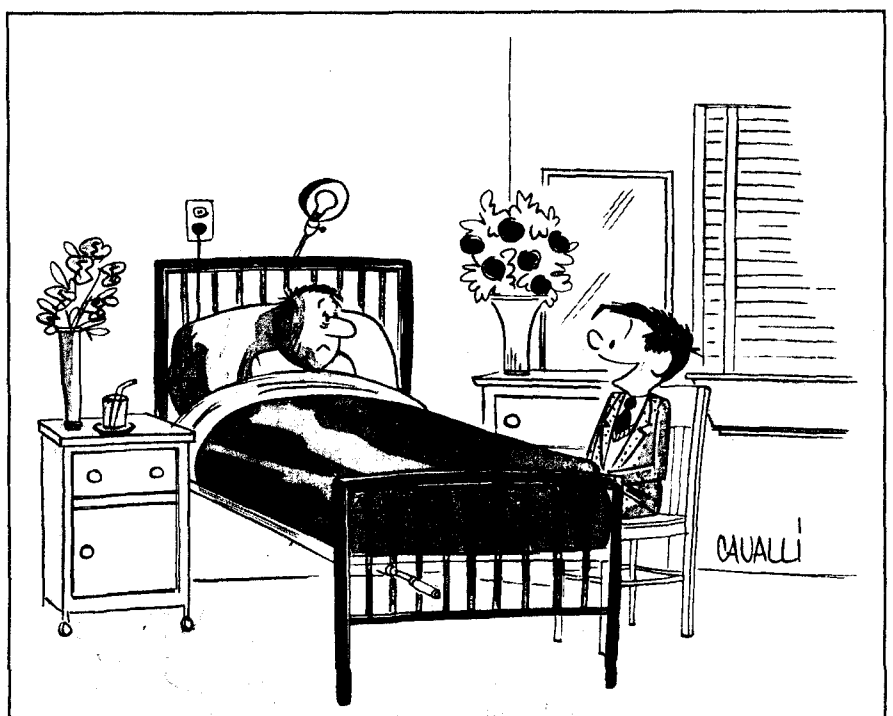
"We haven't seen your mutt," Leo said. He smiled widely. "Riordan, I've been studying the sketch you submitted for the City Hall murals. Not bad; frankly, the other members of commission favor it, but there are a couple L.A. artists that merit consideration too, and as chairman of the commission, I'll make the final decision." His smile was politic. "I'd appreciate your vote in the mayoralty race, old man."

"Haven't made up my mind about that, Leo," Riordan said. "Tom Flannery's been an honest, goodhearted mayor." He eyed Jones. "Hear you're figuring to take title to Jake Miller's place through foreclosure, Leo. That right?"

Jones's smile broadened. "You hear wrong, old man. If Jake plays his cards right, he's got nothing to worry about. I'll look after him. So long, old man."

Before the car moved off, Riordan cast a look upon Daisy, a look so full of anguish and forlornness that Daisy felt an urge to leap from the machine and tend to the man. But the car pulled away, and Daisy had to console herself with the conviction that Riordan wasn't miserable about her, he was worried about a dog without all its marbles.

LEO was a date to gladden the heart and brighten the hopes of any girl. They drove into Los Angeles and dined at a restaurant on La Cienega. Later, at a spot on Sunset, they danced. Leo was attentive, his interest in smooching heated, and he drove capably with one hand. In an intimate mood en route home, he told her about two lots he'd picked up at a tax sale for a song. He mentioned this, he said, because the lots made a swell homesite. His place in the community demanded that he have a good woman at his side, one that he could be proud of as his civic and financial stature increased. Daisy was that woman, and he loved her. If she'd give him the nod, he'd go ahead and build. It was fast work, he admitted, but that was the way he liked to operate. Daisy said it sounded wonder-



"The boss said to tell you to hurry up and get well, Mr. Peabody, and your job is in good hands. Gosh! And I thought I'd be an office boy for the rest of my life!" DICK CAVALLI

COLLIER'S

TAKING VITAMINS?

Take the kind that gives you 3 big extras—plus red vitamin B_{12}

Now...you get *more complete* vitamin protection with improved REXALL PLENAMINS...the tiny, easy-to-swallow capsules that give you 10 vitamins ...PLUS valuable amounts of Liver Concentrate, Folic Acid and Red Vitamin B_{12} (to aid in prevention of nutritional anemia) AND Iron, so important to the formation of red blood cells. In addition, Plenamins give you MORE than the minimum daily adult requirement of ALL vitamins with known minimums. Remember...your health, your good looks, your ability to earn a living, the happiness of your loved ones...all may be affected by failure to supplement your diet with a dependable, protective yet non-fattening multi-vitamin product. Get the *plus-protection* of Plenamins—*sold on a money-back guarantee*—at Rexall Drug Stores everywhere.

You get one of the best balanced formulas money can buy
(for cases of deficiency in the diet)

Ingredient	Plenamins Contain
Vitamin A helps prevent lowered general resistance, helps maintain normal function of skin and membranes.	Twice minimum adult daily requirement
Vitamin D helps your body absorb calcium and phosphorus . . . promotes bone growth.	2½ times minimum adult daily requirement
Vitamin C helps prevent disorders of teeth and gums, lessens tendency to gum infections.	1⅔ times minimum adult daily requirement
Vitamin B_1 promotes nerve and muscle function, helps maintain normal appetite and assimilation of food.	2½ times minimum adult daily requirement
Vitamin B_2 (G) helps maintain healthy tissues around lips, eyes and tongue, aids in utilizing energy-producing food.	1¼ times minimum adult daily requirement
Niacinamide, with other vitamin and food factors, helps prevent skin disorders, loss of appetite, intestinal irritation and nervousness.	20 milligrams; adequate daily adult intake
Vitamin B_6 joins with other vitamins to help retard nervous and muscular-fatigue symptoms.	50 micrograms; requirement undetermined
Vitamin E is believed to play a part in the reproductive process.	1 International Unit requirement undetermined
Calcium Pantothenate is one of several factors concerned with hair pigmentation.	Variable amounts; requirement undetermined
Iron, so important to the formation of red blood cells.	13 milligrams; more than minimum adult daily requirement
Folic Acid	.2 milligram; requirement undetermined
Liver Concentrate N.F.	100 milligrams
Vitamin B_{12}	3 micrograms

(Folic Acid, Liver Concentrate N.F., Vitamin B_{12}: All highly important factors that combine to aid in the prevention of nutritional anemia.)

REXALL PLENAMINS

Sold at Rexall *Drug Stores Everywhere*

You can depend on any drug product that bears the name Rexall

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A roof of these colorful Johns-Manville asbestos shingles adds beauty and character to your home

You'll be surprised how inexpensively you can have a Johns-Manville American Colonial Asbestos Roof which is permanent as stone.

American Colonials give almost every homeowner the opportunity to enjoy the beauty, safety, and lasting economy of a roof of rigid *asbestos* shingles. They have the charm of weathered wood. They're fireproof and rotproof. See the wide range of colors at your Johns-Manville Dealer.

FREE

Send for free booklet giving full information about American Colonial Asbestos Shingles. Mail this coupon to Johns-Manville, Dept. C-12 Box 60, New York 16, N. Y.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Johns-Manville

ful to her, but she wanted more time to get to know him.

After lunch the following day, while Emily and the baby napped, she sat outside in the sun knitting a bootee and asking herself why she didn't feel happier at the way things were going. Her eyes fell upon a big red dog passing along the far side of the fence, down by the creek. There was purpose in Murph's pace. He ignored the Guernsey; for Frank he had no time at all. Daisy called, but he padded on up the creek out of sight.

For a time Daisy argued with herself about whether to call Riordan. Murph's philandering was no longer a concern of hers, but she recalled the love of man and dog. She phoned him.

"All I have to say to you," she said coldly, "is that your dumb dog just passed here headed up the crick."

"Daisy!" he cried hoarsely. "Daisy, bless your heart, I feel awfully peculiar. I'll be right over."

FOR a man on hoof he made good time. He looked bad, stooped and harassed. "It was very decent of you to call me about Murph," he said, his eyes burning.

Knitting, Daisy said nothing. She was aware of shaky needles.

"Murph didn't get in until nine last night," Riordan said. "He was drunk."

"Drunk?"

"I heard this queer thump at the door, like a body falling. I figure he missed the top step. When I opened the door, old Murph reeled in. He stumbled into a wastepaper basket and collapsed on his blanket, out like a light. His hair was all mussed up, and he reeked of booze."

"Somebody is slipping firewater to weak-minded Murph? I never heard of such a thing!"

"I realize now that he's been drinking on the sly for several days, and I didn't know." He smiled wanly. "I thought he had a girl."

"A dipsomaniacal bird dog and a lone drinker at that!" Daisy didn't know whether to laugh or not. "If you don't mind my saying so, that dog's going to the dogs."

He regarded her in anguish. "It isn't Murph that worries me. It's you. I had a terrible night, dear. After Murph staggered home I lay on my cold, sterile inner-spring thinking how much I love you and what a selfish loafer I've been."

"You did? About time; in fact, it's too late."

"It is?" His stoop increased. "Don't tell me you and Eager Beaver Jones have—"

"Everything but the ring." Daisy was immensely cheered by the course of events. "Leo's building me a big house."

With a low, tormented cry Riordan batted the bootee, needles and yarn into the grass. He knelt and tried to embrace his beloved. It was an unhandy position, Daisy deep in a canvas chair, Riordan on his knees, but he managed to clasp her hands. "I'll give up my shiftless ways!" Suppressing a palpable shudder, he said earnestly: "I'll get a job. I'll get up early every morning and work all day for you!"

Daisy simmered with warm and kindly sentiments for the kneeling painter, but to the eye she was calm. "Too late," she remarked negligently.

"Jones? You love *Jones?*"

She nodded, and his passion collapsed in ruin. He looked like a used Roman candle. He started to climb to his feet, but it was too soon. Moments such as this are a girl's finest, and she can be forgiven for milking them. With a light hand on his shoulder, she restrained him. "I might think it over," she murmured, "but I'm afraid it won't do much good."

Preposterously grateful for this scrap of hope, he leaned in to cement the concession with a kiss. He got nowhere. "It wouldn't be fair to Leo," she said. "Get up now, I'll help you look for Murph."

She changed shoes, and they set out up the creek, following a path at the edge of the trees. Of the carousing Murph they saw no sign. The path took them a half mile up the narrowing valley and ended at Jake Miller's barn. Parked outside it was an English two-seater.

"Leo's," said Daisy. "What's he doing here?"

They were aware now of quarreling in the barn.

"What do you mean you've changed your mind and *won't* do it?" Jones shouted. "Brother, you've got to do it! If you don't I'll boot you off this place! I'll see to it you're sent up!"

"Hell with you, Jones! You can take my little place, but you ain't sendin' old Jake nowheres and you know it! I've made the stuff for myself because I couldn't afford the store goods. The batch I was makin' up for you I dumped this mornin', because I don't want no part of it, I decided. I never have peddled a drop, so that means I ain't cheatin' the government nor nobody!"

"But, Jake, old man," said Leo, abruptly cajoling, "look what this deal can mean to us! Why, it's the sweetest setup in the world. Plenty of fresh water right here in the crick. Secluded. You know stills inside out. I'll get you another boiler and condenser and all the sugar and yeast you need for mash. I'll take care of distribution. All you've got to do is expand production. You can stay right here at home, and work out what you owe me. The federal tax on whisky being what it is, people'll be hounding us to buy every drop we make. We'll clean up fast. What do you say to that, old man? A real sweet deal, right?"

AS JONES'S scheme became clear to Daisy, she began to seethe with the furies of a woman hoodwinked and shamed. The guy was a crook. Riordan detained her as she started for the door. "Give Jake a chance to clear himself," he whispered. "Grab a knothole and watch a minute."

Her field of vision included Leo's tweedy back and Jake, who was asking wearily: "Ain't you got dough enough, Jones? You got to squeeze an old crock like me into making bootleg alky for you, too?" He spat disgustedly. "Struttin' around town! Runnin' for mayor! If it's the last thing I ever do, I'll see to it the folks in town know about the deal you tried to pull here. When I get through speakin' my piece, you won't get enough votes to choke a gopher!"

Leo shrugged. "Jake, you're killing me. What's a mayor got? Nothing but a lot of headaches." His tone was conciliatory. "But this thing here, Jake, could be pretty nice for both of us."

"Faugh! I'll have nothin' to do with you." Jake slouched out of Daisy's view, then said: "Wake up, Murph, we're closin' up."

"Murph? For the love of God, is that Riordan's mutt?"

"It is. A grand dog, kind of light in the head, but neighborly. Come nosin'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

up here the other day. I give him a nip of my juice, and he's been comin' back every day. Developed a taste, has old Murph."

Jones blew up like home brew on a hot night. "You birdbrain! Riordan's been scouring the country looking for his dog! What happens if he comes snooping up here and finds the still? Get that cur out of here!" He moved swiftly to his left in the barn darkness and from Murph came a howl of pain and astonishment. Haunches down, he streaked out of the barn, his tail a red buttonhook between his legs.

"That ties it!" roared Jake. "Bootin' a grand dog!"

"Fixing to fight me, Jake?"

THE two men came into Daisy's view again. Leo was lifting Jake by the shirt front. Jake was on tiptoe, his shirt pulled out over his belt. Contemptuously, Leo backhanded him twice and shoved. The rural distiller shot out of the barn in reverse. His short old legs couldn't keep up with his backward momentum, and he keeled over on his back. His hat rolled and settled. Jones appeared in the barn doorway.

"Leo," said Riordan.

When Jones turned, Riordan roundhoused him. Leo went into a sort of ground loop, looking terribly surprised.

Daisy leaped at him. "Swatting an old man!" she cried, striking at him. "Kicking poor, drunken Murph! Trying to be a bootlegger! You tinhorn, you had your nerve asking me to marry you!"

Bruised and pale, Leo lay on his back staring from Daisy to Riordan. "Mike! Daisy! What's wrong?"

In his wrath Riordan bent over Leo making suggestive passes with his fists. "The first poke was for Jake! You got one coming for Murph! Get up, Leo, and get paid!"

With extreme caution, Leo rose as far as his elbows. His complexion was that of a mashed potato, and he was counting his teeth with his tongue. "Don't hit me again, Mike. I apologize for kicking Murph. I was so excited I didn't know what I was doing. Wouldn't do it again in a million years, a million years, Mike." He sat up. "Instead of slugging me, Mike boy, you should be thanking me."

"Should I now?"

"Sure should. The commission met at lunch today and decided you were the man to do the City Hall murals. I convinced them that you being a local artist and a damned swell one you deserved it. The city council voted three thousand for the job, so you're in, Mike boy, and your old buddy Leo swung the deal for you." He searched Mike's face for guidance. "Is it okay to get up now?"

Riordan wasn't beguiled. He knew from talking to members of the commission that Leo, after a parade demonstration of his authority as chairman, would string along with the commission's recommendation, for Leo was a politician. But he nodded to Leo, for his anger was gone, and without it, he couldn't hit a man like Leo more than once without being ashamed of himself. "One thing, there's Jake here without a shanty to his name. How much is needed to keep the wind and rain off his bald head?"

"Five hundred, Mike," said Jake. "I signed a note."

"Mike, wait, I've got an idea!" Daisy, delighted that her lethargic lover had a job, turned eagerly to Jake. "I'll give Leo my check for five hundred, Jake, if you'll junk your still and come work for us. I'm planning to build up a big flock of Orpingtons; Mike's going to be busy painting, so we'll need a man to help out."

"I sure do thank you, lady. I'll have them hens droppin' eggs like they was shellin' peas." Jake squinted at Leo. "Bub, get the hell off my land."

IN ACCEPTING the check, Leo parted his face in a fine political smile and said he hoped there were no hard feelings. In reply, Jake stated that there were all kinds of hard feelings and recommended Leo's departure before he, Jake, got to thinking about it and became dangerous.

With Leo gone they went out to look for Murph. He was located under the shanty and they had quite a time convincing him it was all right to come out. He stuck close to Riordan when his master and Daisy started downstream, and when they stopped, as they frequently did, to put their arms around each other, Murph kept looking nervously over his shoulder. He was a shaken dog. ▲▲▲

COLLIER'S "Cliff and I kept talking it over until I got it" BILL YATES

You can add charm to your house **and save money**

Johns-Manville smoothgrain asbestos siding

comes in lovely colors —never needs paint to preserve it!

Leading builders and discriminating homeowners have found Smoothgrain the ideal siding for new houses and remodeling. Applied right over weatherbeaten sidewalls it restyles an old house, makes it look new at low cost. Smoothgrain combines the permanence of stone with the charm of textured wood. Made of asbestos and cement, it is fireproof, rotproof, weatherproof. Ceramic granules embedded in the surface give a rich color that lasts. See this beautiful Asbestos Siding at your Johns-Manville dealer.

Choose from these beautiful colors

Heather green

At right: Pastel green

Autumn brown

Silver gray

Pastel coral

Pastel sun tan

FREE! Send for full-color booklet that gives full information about Smoothgrain Siding. Mail this coupon to Johns-Manville, Dept. C-13, Box 60, New York 16, N. Y.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

JOHNS-MANVILLE JM PRODUCTS **Johns-Manville**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HEADACHE?

GET MORE PAIN-RELIEVER FASTER WITH

Alka-Seltzer

BRAND Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

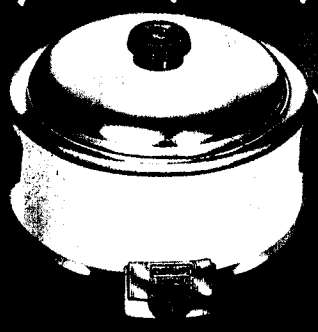
Soothing, Gentle EFFECTIVE DOESN'T UPSET YOUR STOMACH

ALSO FIRST AID FOR
ACID INDIGESTION
COLD DISCOMFORTS
MUSCULAR ACHES

On Display at ALL DRUG STORES
U. S. and Canada

MILES LABORATORIES, INC., ELKHART, IND.

Automatic cooking anywhere you say!



Roasts up to 9 lbs. of meat, fowl. Cooks entrees, soups, stews. Bakes pies, cakes. Automatic thermostat—150° to 500° F. Five-qt. aluminum inset pan lifts out for cleaning. White enamel, black and chromium trim. Aluminum cover, steel body. Heavily insulated. With cookbook, $21.95. Three-qt., 2-heat Roasterette, $11.95.

EVERHOT

De Luxe Automatic Roasterette

TROPIC-AIRE, INC., SUBSIDIARY OF McGRAW ELECTRIC COMPANY, ELGIN, ILLINOIS. © 1952.

Mr. Cornelius, I Love You

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

from one hand to the other, distractedly. "You don't have any idea what it's like to be dying. Do you?"

Mr. Montgomery agreed instantly. "No, I don't, Ellen. The worst I ever had was a touch of shingles."

"Don't be funny," Nell said, her chin quivering. "Don't be funny about death. How can you understand how terrible it is for Mr. Cornelius to think he may die, no matter how much he takes care of himself? And that if he doesn't go out and see the sunshine and people and trees today, he may never see them again. Never, never. And you were never a great athlete like Mr. Cornelius, so it's a thousand times worse for him than it would be for you to stay in bed. And you blame him. You blame him for not giving in. You blame him."

She paused, trying to steady her voice. "I hate—I hate people who say cruel things like that." She looked at her father, and he looked back. Then she dropped her daisies onto her plate amidst the uneaten salmon and beets and ran from the room.

Mrs. Montgomery, after the slam of the door had stopped echoing, leaned over and began to gather up the daisies. The two girls left the room.

"What did I say," Mr. Montgomery asked, "to cause all that?"

Mrs. Montgomery continued to shake bits of food from the flowers.

"Gertrude, did what I said sound cruel and hateful to you?"

"No, John, not to me," she answered. "But then I'm not in love with Mr. Cornelius."

IN HER bedroom, Nell sat down, her head in her hands. When she felt an arm about her shoulders—Jo's by the weight and pressure—she said, "Go away, please go away and leave me alone." The arm remained where it was. Jo knew, and so did Bernadine. Not much, because there wasn't much to know, except that she had seen Mr. Cornelius three times and had spoken to him twice, and that she loved him and would willingly die for him. There wasn't much to know by the standards of the outside world, but inside herself, in her dreams and imaginings, there was nothing *but* Mr. Cornelius.

She had decided, out of her experience of loving Mr. Cornelius, that the knowledge people had of one another, parents of children, anyway, was almost nothing. She could sit at the dinner table with her father and mother, answering their questions about school, but, in reality, be thousands of miles away in some hot, dry land nursing Mr. Cornelius back to health—and her father and mother never noticed her absence.

Mr. Cornelius was married and the father of three boys, two of them older than she was. In her dreams the boys and Mrs. Cornelius simply vanished. She and Mr. Cornelius often went away together, Mr. Cornelius saying, "Nell, without knowing it, I have been searching for you all of my life. My sickness is no more than the sum of my disappointment, and without you I can never get well."

Sometimes in her dreams Mrs. Cornelius came to her. Mrs. Cornelius drove a school bus and looked, in her chauffeur's cap and mannish jacket, like a lady general in the Russian army; more general than lady, Nell thought, in spite of the fact that the curve of her bosom made her jacket gape between buttons and that the chauffeur's cap did not hide the spirals of her deeply curled hair. When she visited Nell, Mrs. Cornelius sometimes said one thing, sometimes another. The gist of it all was: "My life with Mr. Cornelius has been a failure. He has not many months to live. I do not want to stand between him and his happiness in the little time left. Go, with my blessing."

But most of the time Mrs. Cornelius and the Cornelius boys did not exist in her dreams; even the world as she knew it in real life was greatly altered; or the world perhaps was simplified. Changed, anyway, so that it consisted of nothing but sunshine, a background of sand or water, and a grassy or sandy bank against which Mr. Cornelius reclined, getting well. And as he got well, she waited on him and talked to him.

As a matter of fact, every thought in her mind had become part of an unending monologue directed toward the ever-present mental image of Mr. Cornelius. Everything she saw immediately became words in a report to Mr. Cornelius; and if, by chance, some experience was so absorbing as to momentarily obscure his image, she made up for it by living the whole scene through once again just for him.

Sometimes she imagined that Mr. Cornelius kissed her. She had to be careful about these imaginings, however. She had never been kissed—family didn't count, of course—and since she supposed that when you were kissed by the man you loved the sensations were near to swooning, swooning was what she nearly did whenever she had imaginings of this kind. But most often she simply helped Mr. Cornelius as he reclined in the midst of the sunny, simplified landscape, his thin, beautiful face becoming tanned and fuller as his health improved—but not more beautiful. That was impossible.

She doted on his hawk nose and dark hair; she dismissed every other face she saw as pudgy and ill-shaped by comparison. In her dreams she picked flowers for Mr. Cornelius, went to the library for him, read to him, smoothed his brow, sometimes kissed him and always, always gazed at him with enraptured eyes. But all the time she was imagining this life with Mr. Cornelius she suffered, because Mr. Cornelius was dying and there was nothing she could do about it; she suffered because she had feelings which she did not know how to express, suffered because she had put the core of her life outside its circumference.

SHE sat up and raised her head. It was still light enough to see Bernadine on the floor. The room was quiet and warm and full of misery.

"There is nothing you can do, Nell," Jo said. "You love him and he is dying. You can't do anything about either one. All you can do is to endure it."

"I can do something," Nell said.

"What?" Jo asked.

"I can go to Mr. Cornelius and tell him I love him."

"Oh, no, Nell," Bernadine said, very shocked. "You can't do that."

"Why not?" Nell asked.

"You don't know whether he loves you or not."

"What does that have to do with it? I'm not going to him to ask him if he loves me. I'm going to tell him that I love him."

"Is that what you really want to do, Nell?" Jo asked.

"No—if you mean by 'want to,' do I feel good about going. I feel awful about going. It makes me feel sick to my stomach to even think about it."

"Look, Nell," Bernadine said. "I'm almost married myself. It's just a matter of days. For all practical purposes I *am* married. You must think of Mr. Cornelius, Nell, and what he'd feel. I know if Howie was sick and maybe dying, he wouldn't want some other woman coming to his sickbed and saying, 'I love you.' The first thing he'd do, I know, is say to me, 'Bernadine, throw this madwoman out.' That's what Mr. Cornelius is liable to say to you."

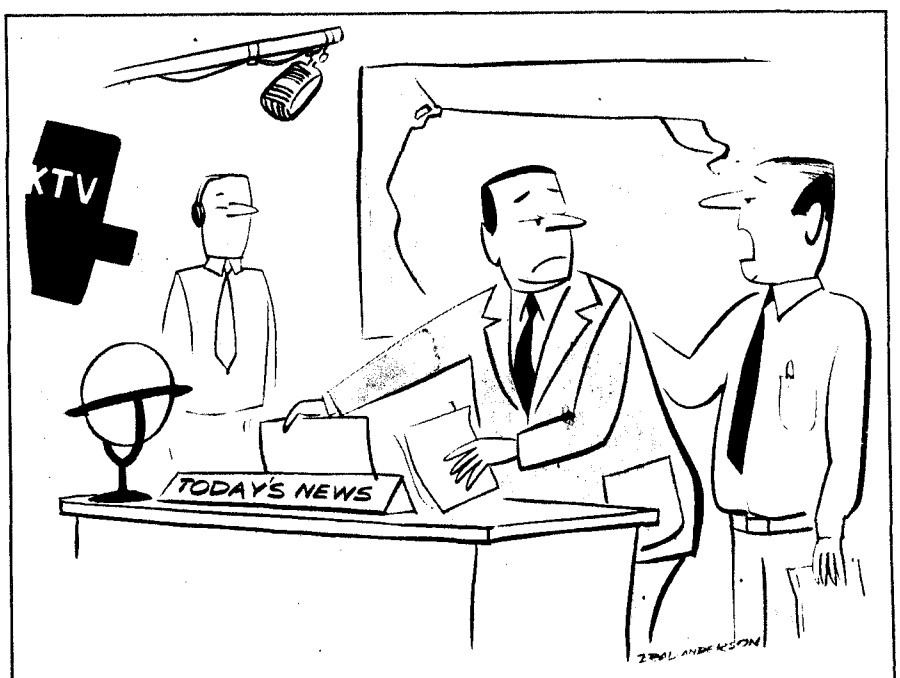
"I know it," Nell said bleakly.

"Well, then?" Bernadine asked. "Are you still going?"

Nell huddled silent, unanswering.

"It's probably not a very kind thing to do," Jo suggested in her deep, thoughtful voice, "going to see him now when he's so sick."

"Oh, I *know* that. If I just asked

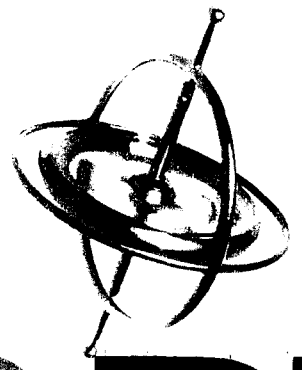


COLLIER'S **"Fumble a word now and then. It'll give the audience *something* to smile about"** BRAD ANDERSON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An entirely new kind of automobile—

the first truly balanced car in the low-priced field



new

'53 Plymouth

will go on display Thursday, November 20

You may win a **new Plymouth FREE!**

Here's all you have to do to enter the big

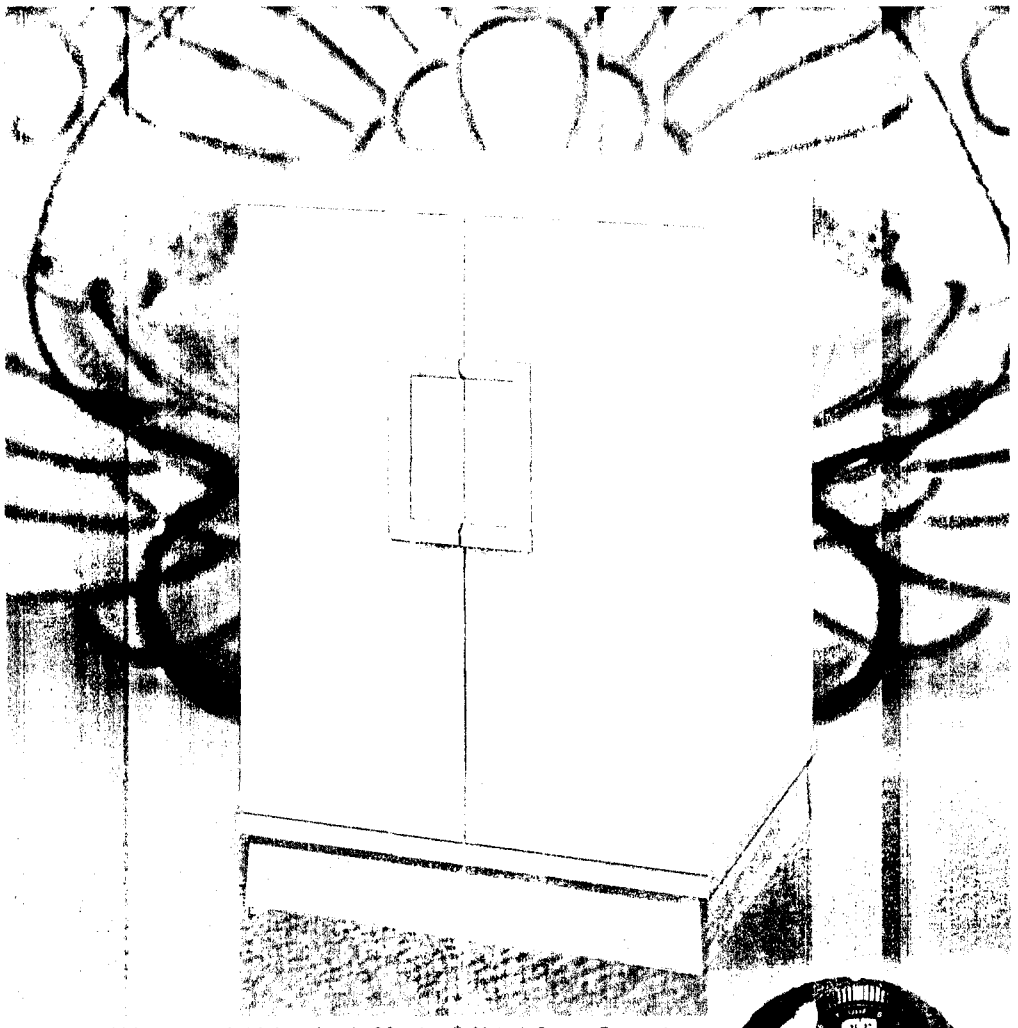
"Meet the new Plymouth" $25,000 Contest.

See the sensational new Plymouth at your Plymouth dealer's beginning Thursday, November 20. Then secure a contest entry blank from the dealer and complete this statement (in 50 words or less): "What I like most about the new 1953 Plymouth is....."

First prize—a brand new 1953 Plymouth Convertible! The next five prizes are new Plymouth Sedans. Hundreds of big cash prizes. See your nearby Plymouth dealer for entry blanks and complete details. The contest closes midnight Monday, November 24.

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Arvin Wilshire, satin-finish limed oak, 28 tubes,* 21-inch Perma-Focus picture.

"vimTV

all-channel super 28

Ready now for the years ahead!

WILL GET ALL 82 PRESENT AND FUTURE CHANNELS AT THE TURN OF A KNOB It's complete! Nothing more to buy! You'll receive all new VHF and UHF stations within range as soon as they come on the air. Arvin's new 28-tube* super-custom chassis assures greater distance, finer picture quality, and freedom from interference far exceeding the finest you've ever seen. Beautifully styled cabinets in period and modern design. See them! Arvin Industries, Inc., Columbus, Ind.

**Including picture and rectifier tubes.*

Arvin Shelburne, hand-rubbed Honduras mahogany, 28 tubes,* 21-inch Perma-Focus picture.

myself what was kind, I would never do it. But what has kindness got to do with love? I'm not doing it to be kind to Mr. Cornelius. I'm doing it because I have to."

"Have to?" Jo reminded her, steadily. "You don't have to. Sit right here. Sit still. By morning everything will be different."

"By morning Mr. Cornelius may be dead."

"Well, then," Bernadine said, "all your problems will be over. Mr. Cornelius will be dead and you'll be sad. But you won't've bothered him or made a fool of yourself."

"I don't care about making a fool of myself."

"You do care, Nell. You're shaking. And think about Mrs. Cornelius. How's she going to feel about someone barging in on her sick husband, making passionate declarations of love?"

"It wouldn't be passionate. I would just say, very quietly, 'I love you, Mr. Cornelius.' Then leave."

"Nell," Bernadine said, "what actually do you see yourself doing? You get there, the whole family is around the bed, and doctors and priests too, maybe. What are your plans? To say, 'I beg your pardon but I've a little message for Mr. Cornelius'? Then push your way through them all to the bedside, drop on your knees, kiss his wasted hand and say, 'Mr. Cornelius, I love you'? Is that it?"

"Oh, don't heckle her, Bernadine," Jo said.

"What I see myself doing," said Nell, "is telling Mr. Cornelius something I have to tell him."

"How," asked Bernadine, "do you see yourself getting there?" Howie was in the Army; Bernadine had his car, and she had driven the girls home from school. "Do you see yourself walking eight miles?"

"If I have to," Nell said.

"Okay," Bernadine told her. "I'll drive you. And let's go right away and get it over with."

MR. CORNELIUS had moved, since he had been sick, into a small one-room tent house at the edge of the walnut grove in which his home stood. Here he was away from the noises of his family and was able to get the fresh air he needed. It was nine o'clock when Bernadine stopped the car in front of the Cornelius ranch. A dim light was burning inside the tent house, but there was nothing to indicate the presence of the crowd of people she had prophesied. "Here we are," she said, turning off the engine.

Nell wished for any catastrophe, however great, which would prevent her from having to leave the car. She felt real hatred for Bernadine and Jo. Why, if they were convinced that she shouldn't come, hadn't they remained steadfast? What kind of friends were they, to give way before their better judgment so meekly? And what were her parents thinking about? Why had they permitted her to go riding off into the night? And to tell a man whom she hardly knew that she loved him? True, she hadn't told them where she was going nor that she loved a strange man. But what were parents for if not to understand without being told? She blamed them for her fright and unhappiness.

Still, anything that *happened* would be better than continuing to live in a make-believe world in which she only dreamed that she told Mr. Cornelius she loved him. And she knew that if Bernadine were to start the car now she would jump out and run toward the tent house and the declaration which would start her living outside her dream. She opened the car door and stepped out into the night air which, after the warmth of the car, was damp and cold against her bare legs and arms.

"Cheerio," said Bernadine quite calmly as Nell was walking away from the car under the dark canopy of the big trees toward the dimly lighted room. Why was it so hard to do what she had set her heart on doing?

SHE stood at the screen door looking into the room, as into a picture. Why did it seem like a picture? The small number of furnishings? Their neat arrangement, dresser balanced by table, chair by bed? The light falling from a bulb, shaded by blue paper, so that part of the room was in deep shadow? But most of all, was it picture-like because she had imagined the room and Mr. Cornelius for so long that a frame had grown up about them in her mind? Now would it be possible to break that frame? She opened the screen door, stepped into the room, and became a part of the picture by that easy act.

Mr. Cornelius lay on a high, narrow bed. He lay very straight, his head supported by three or four pillows and his hands folded across an ice pack which he held to his chest. His eyes were closed and his face, in spite of his illness, was warm with color. At the sight of him, all of Nell's doubts left her. Oh, Mr. Cornelius, she thought, I do truly love you, and I have come at last to tell you.

Without opening his eyes Mr. Cornelius said, "Joyce, I think I'm going to be sick."

Joyce. Nell was surprised at the name. It seemed too gentle for the woman she had thought of as a bus driver. "It's not Joyce, Mr. Cornelius," she said. "It's me."

Then Mr. Cornelius opened his eyes, and Nell was enchanted all over again by the enormous blaze of aliveness and understanding which she saw there.

"It's Nell," he said, in a very low, careful voice, "the track-meet girl." Then he closed his eyes. "I'm going to be sick," he said. "Hand me the basin."

The basin, Nell saw, was an enamel washbowl on the night stand by the bed. She got it, put it on the bed beside Mr. Cornelius.

"Help me," Mr. Cornelius said, and Nell helped him the way her mother had helped her when she was sick after her tonsils were out, by putting an arm around his shoulders to support him.

"Don't be scared," Mr. Cornelius whispered. "It's not a hemorrhage. I'm just going to lose my supper."

He did, and afterward he lay back against his pillows for a minute or two, then he reached up his hand and rang the bell which was suspended from the headboard of his bed.

"A glass of water," he told Nell, and Nell was holding it for him to rinse his mouth when Mrs. Cornelius arrived. Mrs. Cornelius paid no more attention to her than if she'd been some kind of device to help Mr. Cornelius—like the ice pack or the bell. She took the glass from Nell's hand, slipped her arm around her husband's shoulders and said, "Frank, Frank. Oh, thank God, Frank, no more blood. Just your supper and that doesn't matter. I made you eat too much. This was to be expected. If you can swallow a bite or two later, I'll fix you another. How do you feel now, honey?"

Nell had backed away from the bed. Mrs. Cornelius was wearing a housecoat or dressing gown of deep red, light-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ened by wreaths of tiny yellow and white flowers. What she looked like now was not a general in the Russian army but Robert Louis Stevenson's wife, "trusty, dusky, vivid, true, with eyes of gold and bramble-dew." Her bosom, which had spoiled the line of her chauffeur's coat, was exactly right for pillowing an invalid's head and her chestnut hair, curled corkscrew crisp, said—as plain as any words—"Never give up," said, "Fight on," said, "Defy the universe." And all the time she was cradling Mr. Cornelius in her arms and helping him rinse his mouth, she was also pressing her cheek to his hair and speaking words through which there ran a mixture of laughing and joking.

"Take this to the bathroom and empty it," she said to Nell when Mr. Cornelius had finished rinsing his mouth. She handed the basin to Nell and nodded toward a door at the back of the room. Nell, ordinarily too squeamish to pull off her own Band-Aids, took it away without a word.

WHEN she returned, Mr. Cornelius was once more against his pillows, and Mrs. Cornelius was wiping his face with a damp cloth.

"Where'd you come from?" she asked Nell as she took the clean basin from her.

"From out there," Nell said, nodding toward the road. "The girls are waiting for me. In the car."

Mrs. Cornelius paused in her washing. "What did you come *for?*"

Nell welcomed the question. It was a wonderful help, like the upward spring of the diving board against her feet when she was reluctant to plunge off into deep water—though she no longer had so great a need to say what she had come to say. Some change had taken place in her since she had come into the room; what had been locked inside her and had been painful, because unsaid, had somehow, without a word being spoken, gotten itself partially expressed. She was not sure how. Nevertheless, she had come to speak certain words. They were the answer to Mrs. Cornelius' question. They were why she had come.

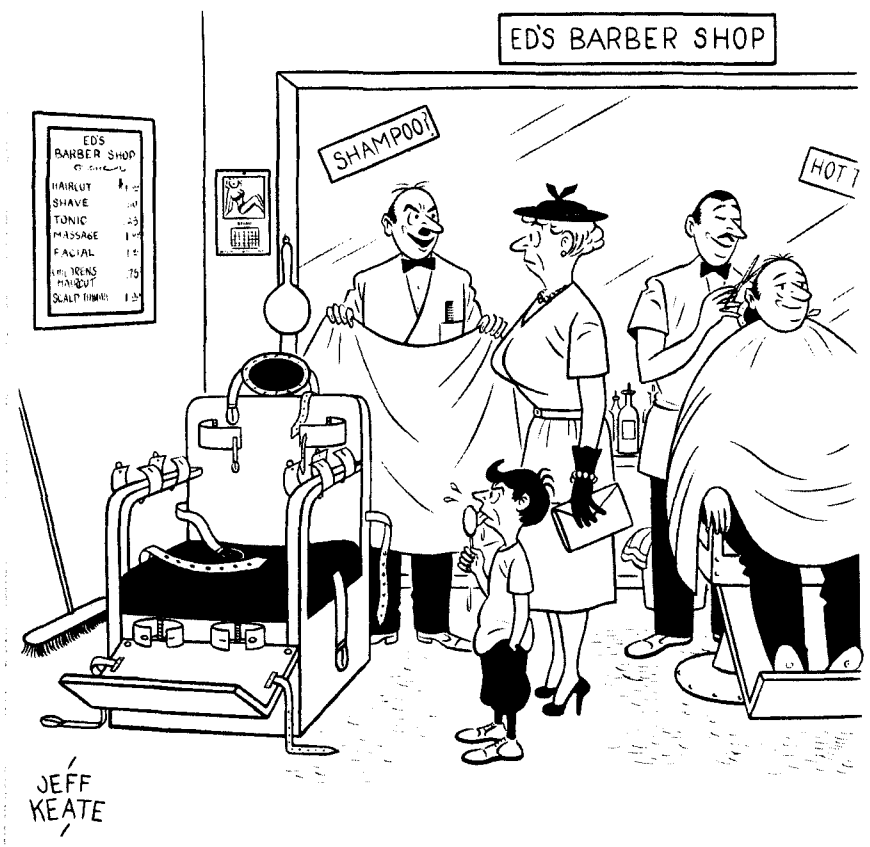
So, louder than was necessary, and in a voice cracking with strain, she said, "I came to tell Mr. Cornelius I loved him." Then she turned resolutely and said the words directly to Mr. Cornelius: "Mr. Cornelius, I love you."

AT THAT Mrs. Cornelius laughed, not jeering, not angry, not unbelieving, but in the soft, delighted way of a person who has received an unexpected gift, a pleasure never dreamed of but one come in the nick of time and most acceptable.

"Oh, Frankie," she said, running her hand through Mr. Cornelius' black hair, "look at what we've got here."

"What *we've* got" was what she'd said as if, Nell thought, I'd said I loved them both. And then, watching Mr. Cornelius reach for his wife's hand, she saw that there was nothing she could give to Mr. Cornelius without giving it also to Mrs. Cornelius. Because they were not two separated people. They were really one, the way the Bible said. It was an astounding discovery. It was almost too much for her. It held her motionless and speculating. She felt as if her mind, by an infusion of light and warmth, was being forced to expand to accommodate this new idea. And it was an idea which, contrary to all her expectations, she liked. It was exactly what she wanted. Not Mr. Cornelius alone on a stretch of desert sand and she kissing his wasted hand—in spite of her six months' dreaming. What she wanted was Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius. She was so happy for Mrs. Cornelius' presence she almost took *her* plump, brown, unwasted hand to kiss it.

Mrs. Cornelius, however, was continuing her laughing murmur to her husband. "Frankie," she said, "oh, Frankie, you old jackanapes. You old irresistible. What's all this talk about being on your last legs? Done for? Caved in? With schoolgirls coming with professions of love? Pretty school-



COLLIER'S

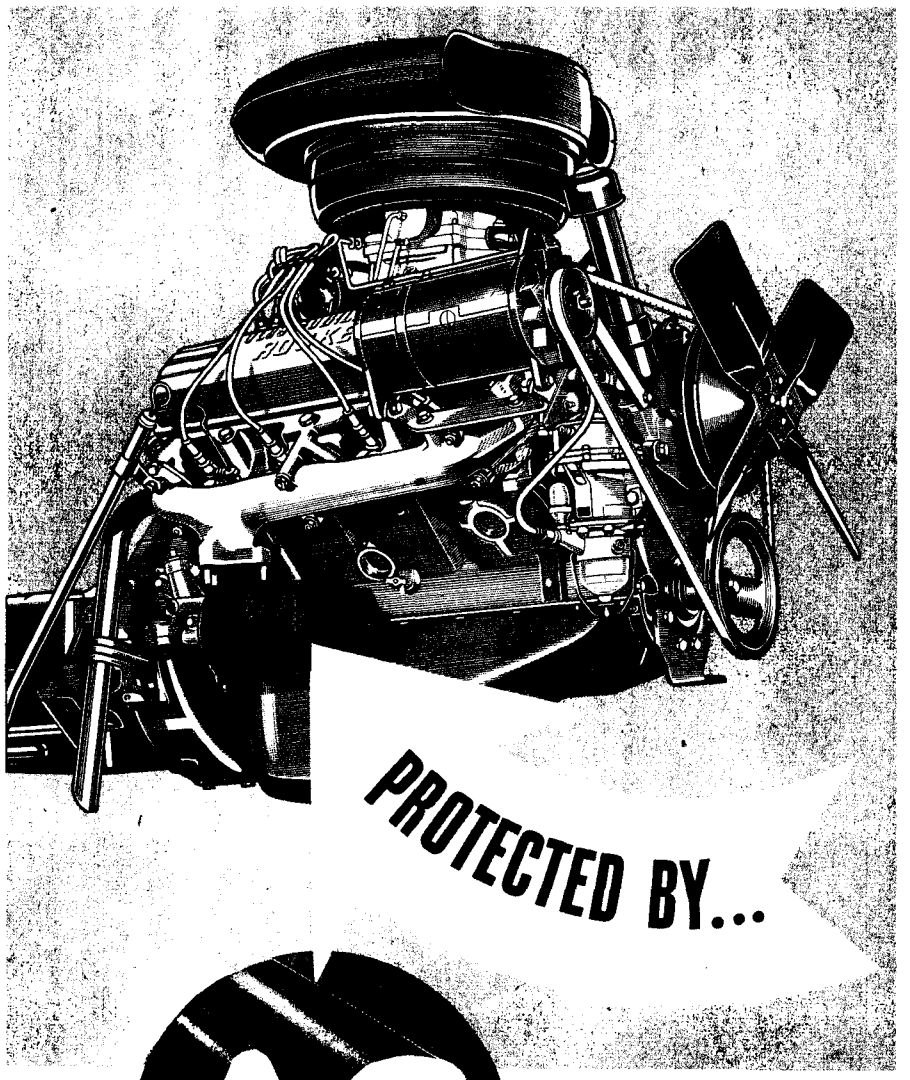
"Frankly, madam, we found we didn't get too good results with the horsey"

JEFF KEATE

OLDSMOBILES

FAMOUS 160 HORSEPOWER

"ROCKET" ENGINE



PROTECTED BY...

AC OIL FILTERS

WITH ALUVAC ELEMENTS

Thrilling performance like Oldsmobile's is worth preserving — so Olds engineers wisely protect every working part of the Rocket engine with an AC Oil Filter and *Aluvac* Element. Here's why—

1 *ALUVAC* keeps oil clean . . . removes particles as small as 1/100,000 of an inch

2 *ALUVAC* has greater filtering area . . . it's ten times greater than ordinary elements

3 *ALUVAC* has no harmful chemicals . . . won't destroy detergents in heavy-duty oils

4 *ALUVAC* is dependable . . . resists harmful acids, gasoline, water

There's an AC Aluvac Element made to fit the oil filter on most every car!

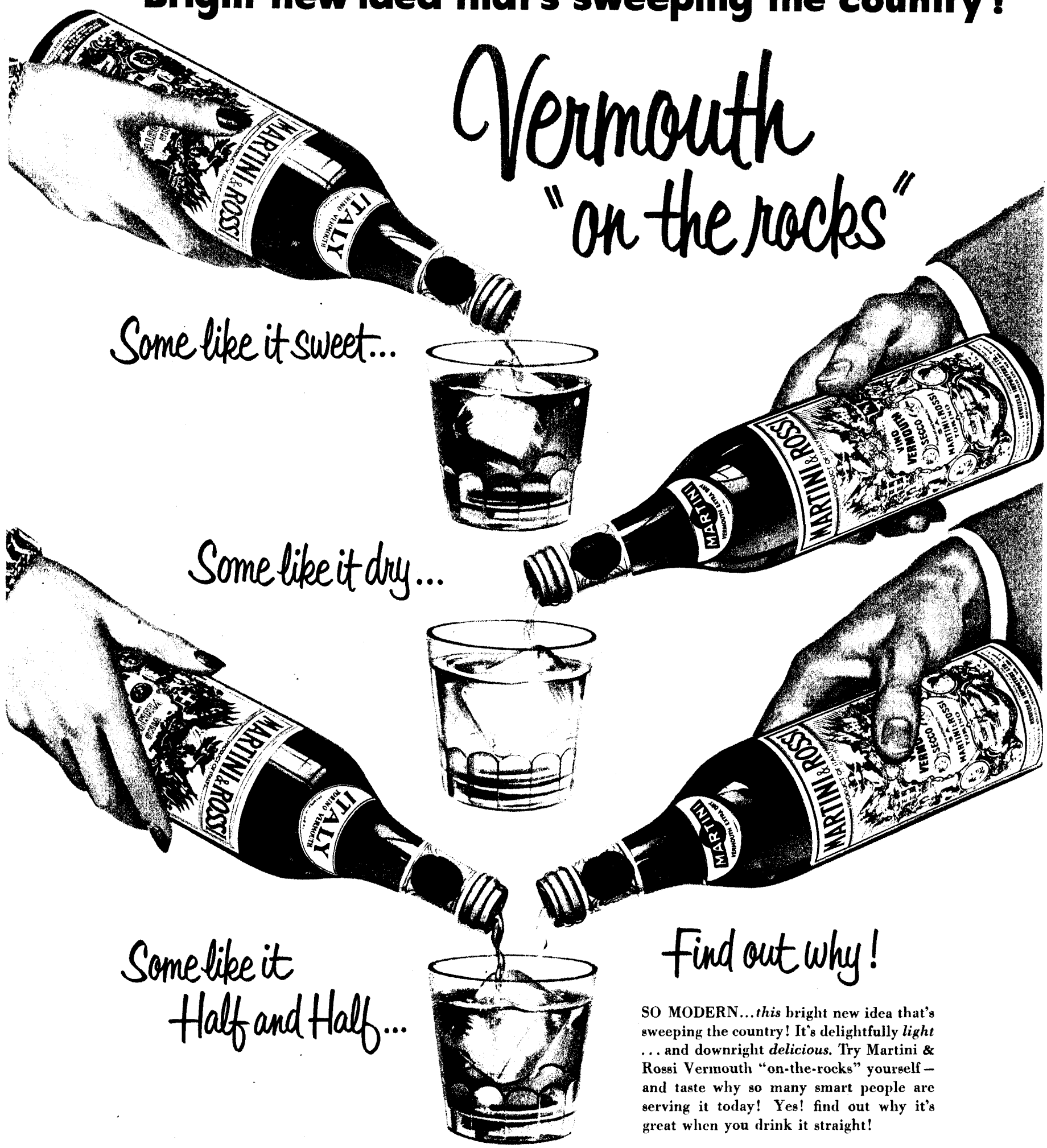
Standard or optional factory equipment on Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet and Oldsmobile

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION GM GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bright new idea that's sweeping the country!

Vermouth "on the rocks"



Some like it sweet...

Some like it dry...

Some like it Half and Half...

Find out why!

SO MODERN...*this* bright new idea that's sweeping the country! It's delightfully *light* ... and downright *delicious.* Try Martini & Rossi Vermouth "on-the-rocks" yourself—and taste why so many smart people are serving it today! Yes! find out why it's great when you drink it straight!

And don't forget: Insist on genuine imported Martini & Rossi Vermouths...
Sweet for Matchless Manhattans
Extra Dry for Marvelous Martinis.

RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD., N. Y., N. Y.

MARTINI & ROSSI

The largest selling imported vermouth in America

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

girls. Boy, we're not cashing in our checks just yet. Not us. What's your name, dear?" she asked Nell.

Mr. Cornelius answered in his low, half-whispering voice. "She's John Montgomery's daughter Ellen. They call her Nell at school."

"Well," said Mrs. Cornelius, "I've heard the boys mention you. Where'd you see Frank?"

"At a track meet."

MR. CORNELIUS said, "I stared at her some. Reminded me of you at her age. So alive."

"Was I ever like that?" Mrs. Cornelius asked her husband.

"That's what *I* thought about Mr. Cornelius," Nell said.

"Alive?" asked Mrs. Cornelius.

"Oh, yes. More than anyone there. More than the boys. I thought his eyes fed on the sights," she said, daring the poetry of her thoughts.

"Fed?" Mrs. Cornelius studied the word, then accepted it. "I see what you mean. Now, Frank," she said, "will you lie still and take care of yourself? Unknown schoolgirls loving you and wanting you to get well. You do, don't you?" she asked Nell.

"Oh, yes," Nell said. "I was willing to die for him."

Her voice evidently convinced Mrs. Cornelius. "Oh, Frank," she said, "schoolgirls willing to die for you and you not half trying."

"Mrs. Cornelius," Nell said, wanting —since even partial confession made her feel so much better—to tell everything, "I ought to tell you something else." She stumbled for words. "I ought to tell you what else I planned."

"I bet you planned to run away with Frank and nurse him back to health."

Nell was amazed. "Yes," she said, her face burning with guilt and foolishness, "yes, I did. How did you know?"

"Oh, Frank, doesn't it bring it all back to you? No wonder you were reminded of me. I was going to run away with the minister," she said, turning to Nell. "Save him from his wife and family. And he *was* the most beautiful man in the world, Frank. You can't hold a candle to your father—never could."

Nell wanted to say something, but she couldn't settle on what. She had too many emotions to express: exhilaration at being released from the isolation of her dreaming; relief to find that other girls had loved secretly too, but most of all, joy to have acted, to have made for herself a single undivided world in which to live.

"Oh, Mrs. Cornelius," she said.

"Nell," asked Mrs. Cornelius, "can you play cards? Or checkers?"

"Yes," Nell said, "I can. I like to."

"And read out loud? Of course you can do that, can't you? Why don't you come read to Frank? And play cards with him? It gets so darn' lonesome for him. I work. The boys work, and besides they haven't got enough patience to sit still. And the good people come in and tell Frank how their uncles or mothers passed away with consumption and for him to be resigned. He needs somebody interested in living, not dying. Would you come?"

"Oh, yes. If you want me—if he wants me. I could come every day all summer."

"Okay," Mrs. Cornelius said, "we'll plan on it. Now you'd better run on. Frank's had a bad day. He's worn out."

Nell looked at Mr. Cornelius. His eyes were closed, but he opened them at Mrs. Cornelius' words and made a good-by flicker with the lids.

"Good night," Nell said.

Mrs. Cornelius went to the door with her. "We'll count on you," she said once again and put a hand on Nell's shoulder and gave her a kind of humorous, loving shake.

Nell flew to the car propelled, it seemed, by the beat of her heart as a bird is propelled by the beat of its wings. The walnut leaves were alive and fluttering in the warm air, and, all about her, mockingbirds were singing like nightingales. As she emerged from the grove she saw the June stars, big and heavy, looking like white June roses. This is the happiest hour of my life, she thought, and she yearned to do something lovely for the girls, something beautiful and memorable, but all she could think of was to ask them to go to town for milk shakes.

"I could stand some food," Bernadine said, "after all that waiting."

"He was sick," Nell explained, "and Mrs. Cornelius and I had to take care of him."

"Mrs. Cornelius? Did she come out there?"

"Why, of course," Nell answered. "Wouldn't you if Howie was sick?"

Bernadine had no answer to this. She started the car, and after they had gone a mile or so, Jo asked, "Did you tell him?"

"Of course."

"And does he love you?" Bernadine asked.

Nell felt rather sorry for Bernadine. "You're a fine one to be getting married," she said. "Of course he doesn't. He loves Joyce."

"Joyce? Who's Joyce?"

"Mrs. Cornelius. I remind him some of her. I adore Mrs. Cornelius. She is like Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, and they are one person—Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius, I mean. They are truly married. I don't suppose you understand," she said, arrogant with new knowledge, "but what is for the one, is for the other. I'm going to help her take care of him this summer. Isn't that wonderful? Maybe I can really help him get well. Isn't this the most gloriously beautiful night? Oh, I think it's the most significant night of my life."

THE two girls were silent, but Nell was too full of her own emotions to notice. When they went in to the soda fountain, she looked at their reflection in the mirror and liked what she saw. The three of them had always been proud of one another. Bernadine had glamor, Jo, character, and Nell, personality; that was the division they made of themselves. "Look at Bernadine, listen to Nell, and let Jo act," someone had said. Oh, but I've broken through that, Nell thought—I can act, too. She searched for some understanding of the part Mrs. Cornelius had played in that break-through. If she had said, "You wicked girl," made her feel that loving was a terrible thing, would she have been pushed back, fearful, into the narrowness of dreaming and into dreaming's untruths? She didn't know. She couldn't hold her mind to such abstractions.

"What we want," she said to Lester Riggins, the boy at the fountain, "is simply the most stupendous, colossal, overpowering concoction you ever served."

"This a special night?" Lester asked.

"Superspecial."

"How come?"

"Bernadine's going to be married," Nell told him.

"Known that for six months."

"Jo's been accepted for Stanford. With special praise."

"Old stuff."

"Then there's me."

"What about you?"

"I'm alive."

"That's different," Lester said. "Why didn't you tell me in the first place? How do you like it?"

"Being alive? Fine," said Nell. "Better than shooting stars."

"Okay, okay," Lester said. "This obviously merits the Riggins special. Expense any consideration?"

"No consideration," Nell said.

He brought them something shaped, roughly, like the Eiffel Tower but more dramatically colored.

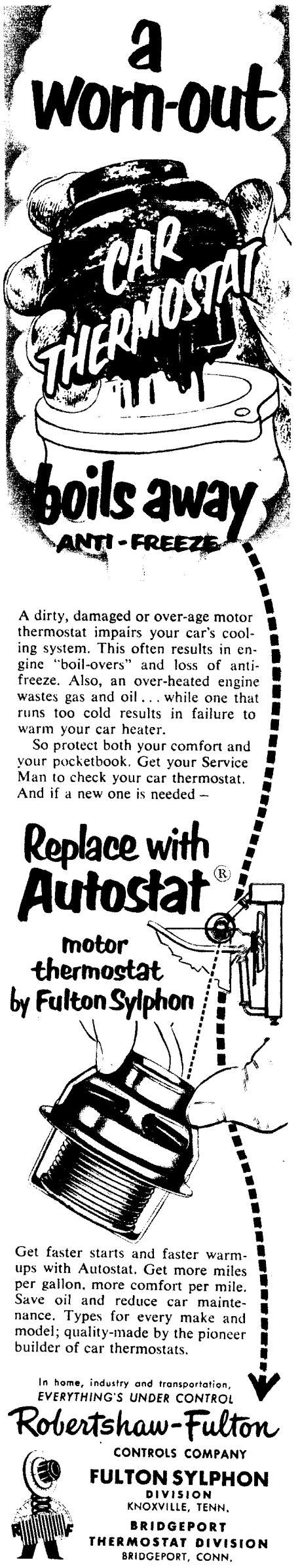
"Here it is, girls. Here's to being alive!"

They sank their spoons in and ate away, their appetites equal to the whole —color, size, sweetness and multiplicity of ingredients. ▲▲▲

COLLIER'S

"Now you boys are familiar with the rules of the State Athletic Commission. However, these people have paid to see a fight . . ."

BILL KING


a
worn-out
CAR THERMOSTAT
boils away
ANTI-FREEZE
A dirty, damaged or over-age motor thermostat impairs your car's cooling system. This often results in engine "boil-overs" and loss of anti-freeze. Also, an over-heated engine wastes gas and oil . . . while one that runs too cold results in failure to warm your car heater.
So protect both your comfort and your pocketbook. Get your Service Man to check your car thermostat. And if a new one is needed –
Replace with Autostat®
motor thermostat
by Fulton Sylphon
Get faster starts and faster warm-ups with Autostat. Get more miles per gallon, more comfort per mile. Save oil and reduce car maintenance. Types for every make and model; quality-made by the pioneer builder of car thermostats.
In home, industry and transportation,
EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL
Robertshaw-Fulton
CONTROLS COMPANY
FULTON SYLPHON
DIVISION
KNOXVILLE, TENN.
BRIDGEPORT
THERMOSTAT DIVISION
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Old Scratch" inventor Bill Kirk

Starting a Steak From Scratch

Insect-plagued cattle finally have a machine that takes care of a historic itch. Their comfort is expressed in plenty of extra beef

IF TEXAS cattle could vote, an easygoing, bespectacled ex-cowboy named Bill Kirk probably could name his post—governor, President, dictator or king—and win by a whopping majority. He has contributed to the everlasting comfort of the beasts on the range (and to his own good fortune) with one amazingly simple invention: a machine which for the first time in bovine history lets cattle scratch where they itch.

His is no minor accomplishment. Generations of long-horned and white-faced cattle on the Texas plains have been pestered by flies, fleas, ticks, warbles and other insects and bugs. Since they have no claws or fingernails to scratch with, the animals suffered constant frustration and discomfort. They literally lost weight from worrying. And out on the range lost weight means lost profits. Something had to be done—and Kirk did it.

"A dog has a paw, and a cat has a claw," Kirk observes in a soft, easy drawl, "but a poor steer, without any outside aid, is in a bad way. All it can do is stomp its feet, or rub up against a dry, hard wooden post or tree. Even then it can't reach most of the itchy spots—and, often as not, the spots it does reach get infected."

Kirk, who is a forty-seven-year-old bachelor, claims his sympathy for helpless, itch-ridden cattle has been with him ever since he was knee-high to a heifer on the family ranch. However, it wasn't until two and a half years ago, when he was running a four-section ranch in the Panhandle, that he found something to do about it. By way of preparation, he had made a hobby of inventing as long as he can remember. Back when he was only ten he decided that whipping a team of lagging horses was too strenuous, so he figured out a scheme where all he had to do was push a button and the recalcitrant horses would get a light electric shock.

During World War II, Bill got a job in a Kings Mill, Texas, plant doing war work. There, he doped out several important laborsaving devices. Once, when he was running a big power-punch press with two other men, he adapted the machinery so the crew could turn out its full eight-hour quota of steel in two hours. "After that we could loaf six hours," he says with an air of remembered satisfaction. But Bill's inventing talent eventually backfired on him. The plant manager recognized his ability and soon put him to work full time—figuring out ways to save labor for other people.

After the war, Bill went back to work on a ranch near Higgins, Texas, which is in the Panhandle on the Oklahoma line. With 200 head of cattle to keep sprayed, oiled and doctored, he was a busy cowboy—and, at forty-five, some of his old spryness had gone. "What made me mad," he says, "was to see all kinds of cow power going to waste, rubbing itself up and down and round and round, and not doing anybody in the world any good." So one day he pushed back his sombrero, wiped the sweat off his forehead, and decided to rig up an automatic, self-service scratching device.

Kirk's first attempts would have done justice to a Rube Goldberg cartoon. But soon he had the gadget simplified down to a single metal drum filled with a mixture of waste oil and insecticide, with guy wires running down from the top of it to the end of a homemade stand. He strung the wires solid with washers and fixed it so the oil in the drum could constantly trickle down to keep the washers soaked. He rolled the contraption out to the water hole and waited.

The cattle approached cautiously and sniffed. Then they rubbed against the washers a little. Sure enough, their backs got scratched. So then they scratched a lot—and began pushing one another out of the way to scratch some more. Where they scratched, they were oiled. And where they were oiled, the bugs disappeared. "Those critters were practically purring and smiling," Kirk says, "and I was pretty comfortable, too, what with a load of spraying and doctoring off my hands."

With all the spare time Bill now had, he put together another cow scratcher. Although he made no technical changes, he was careful to make the new model a little more shiny and elegant. Then, with only 11 cents in his pockets, he borrowed a truck and hauled the contraption he had named Old Scratch to the Amarillo Fat Stock Show.

At first all the proud inventor got for his pains was a big haw-haw. Exasperated, he told one laughing rancher: "Mister, you show Old Scratch here to your animals and they'll grin even more than you are. And for a different reason."

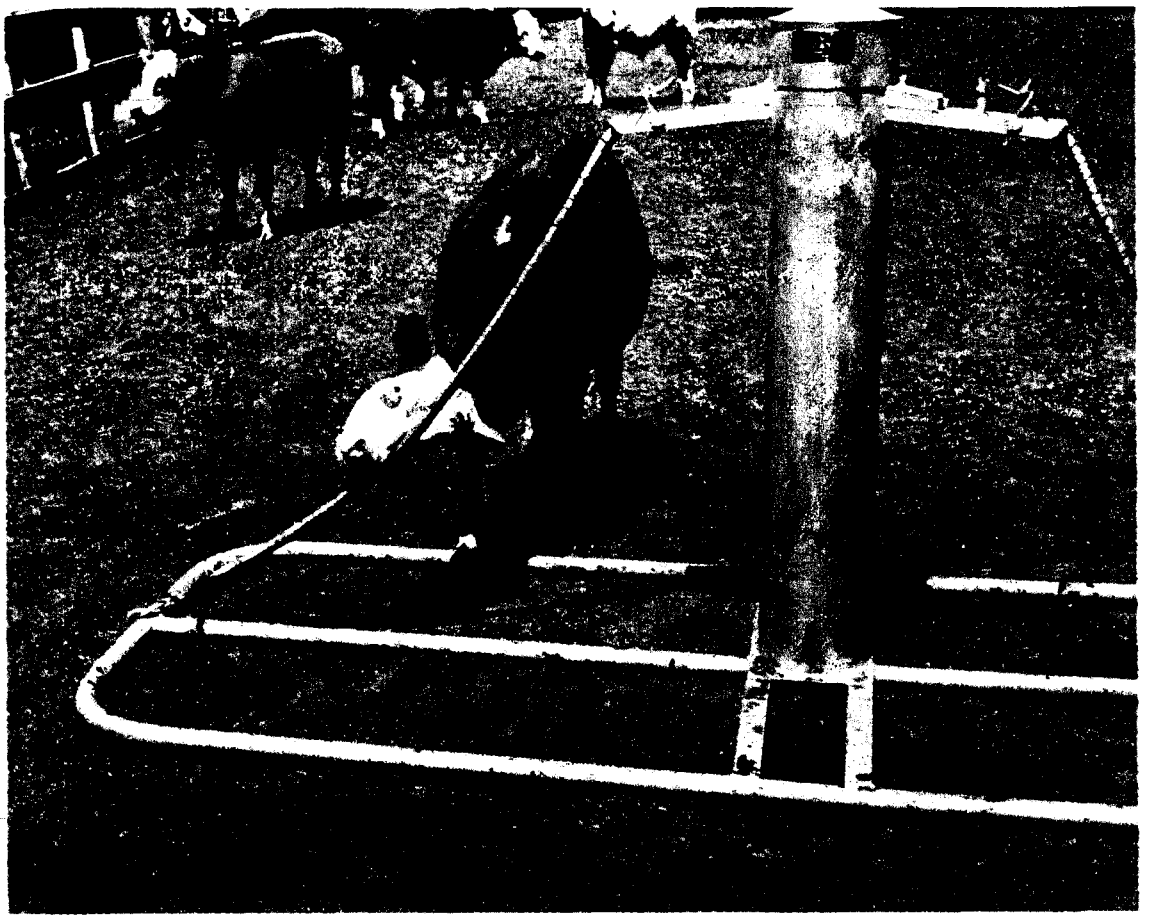
Being a man of sporting blood, the rancher ordered a half dozen. He and his cattle put the okay on Old Scratch, and Bill was in business.

Scratching on Bill's machine makes cows more contented than they would be hearing the music of Pan's pipes. Since the contentment from scratching eventually materializes as flesh on the hoof and steak on the dinner table, it's one of those rare instances when everybody is happy. But no one is happier than Bill Kirk. "What could make a lazy man like me more delighted," he wants to know as his sales soar upward, "than not having to work, except when you feel like it?"

The Kirk Manufacturing Company has now sold more than 8,000 Old Scratches to farms and ranches all over the United States. Figuring that 100 cattle use every Old Scratch (a conservative estimate) and that each animal gains 18 pounds (also conservative) through using it, that makes about 14,400,000 pounds of beef that Bill Kirk has added to the American food supply.

What just a short time ago was a small one-man plant in Amarillo has grown into an impressive factory occupying over two acres of land, employing some 50 men, and capable of turning out 50 Old Scratches a day. Since the machines sell for $198.50 F.O.B. Amarillo, Bill is well on his way to becoming a wealthy man. As one of his friends remarked proudly: "Wouldn't you know it would take a Texan to figure out a way to get rich off the itch?"

ALBERT ROSENFELD



A tenderloin on the hoof contentedly scratches itself on one of Kirk's machines. Oil running down the wires helps rid cattle of insects which caused the itching

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KEW

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The EXTRA YEARS make the DIFFERENCE

in the great Bourbon Taste

and Character of OLD HICKORY

STRAIGHT **BOURBON** WHISKY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When Mr. Phelps allowed his gaze to stray, Towson swept the papers off his desk. "Dropped something," he said, and got down on his knees

How Towson Passed Algebra

He couldn't tell hot from cold, or an X from a noun, but in football—ah, the wonders he performed

By AL HINE

AT FIRST glance there was nothing unusual about the Shrewsbury campus. It was late afternoon on a fine November day. The grass was still green, and the laurel and rhododendron clustered waxily about the granite steps of McGinnis Administration Building. Students strolled and talked. There was a confused game of touch football going on in front of Brill House. A First Former whose dink had been snatched from his head was pursuing the snatcher with cries of incoherent rage. But there was an atmosphere of worry, of real anxiety, pervading the school from faculty member to handy man, from Sixth Form athlete to resident nurse.

Mal Stewart and Ed Turner, football captain-elect and captain respectively, walking with furrowed brows across the lower quadrangle, expressed this concern.

"If he flunks one more biweekly, he's benched," Mal said. "And if he's benched for the Hammond game, there goes the third leg on the trophy."

"I know," Ed said, "but what am I supposed to do about it? I had Mouse Malloy cramming him, and what happened? He flunked worse last time than ever, and Mouse like to had a breakdown. If the best math student in the school can't help, then what?"

They walked on in silence, bracing themselves against a stiff fall wind which whipped around the corner of Nevin Dorm. They were student leaders of the first echelon, and they were faced with a bona fide crisis.

Towson Sherman, the subject of their worry, was singing happily in the shower at Dilworth House. Oblivious of the protests of his dormitory mates, Towson sang in a high, plaintive key about love and death and betrayal and desertion in the mountains. At the age of fifteen, Towson stood an even six feet without shoes, and was the hottest end ever to defend Shrewsbury's honor in local prep-school competition. He had beautiful, blank, blue eyes, the placid disposition of a basset hound, and an abounding awkwardness when he was anywhere except on a football field. He hailed from Parkersburg, West Virginia. At the moment, he was reaching for a high note of woe and simultaneously fumbling for the shower faucets. Predictably, he drenched himself with scalding water, changed his ballad for a parboiled scream and erupted from the shower stall.

Rat Reece, a Fifth Form tackle, caught him before he could carom into a washstand and injure his invaluable frame.

"Towson, Towson boy," Rat said. "You gonna kill yourself someday like that. Remember, the cold is always on the right—the *right,* all the

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing

General Motors Better Highways Awards

$194,000 in awards for the most practical solutions to America's critical highway problem

Every American is intensely aware of the inadequacy of our roads and streets to meet today's highway transportation needs. Yet too few have given thought to a practical solution.

As a nation we are not building or improving highways as fast as our dependency upon motor transportation is increasing.

The result is a nationwide traffic snarl that costs the public untold millions in lost time and causes needless accidents every day.

It is a difficult problem, because modern highways cost a lot of money. *But lack of them is costing even more!*

To encourage all Americans to think about this critical situation and come forward with practical solutions, General Motors is instituting the GM Better Highways Awards for the best essays submitted on the following subject:

"How to Plan and Pay for the Safe and Adequate Highways We Need"

A total of 162 State, Regional and National Awards will be given for those entries which are considered best by an independent board of five judges. The following have accepted appointment to the board:

NED H. DEARBORN
President, National Safety Council

THOMAS H. MACDONALD
Commissioner, Bureau of Public Roads, U.S. Department of Commerce

CURTIS W. MCGRAW
Chairman of the Board, The McGraw-Hill Publishing Company

DR. ROBERT G. SPROUL
President, University of California

B. D. TALLAMY
Superintendent, New York State Department of Public Works and President, American Association of State Highway Officials.

Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity and practical adaptability—not on literary merit.

Contest closes midnight, March 1, 1953. Winners will be publicly announced as soon thereafter as the judging can be completed.

CONTEST RULES

1. WHO MAY COMPETE: Any individual who is a resident of a state of the United States or the District of Columbia may compete for an award, except Contest Judges and the members of their immediate families.

2. WHAT IS TO BE SUBMITTED: Each contest participant shall submit an original essay, with any supporting material or data the participant may desire, on the subject

"How to Plan and Pay for the Safe and Adequate Highways We Need"

3. HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE ENTRY IS TO BE SUBMITTED: To be eligible for award consideration, each essay must be submitted with an official entry blank which may be secured from any General Motors car or truck dealer or by writing to

General Motors
Better Highways Awards
General Motors Building
Detroit 2, Michigan

Essays may only be submitted with a completed official entry blank, and must be mailed to the address immediately above.

To be eligible for award consideration, a contest entry must be postmarked not later than midnight, March 1, 1953, and must be received by March 14, 1953.

4. GENERAL REQUIREMENTS AND CONDITIONS CONCERNING ENTRIES: A participant by submitting an essay agrees to be bound by all the rules of the contest. Each essay shall be in English, on one side of the paper only, and preferably typewritten. Illegible essays will be automatically disqualified. While brevity is suggested, no limitation is placed on the length of the essay. Participants should use the number of words they believe necessary. No essays will be returned. Upon submission, each essay and the contents and ideas therein become the property of General Motors Corporation which shall have the exclusive right to make unlimited use, in whole or in part, of the same. A participant represents by submitting an essay that its contents, in whole and in part, are original; and participant further represents that such essay has not been submitted, or in any manner disposed of, to other than General Motors Corporation.

5. AWARDS: Contents of essays will be judged for originality, sincerity, and practical adaptability. Awards in the number and amounts listed below will be made as determined by a Board of Judges.

SIX NATIONAL AWARDS

First Award, $25,000; Second Award, $10,000; Third Award, $5,000; Three Honorable Mention Awards, each $3,000.

* * *

NINE REGIONAL AWARDS

For the best essay submitted from each of nine regional sections* of the United States, each $2,500.

* * *

**States included in each region are listed in "The General Motors Better Highways Awards Facts Book."*

147 STATE AWARDS

49 First Awards, one for each state and the District of Columbia, each $1,500.

98 Honorable Mention Awards, two for each state and the District of Columbia, each $500.

The selection of award winners will be made from all entries as a group. National award winners will be selected first and thereupon automatically eliminated from further award consideration. Regional award winners will be selected next from the remaining entries and will automatically upon selection be eliminated from further award consideration. From the entries remaining after the selection of national and regional award winners, state award winners will be selected. No participant may win more than one award. In the event of ties for a particular award, or in the event that an essay of an employe of General Motors Corporation, or one of its domestic subsidiaries, is an award winner, duplicate awards will be made.

6. ANNOUNCEMENT OF AWARDS: The names of all award winners will be announced as soon as possible after the close of the contest.

7. The decisions of the Board of Judges with respect to awards and all other contest matters are final and binding on each participant.

8. The contest and awards made in connection with the contest are subject to all applicable local, state, and federal laws and regulations.

THE GENERAL MOTORS BETTER HIGHWAYS AWARDS

"How to Plan and Pay for the Safe and Adequate Highways We Need"

SIX NATIONAL AWARDS

FIRST AWARD		$25,000
SECOND AWARD		$10,000
THIRD AWARD		$ 5,000
THREE HONORABLE MENTION AWARDS	each	$ 3,000

NINE REGIONAL AWARDS

For the best essay submitted from each of nine regional sections* of the United States	each	$ 2,500

147 STATE AWARDS

49 First Awards, one for every state and District of Columbia	each	$ 1,500
98 Honorable Mentions, two for every state and District of Columbia,	each	$ 500

*States included in each region are listed in "The General Motors Better Highways Awards Facts Book"

FREE — HIGHWAY FACTS BOOK
for your guidance in the contest

Information about the highway crisis that will be helpful in preparing your entry is contained in "The General Motors Better Highways Awards Facts Book."

You can get your copy, containing official contest entry form, from any General Motors Dealer (Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac and GMC Truck), or write to the address shown below.

Address all entries to: **General Motors Better Highways Awards, General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR SIMPLE
HEADACHE
TAKE
BAYER
ASPIRIN
FEEL BETTER
FAST!

SEND FOR THIS
GIANT TRAIN BOOK
TODAY!

48 BIG PAGES
OVER 100 COLOR PICTURES

Look 'em over! Read all about 'em. New American Flyer Trains with sensational Air Chime Whistle—the world's only scale model trains that run on real 2-rail track—puff smoke—and have piston-timed "choo-choo" sounds. Best and most complete line of accessories. Sensational new Animated Station and Coach with tiny passengers who board and leave train, walk around platform. This thrilling book cost over $175,000.00 to produce—but *you* can get a copy for only 10¢. Better hurry!

GILBERT HALL OF SCIENCE,
310 Erector Square, New Haven 6, Conn.
Rush Giant Train Book. I enclose 10¢.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

This offer good only in U. S. A.

time. You could go into shock from a *thing like that.*" Rat had already set his sights on medical school.

"Right, right, right's the hand with the wart," Towson mumbled to himself as if reciting an incantation. "I'm sorry, Rat," he said more clearly. "That old shower always seems to throw me. You know, I just get singing in there, like I'm Johnnie Ray or somebody, and I forget what I'm doing." He shook his head free of water like a puppy and set about drying himself. . . .

"I understand the problem, Bucky," headmaster Austin Drummond said to athletic director Buckminster Bolton, "*and believe me, I worry about it* as much as you do, but let's try to think constructively. I know we've had our little differences, but you can't believe I'd let that affect my thinking on a subject as important as the Hammond game." It still annoyed the headmaster that Bucky had convinced the alumni they should support a new field house rather than a new library, but the Drum was willing to let bygones be bygones—temporarily, at least.

"The unfortunate fact is," said Mr. Phelps, Third Form mathematics master, "that Towson cannot pass algebra. I make every allowance I can, Bucky. I even give him points for spelling his name right, but the rest of the boys know he can't pass, and it's like the Drum—Mr. Drummond—says: if you make an exception for Towson, the gates are wide open. You know how much outside pressure from the parents and alumni we have to fight. After all, we know how *you* stood up against giving a varsity letter to Tim Granger, even though his father was head of the alumni association. You give in once, you give in every time."

"I know, I know," Bucky said, "but what I don't get is why we, three grown men with—let's see—a total of forty years in schoolwork, can't outwit a bunch of teen-age kids."

"The outwitting of a bunch of teen-age kids, as you put it, Bucky," the Drum said thoughtfully, making an arch with the tips of his fingers, "is a continuing and endless problem which has turned my hair quite white, removed yours completely and already made deep inroads on Phelps's temples. I would sooner be an arbiter in Korea—but there must be some way."

MAL STEWART and Ed Turner knocked on Midget Lind's door long before the breakfast bell rang next morning. Midget was a Second Form honor student, and small even for that. His roommate opened the door blearily and blinked his eyes with awe at a visit from two such distinguished elders.

"Come on in," he said, when they asked for Lind. "I'll wake Midget up."

Ten minutes later, with the air of a foreign minister concluding a successful parley, Ed Turner wound up his explanation.

"So that's it," he said. "You're hot on algebra, a class ahead of your form. But you're not in Phelps's class, and so you won't be taking the exam at the same time as Towson. You're the smallest kid in the school, and you can fit easy into a duffel bag. And so Towson goes into the exam carrying a duffel bag, which contains you and a flashlight and a pencil. Then he puts an exam and a bluebook in the bag with you. You do the exam in the duffel bag and pass it back to him. He turns it in. He passes. He plays in the Hammond game, and we win. Phelps won't give it a tumble. Towson can tell him the duffel has his football stuff in it. You're a good kid, Midget, and don't think that this won't be remembered two-three years from now when you're up for honor societies. Get it?"

"I get it," the Midget said, proud in all his four feet one inch. "But won't Phelpsy notice the bag wiggling?"

"Not Phelps," Mal said definitely. "He never moves from his seat, and Towson sits in the back row. Phelps just looks for cheating at desk level. Let's shake on it."

ED TURNER tackled Towson in the latter's room, a den replete with photographs of Marilyn Monroe and pineneedle pillows from the Luray Caverns.

"You know we wouldn't condone cheating, if it was really cheating," he explained, "but this is different. As secretary of the student council, I wouldn't be in on anything that wasn't for the good of Shrewsbury. And all the other guys feel the same way."

"I know, Ed," Towson said wearily. "I just hate to do anything so downright sneaky, but if you all agree on it, it's good enough for me. Your word is my bond, as the feller says."

Ed and Mal automatically made note of the mangled idiom to add it to other choice Towsonisms, such as "Easy as shooting apples in a barrel" and "This blue serge is always picking up flint." Then they concentrated on a thorough recapitulation of the exam strategy. . . .

"I tried once to get him to pretend that algebra was like a football game," Mr. Phelps explained to the Drum between morning classes. "You know—teaching by analogy. But it didn't do any good. If it weren't too late for this test, I'd try teaching him with a hillbilly ballad." The mathematics master sang, in a wail like Towson's:

"I'm a lonely ole letter,
My name is jus' X,
If you don't find my val-ue,
Your true love I'll hex."

"It's the best idea yet," the Drum said, "but it is too late. We'll just have to keep our fingers crossed along with the rest of the school. And, uh, give whatever breaks we can. There must be some exam simple enough even for Towson. Just as a suggestion, couldn't you give him one of the problems he has solved in the past?"

Mr. Phelps's face lighted hopefully. "Too bad about the Lind boy," the Drum said. "Isn't he one of your geniuses?"

"No," Mr. Phelps said. "Midget is in Stonington's class. What happened?"

"He tripped over a rake as he was running across the quad and broke his ankle. Not compound, not too serious. Duncan took him down to the infirmary screaming bloody murder. He seemed more upset about missing some test than about the pain. A peculiar youth, but likable."

BOTH Ed Turner and Mal Stewart had had news of Midget's accident fifteen minutes after it happened. "They can't do this to us," Ed said.

"Maybe they can't," Mal said, "but Midget's in the infirmary, and even if we smuggled him out you couldn't stuff him *and* his cast *and* his crutches into a duffel bag."

"We have a little over three hours to be inspired," Ed said.

"We could drag in Harve Chester," Mal said. "He's a creep, but he's the closest thing to a professional con man in the school. If he wasn't he'd have been kicked out nine times already."

"He's a fat blot on the fair name of Shrewsbury," Ed said, "but maybe he *can* help us. Any port in a swarm, as Towson says." . . .

Ed Turner was still uncomfortable and tight-lipped. With Mal, he perched on the edge of the extra bed in Harvey Chester's room. Chester had no roommate. He sat in obese splendor on a straight-backed chair.

"So you finally had to look up old Harve," Chester said. "And all to save the scholastic honor of a character who thinks Lee, with the aid of Batman, won the Civil War. Well, well."

"All right," Mal said. "I know we've had our fights, but this is a

Next Week

ONE FAMILY'S ORDEAL:

When 11 of 14 Children Were Hit with POLIO

Last summer a bumper corn crop came to the Iowa farm of Joe and Clara Thiel. But tragedy came, too, with the dread polio epidemic that swept their home. The dramatic story appears next week

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time to pull together. The Hammond game's at stake, and not just the game but getting the trophy for keeps. I know you kid about athletics, Harve, but this is a pretty important thing to everyone else in the school."

"You could do one fine thing for Shrewsbury before you go," Ed Turner said in a strained voice. "Just one thing to make up for all the other things—shutting down the air conditioning when Mrs. Drummond had her alumni tea, doing whatever you did do with the McGinnis English prize plaque last spring."

Chester's face became wreathed in a beatific and reminiscent smile.

"You'd be like that guy in Tale of Two Cities," Mal said. "'It is a far, far better thing that I do—'"

"Sydney Carton," Chester said. "I know."

"This has never been done before," Ed Turner said tensely, "but I will personally guarantee that you will be tapped for the Hammurabi Society."

CHESTER'S suspicious laugh became a bray. "And have all you juvenile sadists paddle me till I'm dead? For a faky little gold-plated key? I don't think."

The two ambassadors' heads sank in uniform dejection. The Hammurabi plum had been designed to be irresistible. After it, there was nothing.

"Don't look so glum," Chester said. "The fact is, your problem fascinates me. Six years in this glorified reform school, six years of dodging our stalwart night watchman, Gumshoe Gus, and I bet I could go into international spying like it was child's play. And you think I could resist a caper like this, when I'm asked to cheat by the forces of righteousness themselves? How long do we have? Three hours?"

"A little less now," Mal said. "The exam's at three. It's twelve fifteen now. Almost lunch call."

"Lunch is our time, then," Chester said. His roly-poly figure, the result of a scorn for athletics and an addiction to candy and forbidden beer in his dormitory room, took on vestments of power and decision.

"McGinnis is empty at lunch—except for the switchboard girl, and she's busy. Has it ever occurred to any of you gentlemen that Phelps's classroom is directly above the auditorium? Well, the auditorium will be empty from three to four today—except for Harvey Chester, who will have made a request to use the piano for practice, and for Mouse Malloy, our authentic mathematical genius. Malloy will be sitting near me, supposedly drinking in the beauty of my music, but actually he will be doing Li'l Abner's algebra for him."

Ed and Mal gaped.

"Since I obviously have to spell things out for you," Chester said, "the examination paper will have been passed down to Malloy through a hole in the floor near Towson's chair. The hole will have been made under my supervision by the football captain and student-government tycoon, Mr. Turner here. The auditorium ceiling is no more than beams and slats, with insulation blocks tacked onto them. It is only about nine feet high—you can reach it by standing properly balanced on a pair of chair backs. I have had occasion to use the space to—uh—conceal evidence."

And suddenly Mal and Ed realized where the Thomas Babington McGinnis English prize plaque had been for five frantic hours during last commencement.

"All we have to do is remove one block," Chester continued in serene self-confidence, "in order to pass down old Towson's exam and a length of twine. Then Towson pulls the finished Malloy product up at the end of the exam. I suggest Mal alert Malloy and wise up Towson while good old Ed and I get to work." . . .

Mouse Malloy, a big-eared boy with orange hair, had made a perfect score in his College Board algebra exam as a mere Second Former. He had gone on in following years to chalk up perfect scores in College Boards for geometry (plane and solid) and trig. Mathematics was more of a way of life than a school course to Mouse. For the past year he had been taking special advanced instruction in calculus from Mr. Stonington, who was often hard put to keep abreast of his pupil. Mouse listened to Mal Stewart's pleas with attention and interest, but with worry reflected in his watery gray eyes.

"I'd be a mighty poor sport not to go along with you, Mal," he said. "I don't think helping Towson is anything like cheating, but what I can't follow is asking me to fluff some questions. I mean, you can't understand, but math is sort of beautiful; it would be really criminal to give wrong answers on purpose. I just don't know about that."

"Look," Mal reasoned for the fifth time. "You've coached Towson. You know he's from nothing at algebra. If he hands in a perfect paper, Phelps will smell a rat. Just give him enough right answers to pass, and nobody gets suspicious, see?"

"I see," Mouse said glumly, "but it's like asking *you* to throw a pass away from the receiver. You're just not conditioned to it. And I'm not conditioned to doing anything but perfect work in math. No, Mal, I can't do it." He almost wailed.

"All right, Mouse," Mal said, "if you can't do team play, you better not play at all. This is the way it has to be, just a bare passing—sixty-five or sixty-six per cent. Sorry I asked you. We'll get someone else." He turned to go, but Mouse stopped him with a sigh of surrender.

"I'll do it your way," Mouse said. "I know you're right. It's just that it's against all my principles. But I'll do it, Mal. It's for the school, and I guess that's more important than my pride. I'll be there at a quarter of three." He looked like a spinster who had just decided she had to drown a basketful of kittens.

MAL explained to Towson: "You just have to stoop down like you dropped a pencil. The floor board covering the hole in the floor will be marked with an X in pencil."

"I don't like them X's," Towson said. "That's algebra all over."

"It's just to mark the board," Mal said. "We'll see that you get an extra exam and an extra bluebook. Drop one set through the hole. The string will be tied to your chair leg. You pull it up at three fifty sharp. Mouse will have it all done by then. He'll even imitate your handwriting. You can just be scribbling in a blank book."

"Gee," said Towson, "like I was an FBI or something!"

"Exactly," Mal said, and turned to depart.

"Hey," Towson yelled, "what should I scribble?"

In McGinnis, work was in progress on the floor of Mr. Phelps's classroom.

"The trouble with you well-rounded

MAKE HIM A TDC
NEW!
ShowPak "300"
Built into its own metal case!
$54.50*
Case Included
ShowPak "300" is an ultra-portable, ultra-modern 300-watt blower-cooled projector with a 5" coated *anastigmat* lens. Has built-in slide file and easy micro-tilt. Typical TDC quality throughout! ShowPak "300" is wonderful for Christmas giving!
MARY
TDC
PROJECTORS
GIVE a TDC projector and you've set the stage for "The Greatest Slide Show on Earth," say "Super Circus" favorites Mary Hartline and Cliffie the Clown. It's so easy with TDC's exclusive SELECTRON slide changers—you need never touch a slide by hand. Make Christmas memorable with this gala gift, perfect for the entire family. It means happy home slide shows now and for years to come!
TDC Mainliner "300"—Brilliant 300-watt illumination, powerful built-in blower, 5" coated f/3.5 *anastigmat* lens. Now complete with exclusive SELECTRON-Semi-matic changer. $62.50*
TDC Streamliner "500" (2" x 2")—Efficient blower-cooled, 500-watt illumination, coated 5" f/3.5 *anastigmat* lens. Complete with SELECTRON-Semimatic Slide Changer! $84.50*
TDC Stereo Vivid Projector—Three dimension projection! Twin matched 5" f/3.5 *anastigmat* lenses focus simultaneously. Two 500-watt lamps. Accepts standard stereo slides, two-dimensional 2" x 2" slides. Priced at $175.00*
TDC Project-Or-View—Viewer and projector all in one! Big 6¾" x 6¾" viewing glass. Instantly converts to projection! Coated f/2.9 *anastigmat* lens, 150-watts. $74.50*
Deluxe Model—200-watts, blower-cooled, AC only. $84.50.*
*Federal tax included — all prices subject to change without notice.
MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!
for a FREE slide booklet written by Rus Arnold, APSA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Palmolive After-Shave Lotion

COOLS IN SECONDS...SOOTHES FOR HOURS!

REFRESHES AND INVIGORATES! Your face feels extra cool and clean the moment you use Palmolive After-Shave Lotion! Takes the sting out of the closest shave—helps prevent infection of tiny nicks and cuts.

SOOTHES FROM SHAVE TO SHAVE! Yes, and your face feels better *longer!* Because Palmolive After-Shave's soothing ingredient stays *in* and *on* your skin as long as 24 hours!

IT'S A GREAT UNDERARM DEODORANT, TOO! Palmolive After-Shave Lotion gives you the ideal combination for a man's deodorant. One: Bracing, outdoor aroma. Two: A special ingredient to destroy bacteria that cause odor. Try it yourself—tomorrow!

BIG 5-OZ. SIZE **59¢** also deluxe $1.00 SIZE all plus federal tax

types," Harvey Chester said, "is that you neglect the humbler arts. Here, give me the chisel before you gore yourself. Hammer, too."

Ed Turner handed him the tools, and Chester expertly pried up a short length of flooring.

"Very convenient that there was a short board right here," Chester said. "See, neat as you could ask."

Ed peered into the hole in the floor with mounting interest and excitement as Chester used the handle of the chisel to pound on the square of acoustic board beneath. "Tacked on any old way," Harvey said. "Some contractor must have made a mint out of this job. There."

The square fell loose. Through the hole Ed could see the first row of chairs and the stage of the auditorium. As football captain and secretary of student council, he had never felt this warm glow of forbidden stimulation.

"Here's the string," he said in an unnecessary whisper.

Chester took it, played out enough to touch the seats below, looped one end around the leg of Towson's chair and tied a firm knot. With the blade of his penknife he scraped and cleaned the sides of the rectangular hole in the floor and then replaced the board, lifting it once to make sure it could be removed easily.

"That'll do it," he said, marking a bold X on the board with a carpenter's pencil, "unless Towson finds some way of fumbling it." He stood up and brushed his hands together.

Ed Turner held out his hand. "Shake, Harvey," he said. "You know there's something, well, fascinating about the way you work. That thing I said about Hammurabi still goes, if you want it."

Harvey Chester shook the outstretched hand with some confusion.

"Well, thanks," he said. A bright blush covered his shrewd moonface. "I've got to run and sew up the auditorium for practice permission," he said, and left Turner at the door of the room.

THE members of Mr. Phelps's Third Form algebra class settled into their seats. Mr. Phelps, still inspired by his morning chat with the Drum, cleared his throat impressively to call them to attention.

"Good old biweeklies are with us again," he said. He was a friendly master. "Most of us did pretty well on the last one, and this time I suspect we may do even better. I have made this an almost elementary test. I feel that at least once a term the exam should be a general refresher of basic elements rather than a measure of our progress. I think I may fairly say that *everyone* will be able to pass the test. It will be the range in the marks *above* passing that will separate the men from the boys, as Bucky Bolton says. As a matter of fact, for this particular test, I have lowered the passing grade from sixty-five to sixty per cent. Any objections?" He tittered coyly and looked at Towson. "I'll ask Toby Bacon to pass out the test sheets and bluebooks."

Toby Bacon moved between the rows of seated students, passing out the mimeographed sheets and the ruled examination booklets, which were still called bluebooks although the school had abandoned blue covers some twenty years before.

"Hey," Towson said protestingly, when Toby carefully gave him two test sheets and an extra bluebook, and then he remembered himself.

"What was that?" Mr. Phelps asked.

"Nothing, sir," Towson said, "just think it's a pretty little test."

Mr. Phelps smiled benevolently. The room became quiet and there was only the rustle of papers and the scratching of pencils.

Towson, looking as much like Peter Lorre in a spy drama as was possible at fifteen and with a crew-cut thatch of blond hair, watched the instructor closely.

WHEN Mr. Phelps allowed his gaze to stray through an open window, Towson swept his arm across the desk arm of his chair. Papers, tests and pencils fluttered and clattered to the floor.

"Dropped something," Towson said, and he got down on his knees among them. He shuffled the papers until he found the board marked X, and after a short struggle, he lifted it. He shoved down a bluebook and a copy of the test and sheepishly regained his seat while an audible sigh of relief rose from his neighbor.

The red second hand of the electric clock on the classroom wall spun round and round. In the room there was a frantic whisper of pencil on paper. Mr. Phelps, at his desk, alternately gazed out the window and read a thick historical novel.

Towson doggedly applied himself to his bluebook, trying to draw a satisfactory portrait of his hero, Batman. From the auditorium below came the filtered melody of Debussy. . . .

"So much for Suite Bergamasque," Chester said, finishing off a cadenza with his left hand. "Now here's a little thing of Purcell's that has a mathematical charm allied to its melody. Sailor's Song from Dido and Aeneas." He returned his attention to the keyboard, singing as he played: "Come away, fellow sailors, come away, your something be something, time and tide admit not dumty-da-dum—"

Crouched in a seat in the front row near him, Mouse Malloy was chewing his pencil and applying his mighty talents to the test.

"How you doin'?" Chester asked, switching to Ravel's Pavane, and muting his touch.

"Not as easy as it looks," Malloy said uncomfortably.

"Can't think of any wrong answers?"

"Not that," Malloy said. "It's the piddling little problems that bother me. They're either so simple that I don't get them, or Phelps has some catch in the whole darn' test."

"Come, come, not this from our leading math mind," Chester said.

"It's too elementary," Malloy said. "It's even simpler than the stuff I was coaching Towson on. Seriously, I've been away from this kinda thing too long. If it was a question of constants and variables or the infinitesimal c, I'd be in clover, but this, it's like playing with jackstraws when you're not a kid any more. But I'll turn in something. All I've got to worry about is imitating that kindergarten handwriting of Towson's so it will get past Phelps."

Chester played a Gershwin medley and then went into a heavy piece of improvisation on the March of the Gladiators. Mouse sweated and figured and painstakingly printed.

"Three forty-five," Chester said, looking at the wall clock. "Got it?"

"Got it," Mouse said, with a firmness that masked obvious uncertainty. He rolled the bluebook into a tube and tied the dangling string around it.

He and Chester sat silent, watching the suspended bluebook. And then a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sliver of light appeared in the hole left by the removed insulation block. The bluebook twitched, and then was drawn upward and disappeared.

"We've done it," Chester said. He picked up the insulation block from the piano bench, climbed onto a chair and wedged it back into place. "That'll hold till next term anyway," he said. "And by then, who cares?"

THE algebra results were posted the next morning. It was something of a record-breaking test. Out of the fifteen students in Mr. Phelps's class, thirteen achieved perfect scores. One boy had been marked down for sloppiness and got only ninety-eight per cent. Towson stood at the bottom of the list, but safe, with sixty-one per cent.

The Hammond game became history. It is written in the record books in the Shrewsbury gym how Towson Sherman made the first score with a thirty-yard run on an intercepted pass, and how, in the last quarter, when Hammond had fought back to a 21-20 lead, Towson Sherman again made local history. He took the ball from Ed Turner, who had faded back to pass and had been surrounded by Hammond men. He ran, almost without interference, the length of the field for the winning TD. And the Tri-State Trophy, permanently and securely in Shrewsbury's possession, is the ranking exhibit in the gleaming display in Bucky Bolton's office.

The locker room after the game was a shambles. There were athletes, congratulatory alumni and students; shower steam, sweat and victorious laughter. Ed Turner, Mal Stewart and Towson Sherman shared honors on a bench in front of their lockers, with Towson blinking happily through the impassioned praise.

"Shucks," Towson told a group of prominent alumni, "I was just lucky. It was Mal and Ed that bored the blunt of the attack."

As the throngs left, the three great men had their corner to themselves. "I'm mighty obliged, boys," Towson said. "If I'd had to do that old test myself, I guess I never would have got on the ball field."

"You ought to thank Harve Chester," Ed said.

"And Mouse," Mal said. "Extra smart not to make old Towson look too good. Made Mouse feel bad to do it, but sixty-one was just right."

"What I don't get," Ed Turner said, "is how he could guess that the passing grade would be dropped." He scratched his head.

"That old Mouse is just cyclic about math, I guess," Towson said.

AFTER the game, the Drum and Mr. Phelps walked back from the field together.

"I shouldn't ask," the Drum said. "But what about Towson? Did you?"

"I had to," Mr. Phelps said, shaking his head. "But it seems everyone thinks he passed legitimately, as if by a superhuman effort.

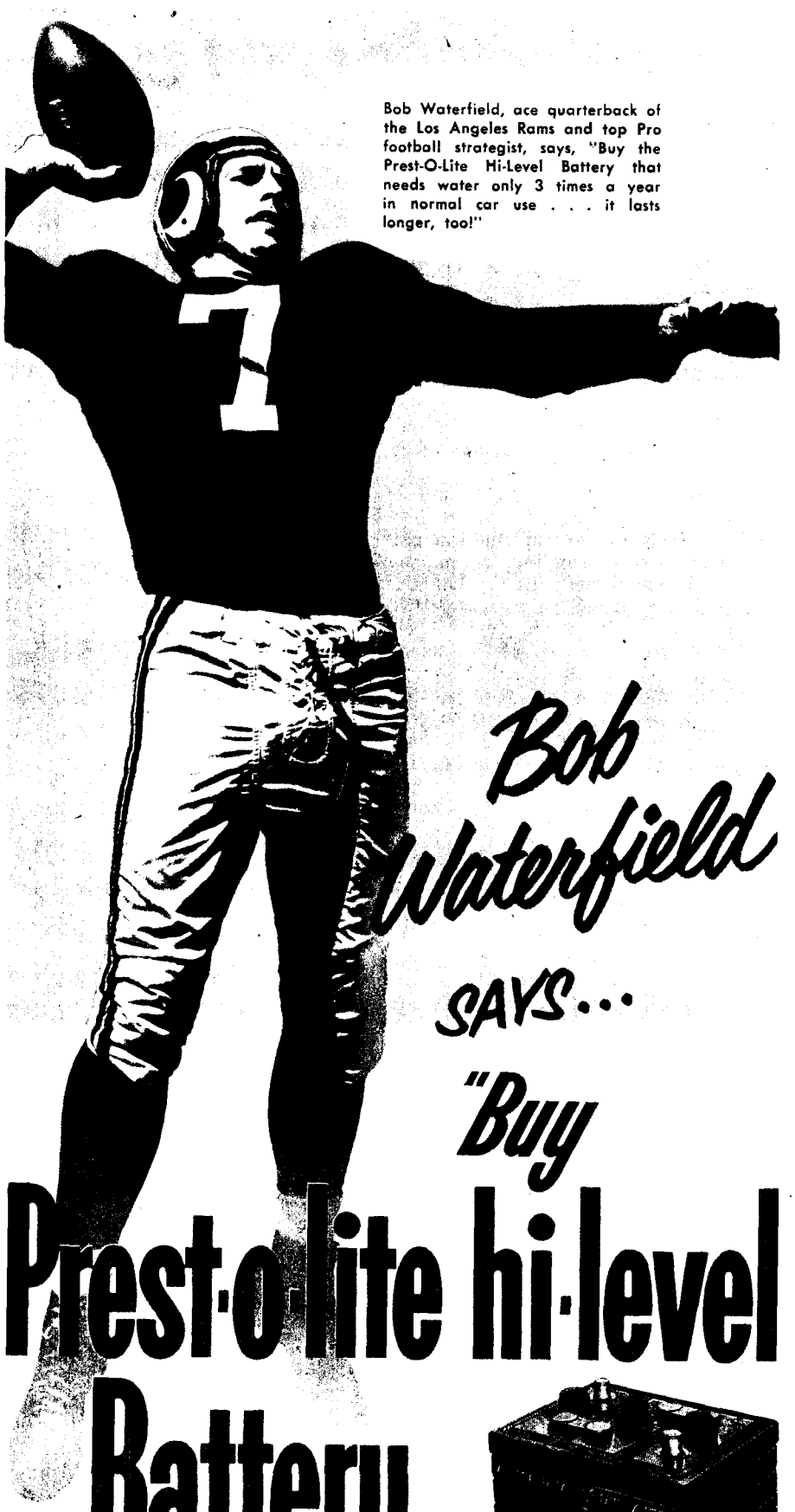
"Actually, it was his worst test paper yet. It couldn't have been worse if he hadn't been in class all term. But it obviously meant so much to him. He was terribly rattled in class during the exam. He kept dropping things and looking off into space. I didn't have the heart—I was watching him all the time—just routine monitoring—and he sat there in literal agony. But in spite of the suffering, the quality of the material he handed in"—Mr. Phelps gave one of his best professional sniffs—"was uniquely his own. So I passed him, we won the game, and life can go back to normal."

"I'll speak to Bucky about giving *you* a letter," the Drum said. "We won, didn't we? We won." ▲▲▲

BUTCH

"Yeah? Gee whiz, how much would that be at 2½ percent compounded semiannually?"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS


Bob Waterfield, ace quarterback of the Los Angeles Rams and top Pro football strategist, says, "Buy the Prest-O-Lite Hi-Level Battery that needs water only 3 times a year in normal car use . . . it lasts longer, too!"
Bob Waterfield
SAYS...
"Buy
Prest-o-lite hi-level
Battery
needs water
only 3 times a year
IN NORMAL CAR USE
... LASTS LONGER, TOO!"
Prest-O-Lite Battery Company, Inc., Toledo 1, Ohio
SEE YOUR PREST-O-LITE DEALER FOR FREE PRO FOOTBALL SCHEDULES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Soviets and the Bobby

When two little American girls got lost in the Berlin woods, the Russians gobbled them up. They were total wrecks by the time it was over—the Reds, not the girls

By JOSEPH WECHSBERG

Held as dangerous spies by the Russians, Katie and Diana weren't too scared to get in a few good digs

Berlin

A GROUP of dead-serious Russian army officers in the Soviet sector of Berlin may still be convinced that what happened there last spring is part of an American plot to undermine them, their regime and the entire Communist world. The central figures in the affair were two pretty fifteen-year-old bobby-soxers as American as a couple of banana splits. I'll have to call them simply Katie and Diana for reasons which are, in these years of the Cold War, all too obvious. The Russians never found out the real names of the youngsters. They tried, but the girls —being well trained in the manners, mores and precautions of characters in trouble in American movies—simply gave the men who grilled them a bum steer.

The trouble started on the afternoon of May 10th. Katie and Diana, daughters of U.S. government employees in Berlin, went off on their bicycles through the city's suburban area with its inviting lakes, playgrounds, streams and woods. It was a perfect day for cycling. Motor traffic was heavy and the girls left the highway to ride off into the beautiful woods.

There are 104 miles of street boundaries between West Berlin and the Soviet sector; and hundreds of boundary miles between West Berlin and the Soviet zone, many going through lakes and woods. It's impossible to mark them all. No one stopped the girls as they pedaled merrily through the woods. Suddenly they were at the edge of the forest. A large stone building with Red flags stood before them. The entrance was flanked by large stones showing the hammer-and-sickle emblem.

"The first thing I thought of," Katie says, "was that we didn't have our identification cards with us. I said to Diana, 'We've got to get out fast.' We turned around. Too late."

A young member of the East German *Volkspolizei* (People's Police—called *Vopos*) stopped them. "What are you doing here?"

"Isn't this the way home?" Diana said, smiling sweetly. Diana is cute and blonde. She considers men, by and large, "terribly interesting" and someday hopes to resemble Lana Turner. Meanwhile, she likes to experiment with new hairdos and shades of nail polish.

"So long," Katie said. Katie is dark and serious, and grown-up beyond her age. She considers Diana the "emotional type" and herself the "rational type."

"Get off! Stop!" shouted the Vopo. Immediately the place was full of Vopos.

"We got scared," Katie says. "First thing, they let the air out of our tires. Imagine! As though we had a chance of getting away, with all those Vopos around us!"

They were taken into a room with a large desk, several chairs and a picture of Stalin smiling at them. A uniformed, unkempt Vopo woman, carrying a gun, came in and started to question the girls.

"I told her I was born in Kingston, New York," says Katie. "She was quite rude. Wanted to know whether we had any boy friends. 'Sure,' we said. German or American? 'Plenty of both,' Diana said, giggling. Who were the German ones? Sorry, we said, we didn't know their names. 'You don't?' she said with a sneer. Diana gave her a sweet smile and said, 'We don't care about their names as long as they look good,' and started to comb her hair. The woman got very angry. She asked us whether we had known we were crossing into the East zone. I said, 'Do you believe anybody would come here if he knew where he was going?' "

* * *

A husky Soviet captain with high cheekbones and Mongol features came in. Diana thought he was "interesting in a morbid sort of way, a Kalmuck or Tartar." The Vopos saluted, but the captain hardly noticed them. He seemed bewildered by the girls' appearance. Diana wore blue jeans, a sport shirt and blue jacket. Katie had on tan slacks, an open shirt and a sweater. The captain asked the Vopos a few questions, in Russian. He looked grim. Everybody looked grim, except Diana who said, "May we leave now? It's time for us to go home, you know."

The captain muttered, *"Si mit mir kommen, Marsch!"*

Outside was a Soviet jeep with three armed, unshaven Soviet soldiers. The girls were told to sit in the rear, flanked by Red soldiers with tommy guns. The Kalmuck captain sat next to the driver. Diana wanted to know where they were going.

"To Moscow," the captain said, and laughed. The soldiers grinned.

"Very funny," Katie said to Diana.

The captain turned around. He wasn't amused. "You spies," he said in broken German. "Most dangerous Western spies in Germany!" He jabbed his finger against Katie's chest. "You two—shot!"

"Ha!" said Diana. "Meet Russia's Milton Berle."

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soxers

"Who?" said the captain suspiciously.

"You wouldn't know him," Diana answered.

The captain said nothing more until they came to a local Kommandatura. There were Red flags, sentries, Soviet inscriptions. The captain's office was furnished with a large desk, a picture of Stalin and a large map of the world covering one wall.

* * *

The girls stepped to the map, trying to locate Kingston, New York, and Diana's birthplace in Virginia. The captain joined them.

"Here Berlin," he said, and drew a line with his finger. "Why you Americans come all the way here from New York?"

Diana nodded gravely. "Here Moscow," she said, drawing a long line to Berlin. "And what made *you* come here all the way from Russia?"

"That silenced him all right," Katie recalls.

"He sat down and wrote out two long paragraphs on a piece of paper. We kept talking and laughing. Fortunately, we didn't know then what he was writing."

The captain left. The door was locked. In the adjoining room, an argument was carried on, in Russian. Telephones rang. Evidently their fate was now being decided. At six o'clock, the captain came in.

"You hungry?" he asked. "Want food?"

The girls were very hungry but they refused. "It's a trick to drug us," Diana whispered to Katie. "They always drug their prisoners."

Katie agreed. "Maybe the food is poisoned," Diana shuddered.

The girls were getting impatient. They'd promised to be back home at five. Diana began to worry what her parents would think. Several Russian officers came in to look at them as if they were exotic animals. After another hour, the girls were taken out into the courtyard and put in an open Soviet army truck. They sat next to each other. On each side sat a soldier with a tommy gun across his knees.

"The driver was a nice kid," Katie remembers. "He smiled at us as he helped us up. Maybe he was sorry for us. Our deflated bikes were hoisted up and then we left. Gee! That kid must have gone at least 90 miles an hour. We held on to each other, trying not to fall off. The wind cut into our faces, and the truck bounced up and down. We screamed at the driver to slow down, but the soldiers told him to go faster, so he went faster."

Signs saying Berlin whizzed by, pointing in the opposite direction.

"At this speed," Diana shouted in Katie's ear, "we'll be in Moscow for breakfast."

It was getting dark. The girls were pretty scared now but didn't want to show fear in front of the Russian soldiers, who watched them closely.

"We laughed and sneered at them," Katie says. "The Russians got quite annoyed. The angrier they were, the more fun we had. Until I got something in my eye and I had to cry. The Russians laughed. That made me so mad I began to cry in earnest."

The truck drove through an entrance in a barbed-wire fence and

The captain in charge of the Red party said they were headed for Moscow. Diana told him Milton Berle's comedy was funnier

New! **COLGATE Chlorophyll Toothpaste DESTROYS BAD BREATH**

Originating in the Mouth.

Here is the magic power of chlorophyll to destroy bad breath originating in the mouth! Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste in most cases acts *quickly* . . . acts *thoroughly* . . . and the purifying action *lasts for hours!* Keeps your breath sweet and fresh *longer!*

Now! The Full Benefits of a Chlorophyll*Toothpaste in a New, Exclusive Colgate Formula!

Now Colgate brings you wonder-working chlorophyll in the finest chlorophyll toothpaste that 146 years of experience can create . . . Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste!

How Colgate Makes Chlorophyll Work For You!

Nature herself makes chlorophyll and puts it in all green plants to enable them to live and grow. But science must break down this natural chlorophyll into a usable, effective form (*water-soluble chlorophyllins*) — before it can help you against bad breath, tooth decay, common gum disorders.

That's why Colgate's experience and skill in creating an exclusive formula is important to you. In new Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste you get the benefits of these water-soluble chlorophyllins in a safe, pleasant form!

For *real help* against bad breath originating in the mouth . . . common gum disorders . . . tooth decay . . . use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste after eating. It's the *finest chlorophyll toothpaste* the world's largest maker of quality dentifrices can produce!

COLGATE'S GUARANTEE:

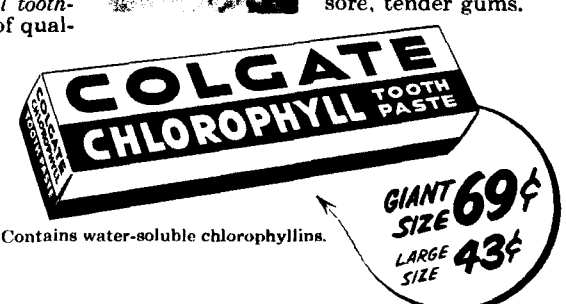
Try Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste for one week. If you're not satisfied that it's the most effective, pleasantest chlorophyll toothpaste you've ever tried, send back the tube and Colgate will give you *double your money back, plus postage!* Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, 105 Hudson Street, Jersey City 2, N. J.

Fights Tooth Decay!

Every time you use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste—especially right after eating—you act against the destructive acids that are a cause of tooth decay . . . actually help retard their formation!

Checks Common Gum Disorders!

Tests show chlorophyll promotes healthy gum tissues. Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste brings you the effective benefits of chlorophyll to help you care for sore, tender gums.



*Contains water-soluble chlorophyllins.

Tested And Guaranteed by COLGATE!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Delta POWER-KING

12-VOLT ELECTRIC LANTERN

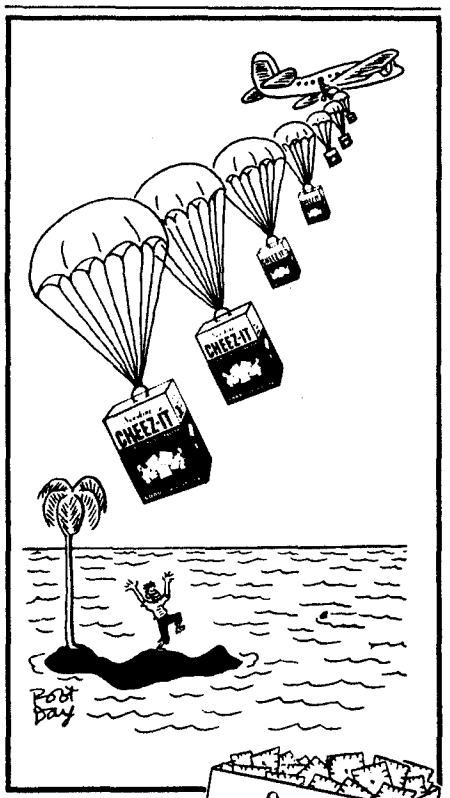
SHOOTS LIGHT 1/4 MILE! Just the gift for Dad, Brother, Grandpa, Uncle. You'll want one for yourself, too. There's nothing like the brand new 12-volt Delta POWER-KING electric lantern for powerful light at night. Compact (9½" x 4½" x 9" high)—easy to carry. A dandy for looks—sparkling adjustable head, rich two-tone grey body. Uses 2 long-life 6-volt lantern batteries . . . See your hardware, sport or electrical supply dealer.

BUDDY Pocket Size. Luminous switch. Less 2 st'd 1¼" batteries . $1.89

POWERlite 2-lite, 6-volt electric lantern. Less 6-V battery $4.95

Delta ELECTRIC COMPANY Marion, Ind.

ORIGINATORS AND WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCERS OF ELECTRIC LANTERNS AND BICYCLE EQUIPMENT



GOOD any old time!

America's largest selling cheese cracker! Sunshine Biscuits, Inc.

stopped in a compound swarming with Russian soldiers. Diana ventured the opinion that they were "almost in Russia." Actually they were in Karlshorst, a suburb 11 kilometers out of town, headquarters of General Vassily Ivanovich Chuikov, the Soviet High Commissioner.

They were led into a dimly lit, dirty room with wooden floors, a large desk, Stalin on the wall, and a green leather sofa with worn-out seats. It was a depressing sight and the girls lost heart. They were separated and Katie was escorted by three soldiers with tommy guns through long, dark corridors.

* * *

She was terrified. "All the horror stories about what the Russians may do to you flashed through my mind. Berlin is always full of those stories. They took me to an office where a Russian colonel and a woman interpreter sat behind a desk. The woman spoke good English. They asked me *everything.*

"Was I, or had I ever been, a member of any party? What did we learn in school? Did I like America? Had I ever lived in Germany before? Had my parents lived here? My grandparents? What was my father doing? I said, he's working for the U.S. government. That made them sit up straight. Did he handle secret documents? Sure, I said, he's a big man. The colonel and the woman exchanged significant glances. 'Do you know about your father's secret documents?' the colonel asked, staring at me tensely. I asked him, 'Do your children know about *your* secret documents?' He got red in the face and dropped the question. Then he asked, 'Why don't you live in East Berlin?'

"I said, I'd rather drop dead than live there. 'So,' the colonel said, 'and why?' Americans don't like that way of life, I said. And so on and on and on."

Katie was taken back to Diana who had been questioned, too, and was crying for her mother. Katie told her to snap out of it. "They'll think we're really guilty of something," she said. "Fix your face!" Diana fixed her face and felt better right away.

Groups of Russian officers came in, stared at the girls and went out again.

"It was like Grand Central Station," Katie says. "Everybody came to look at us. They must have had conducted tours. Diana *loved* it. Then there was a commotion and a bald, tubby man with gold epaulets came in, followed by his aides. A general. He pretended not to see us, but every time we turned our heads he stared at us—almost with respect, you'd say."

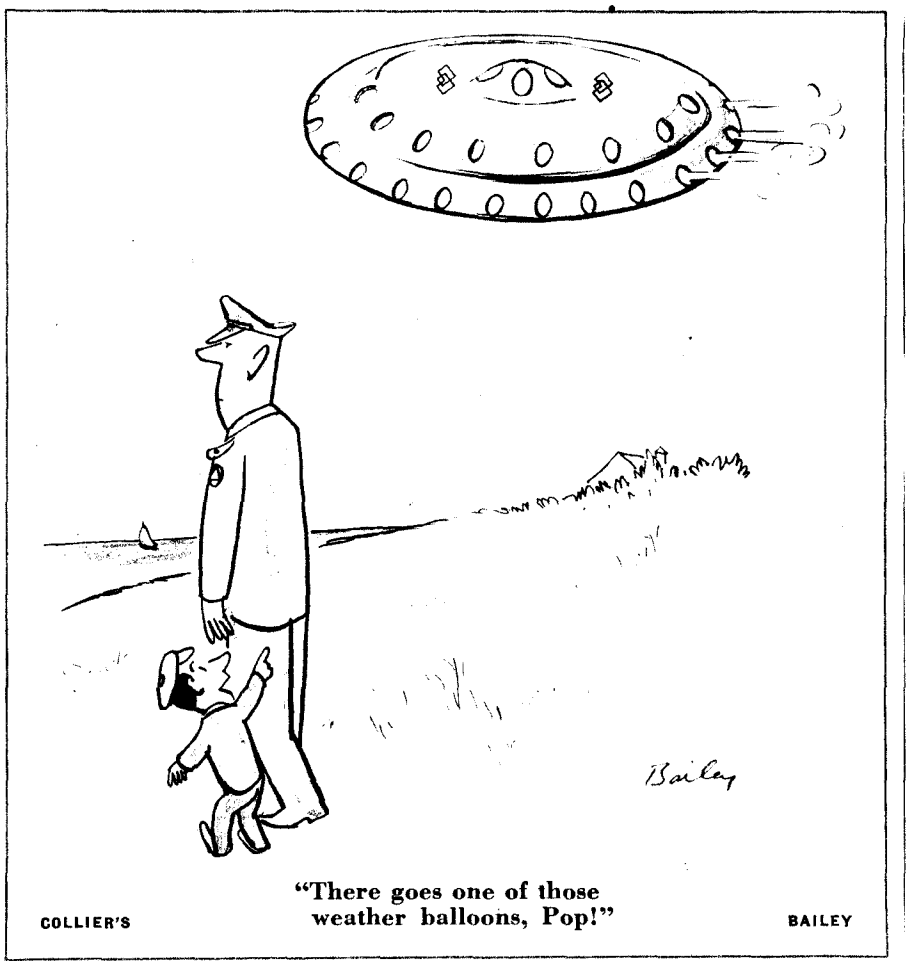
Katie was right. The girls in their preposterous attire looked so much unlike the conventional Russian idea of women spies that the Russian officers, with their peculiar, distorted sense of reasoning, concluded that the girls were not only spies but an extremely dangerous species thereof. The Russians are great cataloguers. They like to have things neatly labeled. Naturally, the two American teen-agers had them at a loss.

Diana, her morale boosted by the presence of so many men, all of them "terribly interesting," started to wield her lipstick generously. The general and his staff watched in fascination.

"Then a Soviet woman officer came in," Katie says. "She was *something!* Had black shoes with high heels, make-up of sorts and smelled of a terrible perfume. She went to the window, fixed her hair and gave the general a smile. So Diana began to fix *her* hair. Naturally, the general had eyes only for Diana. The Russian woman got mad and strode out. It was *divine!*"

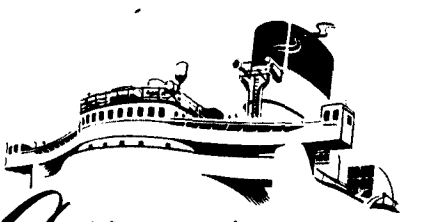
The general gave an order, and the girls were asked whether they wanted dinner. By that time they were so hungry they would have eaten anything labeled poison. The general barked at the officers, who left with obvious regret. After a while two soldiers brought in trays with food: beef stew—mostly gravy, noodles, dark bread and butter, and the hot water which the Russians call tea.

After dinner, the room was locked and guarded by a sentry. No more men,



"There goes one of those weather balloons, Pop!"

COLLIER'S — BAILEY



Getting there **is half the *fun!***

Sparkling with gaiety, a Cunard crossing to Europe or a Cunard cruise to fascinating climes is also a gourmet's delight. Your cuisine—the world's finest foods superbly prepared by internationally-famous chefs!

See Your Local Travel Agent

CUNARD

BURNING TOO MUCH OIL?

Cut oil use sharply! restore power! save gas! One treatment adjusts piston-to-cylinder clearance, prevents further wear for up to 10,000 miles. With genuine HOLT'S available (for 16 years guaranteed unconditionally safe in finest engines) no car is old enough to smoke! One $4.95 tube services most engines (Canada, slightly higher). Your garage or service station sells and installs —

HOLT'S Piston Seal

Fanwood, New Jersey

In Canada: Treglown, Ltd., 1366 Greene Ave., Montreal 6

MUFFLER TROUBLE?

No muffler is installed right — no muffler is repaired right—unless it's locked tight with HOLT'S "GUN GUM" Muffler Seal. HOLT'S ends noisy, leaking, driver-killing mufflers! $1.69 container services several mufflers, tail pipes, etc. quickly and surely (Canada, slightly higher). Your garage or service station sells and installs —

HOLT'S Gun Gum MUFFLER SEAL

Fanwood, New Jersey

In Canada: Treglown, Ltd., 1366 Greene Ave., Montreal 6

Smart Secretaries Insist on SURE RITE

Film Stencils with the SEAL TABS

AMERICAN STENCIL MFG. CO. 2714 Walnut St. Denver, Colo.

Get aboard the Gravy Boat

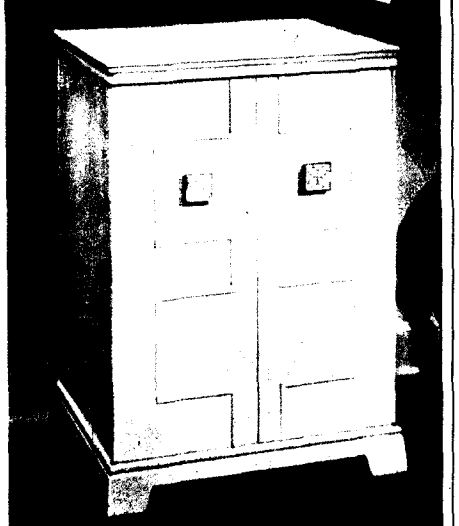
GRAVY MASTER sign of good gravy

TOOTHACHE?

For Quick Relief Ask your Druggist for **DENT'S** TOOTH GUM TOOTH DROPS POULTICE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Unequalled
THE INCOMPARABLE
Capehart
TELEVISION
R.S.V.P.



New Reserve Supply Video Power chassis for brighter, clearer images . . . world-famous Symphonic-Tone . . . Crystal-Clear picture . . . ready for UHF now!

Learn here the TRUTH about
PSORIASIS
IS IT A SKIN DISEASE OR INTERNAL?

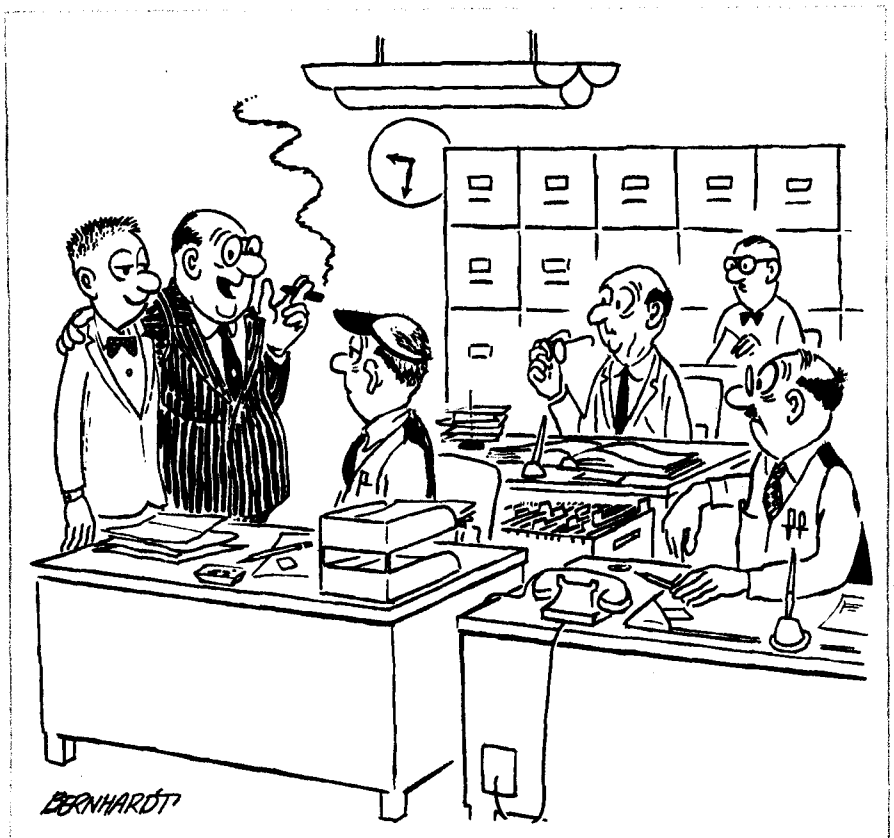
For several years a number of physicians have had amazing success in relieving the itching and disfiguring scaly skin of Psoriasis with LIPAN—a new medical wonder taken *internally*. LIPAN (registered U. S. Patent Office) is a combination of glandular substances that work internally. Clinical results show LIPAN successful in over 90% of the cases. Even stubborn lesions are alleviated to a degree almost beyond belief. ***Absolutely harmless!*** Ask your druggist for LIPAN, or write direct for free booklet. Or send for month's supply (180 tablets), enclosing check or money order for $8.50.

SPIRT & COMPANY, Dept. CO, Waterbury, Conn.

RELIEVES PAIN OF
HEADACHE · NEURALGIA
NEURITIS
FAST

The way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend

Anacin® relieves headache, neuralgia, neuritis pain fast because Anacin is like a doctor's prescription—that is, Anacin contains not just one, but a combination of medically proven, active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. Thousands have been introduced to Anacin through their own dentist or physicians. If you have never used Anacin, try these tablets yourself for incredibly fast, long-lasting relief from pain. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.



COLLIER'S **"I want my son to start at the bottom, so I'm putting him in charge of this department"** GLENN R. BERNHARDT

interesting or otherwise, came in. Diana got bored and suggested that they make an investigation of their own. The girls opened all the desk drawers, but the search netted only a few sheets of white paper and what seemed to be a crude drawing of the Soviet sector of Berlin. They tore it apart, each keeping one half of it as a souvenir, so they would have something to show for their expedition. They made up limericks about the Russians, and drew gory pictures of skeletons wearing gold epaulets hanging from the gallows. Then they opened the window and looked out. In the courtyard Russian soldiers were marching in formation and singing.

The sentry came in and pointed his gun at the window. The girls hastily closed the window.

* * *

At nine, the woman interpreter came in and said they would be sent home "in ten minutes." The girls' spirits rose momentarily. At ten o'clock they were still locked up. As the minutes went by, they became certain that the woman had tricked them. Diana started to cry. Half past ten. Eleven. They wondered darkly what was going to happen to them, Moscow, the captain had said. Siberia, perhaps. Katie was quite sure now that she would never see her parents again.

By that time, the girls' frantic parents had called the military police and every police station in West Berlin. They checked with hospitals and all boathouses in the area of their homes. "We were terrified the girls might have been drowned," the father of one of the girls told me later. "We made plans to have the lake searched—and we thought of the Russians."

Soviet red tape is heavy and their routine slow. The Russians often pretend to know nothing about an American whom they've been holding for days. It may take from several hours to several weeks to find out his whereabouts. Almost all information comes from Western-minded inhabitants of Eastern Germany. People in East Berlin can no longer telephone to West Berlin, but East Berliners often cross sectoral boundaries and report their findings to the nearest West Berlin police station, although at considerable personal risk.

In fact, the first news about the disappearance of Katie and Diana came from an anonymous East Berlin woman who called the American military police at 9:00 P.M. She had seen two "American-looking" girls on a Soviet army truck.

The rest was routine. The Central Kommandatura was contacted. After some stalling, the Russians admitted they were holding two girls in custody. At midnight, an American liaison officer went to Karlshorst to fetch them.

Katie and Diana were taken into a hall where several high-ranking Soviet officers sat solemnly under a particularly large likeness of Stalin.

"They looked like military judges about to pronounce the death sentence," Katie says. "We were both shaking."

An officer read the indictment. Katie recognized the paper that had been written by the "interesting" Kalmuck captain. The girls listened, aghast.

". . . entered the Soviet zone of Germany without proper authorization . . . approached Soviet military installations with the intent of spying and investigating . . . evidence furnished by members of the People's Police . . ."

"Scrawl your name here," the American liaison officer whispered to the girls.

"We didn't spy," Diana said.

"I won't sign a confession," Katie insisted.

"You want to go home, don't you?" he said. "Come on, sign. You've caused enough worry to your families."

So the girls signed.

"An officer brought our bicycles," Katie says. "The tires were pumped up again. As if nothing had happened. Then we got into an American sedan, and I knew the nightmare was over. Diana smiled sweetly at the Soviet officers but they didn't smile back at her."

It takes a long time for a Russian in Germany to smile. Laughter is not in their rulebooks. Neither is a definition of the American bobby-soxer. ▲▲▲

The Champagne with Blushing Beauty

Brilliant . . . sparkling . . . ruby red with the blush of the vine . . . Taylor's New York State Sparkling Burgundy is a true *Champagne Rouge*. Its sparkle is brought to life in each bottle—in Champagne's traditional way. When dinner calls for a celebration—but *not* too much cost—ask for Taylor's Sparkling Burgundy, wherever fine wines are served or sold.

TAYLOR'S
NEW YORK STATE
Wines and Champagnes

From the famous cellars of
The Taylor Wine Co., Hammondsport, New York
Vineyardists & Producers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Church Art in Haiti

Untrained artists

Reminiscent of a Haitian farmer, St. Joseph pauses on "Flight into Egypt" in part of Toussaint Auguste's mural in Episcopal Cathedral of Port-au-Prin

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aiti produce notable murals by mixing folklore with faith in the Bible

By DOROTHY ADLOW

A PRIMITIVE painter is an artist who has had little, if any, schooling in art. Rules of color, perspective and other sophisticated notions are unknown to him. Like a carpenter, or cobbler, he is simply a worker. Whether he is in New England or Paris or Africa, his pictures take shape from his personal experience and from the common experiences of his community. They are painted with materials that are cheap and within easy reach. A primitive artist, like a child interested only in enjoying himself, will paint a picture wherever there is space—on a pot or a gourd, on wrapping paper or stone; he will adorn his home with painting—on the door, wall or floor. In this country, Grandma Moses is the most popular contemporary primitive. In other lands, there are similar homebred painters—as resourceful, as quaint and as unaffected.

Less than 10 years ago, there was a revival of native art in Haiti. It was fostered by DeWitt Peters, an English teacher who was sent to Haiti by the United States Department of Education on a Good Neighbor mission. He organized an exhibition of local primitive art. Pictures by the Haitian painters portrayed folk life, historic episodes, scenes of social revolution and local practices such as voodoo rites and black magic. Sophisticated art fanciers from the U.S. who saw the exhibition found something to relish in Haitian painting. They were impressed with the directness, the buoyancy and the peculiar fitness of native pictorial technique to the ideas artists were trying to express.

Primitive artists the world over use their picture language to tell stories about gods, saints and devils. They describe their home life, festivals, weddings, funerals and processions. They paint what they love —and what they fear. They use pictures as protective magic against disaster and unseen forces of evil. With an innocent lack of logic and without pretense or posturing, they mix fact and fiction, dream life and the waking world, the sacred and the profane.

Parisian artists were fascinated by primitive art nearly half a century ago. They envied the fresh outlook of the "innocent eye." Tribal artists living in remote places seemed to be expert performers in the "modern" style. School-bred painters struggled to attain the broad statement, the simplicity of pattern and the apt emphasis on significant details which characterize primitive art. Even the awkwardness and inconsistency were invigorating elements of style. Besides, primitive color was exciting, decorative, dynamic. Deliberately, professionals threw away their art-school knowledge, and imitated the unspoiled manner of expression. But while primitivism is a "style" among trained artists, it is always spontaneous and natural for the untrained. At the moment, some of the more interesting primitives in the Americas are working on the island of Haiti.

The untrained painters of Haiti were invited a few years ago by the Episcopal bishop to decorate the walls of the cathedral in Port-au-Prince. They rose to the demands of this communal enterprise. Some of the native artists had a natural grasp of the special problems of mural painting; spontaneously they made the transition to the requirements of a magnified and monumental presentation. Others painted on the church walls with the diminutiveness and delicacy of easel pictures, or with the sentimentality of Christmas cards.

In these religious paintings, Christian teaching and tribal ritual merge. Though the mural subjects illustrate Biblical texts, they are often informal and interspersed with domestic imagery and folklore. The "Baptism of Christ" takes place in a Haitian stream where a woman is doing her wash. A guest at the "Wedding at Cana" is relaxing in a native rocking chair as musicians perform with savage passion on tribal instruments. The "Ascension" occurs over the rooftops of a modern local street, where unconcerned youngsters are playing a game of ball. Native landscapes, local trees, plants, flowers and fruits are incorporated in the Biblical scenes.

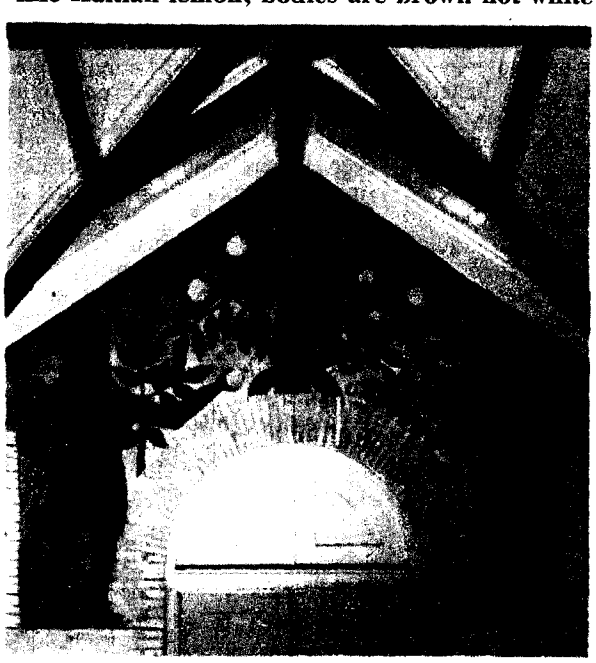
The squat, crudely drawn forms of Adam and Eve in the painting of the "Temptation" have a straightforward appeal and may for many viewers hold more interest than the smooth, perfect anatomy in pictures done by a student of the *beaux-arts*. The essentials of incisive portraiture are combined in Joseph of the "Flight into Egypt"; and the "Temptation of Christ" is illustrated in a striking and decorative manner which contrasts with the complicated paraphernalia with which Renaissance artists represented that scene.

It is a question whether primitive art will retain its vigor, or even survive, under the searchlight now playing upon it. For winds of influence are blowing across the primitive frontier, and the art world is shrinking in size. The native artist is yielding to the suggestions of outsiders. Can a naïve and innocent style continue under the scrutiny of reporters, critics, psychologists and art dealers? Whatever the answer may be, Haiti, at least, is still thriving in its artistic blossoming. ▲▲▲

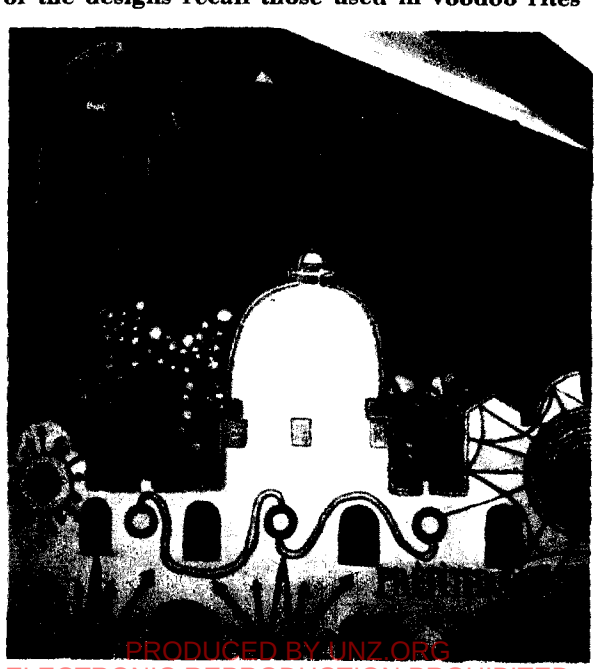
Christ performs His first miracle in Haitian setting in these details from Wilson Bigaud's representation of "Wedding at Cana" (above and below). With an innocent disregard for facts, painter has put Galilee in West Indies

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BYRON CORONEOS

In Auguste's "Adam and Eve," forbidden fruit is like Haitian lemon; bodies are brown not white



In Préfèt DuFaut's "Temptation of Christ" some of the designs recall those used in voodoo rites



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUR BOARDING HOUSE
EGAD! I'M LETTING YOU HAVE THIS BACK-SCRATCHER THAT BELONGED TO THE GOLDEN KHAN OF OOMGOLIA FOR FIVE DOLLARS!
BIG HEARTED! HE HASN'T BEEN ABLE TO REACH HIS BACK IN 20 YEARS!
HE WON'T NEED IT WITH NO-ITCH DUOFOLD!
NO WOOL ITCH WITH
Duofold
2-Layer
HEALTH UNDERWEAR
AIR SPACE INSULATES AGAINST COLD
TINY INTERLOCKING STITCHES
COTTON INNER LAYER FOR COMFORT
WOOL IN OUTER LAYER FOR WARMTH

Underwear *itch*? Switch to Duofold, the modern two-layer underwear that's *light* as you like it, *warm* as you want it—outdoors or indoors. It *can't* itch—because all the wool is in the outer layer—nothing but soft cotton next to your skin. Shrink resistant, too—launders easily. In union suits, shirts and "longies," all popular models and weights for the whole family . . . ski wear in Sun Valley Red. At better stores everywhere. **Duofold Inc., Mohawk, New York.**

Children's Coughs

Ease, loosen coughs due to colds with pleasant-tasting Piso's. There's nothing safer and more reliable for young and old. Always depend on

PISO'S

DETOUR PROBLEMS SOLVED WITH A HULL AUTO COMPASS

Winding detours can't mix you up. Too, you can often check your roadmap and take a shorter route without fear of getting lost. A Hull gives the answer for any situation. Write for local dealer's name, free literature.

HULL MFG. CO.
P.O. Box 246-Z-11, Warren, O.

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION COOK BOOK

". . . contains everything—with so many pictures you couldn't possibly go wrong."
—Boston Post

NEVER before has a cook book furnished so complete an answer to every cooking problem. Here are thoroughly tested recipes for every taste—standard American fare, and hundreds of new and different dishes. New and practical chapters tell you all about preparing foods for home freezing, pressure cooking (with time charts), feeding children, weight control, and much more.

2,600 Recipes . . .
. . . . every one thoroughly tested by the Woman's Home Companion Home Service Center!
. . . . Everything you must know to become an expert cook and smart hostess—to win high praise from family and friends!
. . . . New cooking and shopping hints to help you beat today's high cost of living!
. . . . 1,068 pages; 128 pictures show steps in food preparation; extensive index; washable fabrikoid binding!
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
COOK BOOK
COLLIER

Collier's—Cook Book Dept. C-42
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

Please send the Woman's Home Companion COOK BOOK to me postage prepaid ON APPROVAL. I enclose $3.95 in full payment with the understanding that if I am not completely satisfied I may return the book at the end of 10 days' examination and my money will be promptly returned.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

1,000,000 WOMEN CAN'T BE WRONG so order your copy today—use coupon or see your local book dealer.

I've Been Here

Without so much as a hand signal, three dames pu

The poor male on a shopping trip is a pretty sad spectacle unless he stands on his toes and yells

By GURNEY WILLIAMS

YOU know that bald-headed specimen you see standing around in stores waiting for a clerk to ask him what he wants? Guess who it is. Guess also who usually buys the wrong item when he *does* get waited on. That's right.

Some people are natural shoppers. My wife, for one. She's getting to the point, however, where she won't trust me with a grocery-store chore any farther than she could throw a soggy mattress up a steep stairway. "If the tomatoes are too soft, don't buy them," Lois admonishes me, as I trudge off to the food shop with a list at least $18.37 long. Now what do I know about tomatoes—assuming anybody will bother to sell me any before closing time? If they could incorporate a timing device inside a tomato that would go Bong when the fruit is at the peak of perfection, all I'd have to do would be stand around and listen for Bongs. I stand around anyway. But no; I always buy tomatoes that are too green, or feature more splits than a ballet, or have the consistency of mush.

Meat counters are murder for me. While I'm waiting for a slight nod of recognition from the man, three dames will pull in ahead of me without so much as a hand signal, argue about price, cut and quality, then sail away with enough stuff to clog my home freezer for a month. By the time I've acquired exactly what Lois wrote down on the list (loin lamb chops), the butcher is putting things away for the night, and I am bracing myself for my wife's reaction to my transaction. Roughly, she will regard these chops with the same degree of fascinated horror she exhibits when our dog trots home with treasures she's retrieved from trash cans that have been left out in the rain.

Department stores and I do not get along. I will step out of an elevator at the seventh floor (Bedding, Bedroom Furniture, Rugs) and face an orderly sea of bedding, bedroom furniture and rugs. My purpose is to buy a 36-inch white cotton mat, as advertised in yesterday's paper. All seems well. Every customer is being solicitously served by a salesperson, and there's the sort of hush that you find in a library.

Dowagers' Social Error

And then the thought strikes me that since I am surrounded by beds, bureaus and flossy dressing tables, I should remove my hat. I no sooner do this than a dozen dowagers in fur coats appear from nowhere and inquire of me, my good man, where to find bath towels. My impulse is to suggest they try the bathroom or linen closet, or to say that I'm sorry but I'm a straggler here myself. However, I merely put my hat back on, smile apologetically and wish I *were* a floorwalker so I could get even with dowagers in fur coats.

But from then on I'm lost. Other people will buy Persian rugs and complete furnishings for twelve-room houses before anyone asks me what I want. And by that time, the mat I came for will have been sold out.

One Christmas shopping shambles burns in my memory. Although I had the wife's Christmas list (mink stole, platinum bracelet, diamond

ILLUSTRATED BY VIRGIL PARTCH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'or an Hour!

ıhead of me and go away with a freezerful of food

clip) with me as I entered The Emporium, I decided a new dust bag for the vacuum cleaner would be quite a surprise for her. I got off the escalator at the wrong floor, of course, and found myself in the middle of three acres of women's apparel. In my confusion I bumped into a redheaded evening-dressed mannequin, and she toppled over. As her head fell off and rolled along an aisleful of screaming women (two of whom fainted), I strode hastily for the nearest Exit sign, hurried shakily down four flights of iron steps, and hid in a bar next door. The Emporium hasn't seen me since.

You'd think I could hold my own in a men's shop. Is that so? Just let me walk into a haberdashery and ask for a white shirt, size 14 with 33-inch sleeves, that's all. While a clerk is searching for it, five women and two men will come in and depart with dozens of shirts, shorts, socks and suspenders. My man will then yell at Sammy and ask him if there are any more size-14 shirts in the storeroom. I wander around, just looking, finally select a necktie and take it back to the shirt counter just in time to hear Sammy announce they're out of size-14 shirts.

When I get home, I proudly show Lois the tie. "You like it?" I ask.

"Yes," she answers gently. "I've *always* liked that tie."

The guy ahead of me always has the day's take of a 5 and 10 for the teller to account for

Shoe Clerk Loses a Sale

Sometimes things work in reverse. Last week I visited a bootery, intent on paying $19.95 for a pair of shoes I saw in the window. The lone clerk was embroiled in an argument with a letter carrier who wanted a refund for a pair of six-dollar, beat-up brogans he said he had purchased there in November, 1948. After listening for twenty minutes, I left.

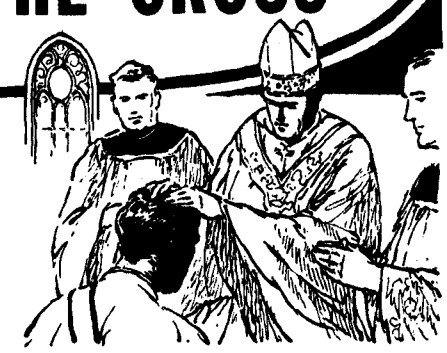
It's the same thing everywhere. Flashing a five-dollar bill, Lois and I stand behind the velvet rope in a night spot and wind up, an hour later, sitting at a table next to the tuba player. ("I told you the Club 42 was better," Lois remarks.)

The man in front of me in a bank line always hands the teller the day's loose receipts from a 5-and-10-cent store. (Other lines move so briskly, it looks as though several simultaneous holdups are in progress.)

Three other motorists drive into a service station and have their cars oil-changed, chassis-lubricated and washed while I wait stubbornly to buy a tire-valve cap. ("What was the matter with the 14 other service stations we passed?" asks the passenger I married.)

I suppose the whole trouble is, I don't assert myself. If that's the case, I assert this: The next time I drop a nickel into a vending machine and nothing comes out, I'm going to punch the thing right in the nose and stalk away. ◆◆◆

"I Was Marked With The SIGN OF THE CROSS"



"I knelt with others in a half-circle about the altar.

"My hands were anointed with holy oil by the Bishop and wrapped carefully in new linen.

"The ancient prayers of the Church were being recited over me. The hands of the Bishop were laid upon me just as the hands of St. Peter and St. James and St. Paul were laid upon the young disciples they sent forth to labor, to teach, and to die.

"The chalice with wine and water and a small dish holding the unconsecrated bread were entrusted to me. The priestly vestments were placed upon my shoulders.

"I was being consecrated to God and to the service of souls. I was being marked with the Sign of the Cross.

"I was receiving the Sacrament of the Catholic priesthood, usually referred to as Holy Orders... instituted by Christ, conferred by the Apostles, and continuing in unbroken succession nearly 2,000 years since the time of Our Lord."

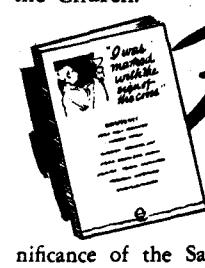
Some may scoff at the solemn ceremonies that attend the Ordination of a Catholic priest, and question the good sense of a man who surrenders many of life's material pleasures for such a calling. Others may doubt that the Catholic priest possesses any Christ-given office or powers which other men do not possess.

Perhaps you have heard someone challenge the authority of the priest to forgive sins, and his power to consecrate the Body and Blood of Christ in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. You may have been told that you can deal directly with God and don't need a priest or any mediator other than Jesus Christ.

It is a fact that many do hold these beliefs. But can you be sure, deep down in your heart, that they are right?

Holy Scripture tells us plainly that Christ did establish a priesthood to represent Him... that He did command His Apostles to "go forth and teach all nations"... that He did say: "Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them"... that at the Last Supper He set the example for an unbloody sacrifice, and said: "Do this in remembrance of Me."

God is, certainly, the ultimate source of everything. But He works through many "deputies." He uses the farmer to supply us with food... our parents, teachers, and scholars to educate us... physicians to treat our physical ills. Even in the creation of our life itself, He manifests His power through our parents. And in matters concerning the salvation of our souls, He tells us: "Hear the Church."



Free

A highly interesting and enlightening pamphlet which explains the significance of the Sacrament received by all Catholic priests... explaining the priests' ideals, powers, and responsibilities... and giving a glimpse into the life of an average Catholic priest. For your free copy, write today. Ask for Pamphlet No. C-37.

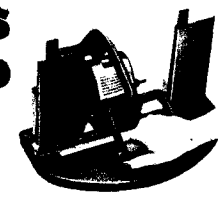
SUPREME COUNCIL

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU

4422 LINDELL BLVD. ST. LOUIS 8, MISSOURI

DEALERS WANTED



The Elliott Addresserette is the lowest priced tray-loaded card index addressing machine in the world.

Elliott ADDRESSING MACHINE CO.

149-V Albany Street, Cambridge 39, Mass.

Happy Is The Day When Backache Goes Away . . . .

Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness may be due to slowdown of kidney function. Doctors say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some everyday condition, such as stress and strain, causes this important function to slow down, many folks suffer nagging backache—feel miserable.

Don't neglect your kidneys if these conditions bother you. Try Doan's Pills—a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. It's amazing how many times Doan's give happy relief from these discomforts—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Doan's Pills today!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOHN FISCHETTI

Break Down Those Barriers

THE THREE-WORD SLOGAN, "Trade, Not Aid," seems to us to make remarkably good sense. It also describes a foreign economic policy which we believe this country must adopt eventually, and which it should adopt soon. Yet the people best able to influence that policy, in and out of government, have said and done little to put the slogan into practice.

Since 1945, the United States has poured billions of its citizens' dollars into foreign countries, particularly the countries of Europe. This expenditure has had three principal purposes: to repair the physical damage of war, to help friendly nations rearm against the threat of Communist aggression, and to strengthen those nations economically and politically against Communist infiltration. There has been encouraging progress toward accomplishing the first two purposes. But, as regards the third, this country has tended to thwart its own endeavors by putting up trade barriers which stifle rather than stimulate economic recovery.

The logical persons to blame for this state of affairs are the congressmen who write the tariff laws. Yet it would not be fair to make them bear the whole responsibility. For some of their businessmen-constituents are equally at fault—the very businessmen who complain about pouring billions down the European rat hole, and at the same time ask for trade regulations to protect their own particular field.

It doesn't take an expert to find out that our exports to Europe are roughly double our imports from that area—which is a matter of record—or to understand that Europe needs dollars to pay for what it buys from us. It can get them in two ways, by trading in dollars or by accepting aid in dollars. Trade builds up Europe's economic health and promotes its self-sufficiency. Aid takes from the many in this country and directly benefits only a few.

Aid also cannot buy us friendship. Charity is likely to breed a certain amount of resentment in both the giver and the receiver. And when we give dollars with one hand and with the other impose quotas and restrictions on such things as cheese or figs—which may not seem important to the average American, but which are of very real importance to the European countries that produce them—we are running a risk of encouraging anti-Americanism, neutralism and pro-Communism which can cancel out a lot of the benefits of our direct aid.

It must be clear to everyone that this direct aid cannot continue indefinitely. It must be equally clear that the only safe way that this aid can be discontinued is for Europe to earn the dollars that it needs, rather than to accept them as a gift. And that means that trade barriers must be lowered, not raised.

We said earlier that Congress is directly responsible for the barriers that exist today. But its members cannot ignore the people who elected them. And when constituents and supporters from this state and that start lobbying against foreign competition, they can create a situation which promises continued high taxes for Americans and a growing resentment of their government among people whom they want and need as friends.

So it is apparently up to American business to take a broader view of the whole trade picture and adjust its sights accordingly. We have enough faith in the resourcefulness of American industry to believe that nobody is going to be ruined by a reasonable trade policy. The alternative of turning Europe's markets, its strategic materials and its sympathies toward the East is not a pleasant one to contemplate.

AA of a Different Kind

IN THE INTEREST of promoting the proper study of mankind we should like to quote, without further ado, a paragraph from Aldous Huxley's new book, The Devils of Loudun:

"There are many people for whom hate and rage pay a higher dividend of immediate satisfaction than love. Congenitally aggressive, they soon become adrenalin addicts, deliberately indulging their ugliest passions for the sake of the 'kick' they derive from their psychically stimulated endocrines. Knowing that one self-assertion always ends by evoking other and hostile self-assertions, they sedulously cultivate their truculence. And, sure enough, very soon they find themselves in the thick of a fight. But a fight is what they most enjoy; for it is while they are fighting that their blood chemistry makes them feel most intensely themselves. 'Feeling good,' they naturally assume that they *are* good. Adrenalin addiction is rationalized as Righteous Indignation and finally, like the prophet Jonah, they are convinced, unshakably, that they do well to be angry."

We think that Mr. Huxley deserves a vote of thanks for banding, labeling and describing a species of fellow creature who must be known to all of us. The term Adrenalin Addict—we rather fancy the upper-case spelling, if Mr. Huxley doesn't mind—may well become a useful term in our language which will help us to define and explain the behavior of certain public figures and some of our private acquaintances.

Surely such people as John L. Lewis, President Truman (when his whistle-stopping and letter-writing moods are upon him), Senator Tobey, Leo Durocher, the late self-styled curmudgeon, Harold Ickes, and others who resemble Fontaine Fox's famous cartoon character, The Terrible-Tempered Mr. Bang, become more comprehensible in the light of Mr. Huxley's analysis. So do the militant do-gooders, the automatic rebels-against-everything and the sour cynics whom most of us, for better or for worse, can number among the circle of our friends.

Their intensities, their towering rages and their withering scorns can now be explained as a form of self-indulgence. They enjoy the sensation of higher blood pressure, heightened blood sugar content and other symptoms of the involuntary, primitive fight-or-flight reaction which goes with fear or anger.

So maybe the next time that some politician's public statements goad us non-adrenalin addicts to a point of frustrated fury, or a bellicose companion insists upon arguing for argument's sake, we can just confer upon him Mr. Huxley's new AA degree, and relax. Might add years to a lot of lives.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Its inviting bouquet
Has an eloquent way
Of pleasing your taste,
when you try it.

And the price that you pay
Puts an extra "Okay"
On mellow Paul Jones,
when you buy it!

Paul Jones

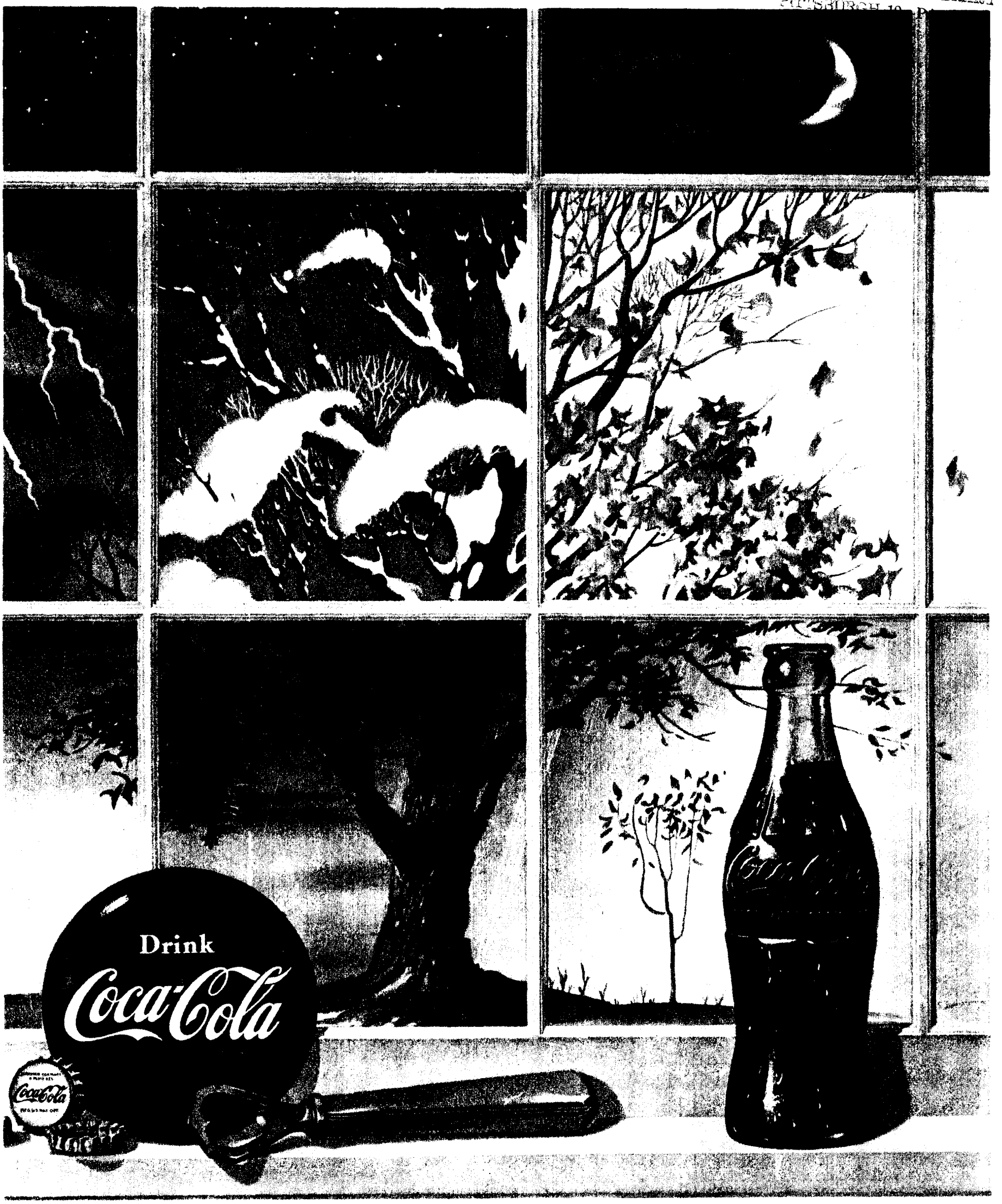
SINCE 1865...
Now 5 generations finer

You just can't buy
a better drink
at any price!

FRANKFORT DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y. C. BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
PITTSBURGH 19, PA.



Thirst knows no season

COPYRIGHT 1952, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED